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Consisting of Upwards of

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Selected from the Works of the

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OF THE PRESENT AGE.

WITH

)DUCTORY LINES TO EACH ARTICLE.

ed for the Use of Schools, and the Improvement of the Rising Generation.

BY JOHN EVANS, A. M.

er of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils, Pullin's Row, Islington.

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INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

ON

GENIUS AND TASTE,

AS CONNECTED WITH THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE RISING GENERATION.

IN addressing Youth on topics of Improvement, the subjects of *Genius* and *Taste* are selected, because they are terms that are frequently used, without having precise and determinate ideas affixed to them. They are in constant recurrence, and for that reason, perhaps, less understood. It is necessary, therefore, to enquire into their nature, to point out their tendency, and shew in what respects they may be found conducive to improvement. Young persons, who have not enjoyed a liberal education, have probably not been made acquainted with a *System of Rhetoric*—of course, these terms have never been the subject of consideration. To such individuals this *Introductory Essay* may be acceptable; for though nothing new is here advanced, yet it is to be hoped that what is brought forward, may lay claim to the praise of accuracy. The province of a *pioneer*, however humble, is extremely useful; the way is cleared, and laid open for inspection; thus oftentimes, in the military profession, the most important plans are projected and carried into execution. The

writer for youth has little more to do than the *Pioneer*—he chalks out the path, perhaps, overgrown with thorns and brambles, and leads plain, simple, unsuspecting youth, in the road which terminates in present and future felicity.

Genius is that divine power of the mind to which mankind have in all ages, and in all nations, rendered their willing homage. Under whatever character it makes its appearance, it excites attention. We gaze at its creative energies, and contemplate its effusions with a more than ordinary delight. This is a fact so well established, that by no one will it be seriously questioned.

But a *reflecting* mind will pause and ask itself, what is that power of the intellect which thus challenges universal admiration? The question is important, and worthy of enquiry. Let us examine it.

Many definitions of Genius have been offered to the public, and have received discussion. Perhaps the most unexceptionable is the following:—Genius is that power of the human mind by which literary beauties are generated. This definition is not given merely as the writer's own private opinion, but rather as the result of the different accounts which have been communicated in various publications.

To confirm the justice of the definition, I will not revert to the *origin* of the term, which is in my favour. Its etymology is clearly indicative of its *creative* energy. But let us refer to what are termed works of *Genius*. What are these, but generally speaking, works of imagination? The writer, spurning the narrow boundaries of time and space, launches forth into themes which excite admiration, and overwhelm us with astonishment. This was the

case with *Milton* and *Shakespeare*. Hence Johnson's delineation of Shakespeare's talents in the following lines, turns on this point, and is confessed to be the most striking lines produced by that great Biographer.—

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain;
His powerful strokes presiding Truth confest,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast!

Milton also deals much in the sublime, and the most energetic parts of his poem are those where he expatiates in the regions of fancy. Even his devils are grand, and command a certain awful admiration. Let any person take up Paradise Lost, and peruse the first books of that immortal work, he will feel the truth of these remarks. *Genius* in its highest sense is this productive power, for it generates beauties of an exalted kind. Its coruscations flash upon the reader. We are amazed and confounded at its exertions. In this high class indeed few writers can be ranked. It requires extraordinary talents, such as seldom meet in more than one man in the course of a century.

But *Genius* must not be confined to these superior efforts. It has its degrees, like every thing else, in the wise economy of nature. We talk of a genius for poetry—for war—for politics, or for any mechanical employment. The word possesses an extensive signification, and may therefore be applied to almost every thing.—

We however remark, that *Genius* is necessary to distinguish a man, whatever line of life he follows, provided it has a connection with the operations of the intellect. In the learned world we frequently meet with productions that have *something* of this divine power to recommend them. Poor, indeed, must be the performance which is wholly destitute of it! In the Adventurer, written by Dr. Hawkesworth, will be found an entertaining paper, where the works of men of genius are tried by a fiery ordeal, and serious consequences ensued. Many parts of these celebrated writers became expunged, those portions of them which were deemed unworthy of their talents, no longer remained. Every thing which might be denominated unjust, obscene, trifling, was banished. The efforts of intellect were purified from their dross. Thus remarks its ingenious author—"It gave me the highest satisfaction to see Philosophy thus cleared from erroneous principles, History purged of falsehood, Poetry of fustian, and nothing left in each but Genius, Sense, and Truth!"

Let not men, however, of ordinary genius, throw their pens aside, and abandon themselves to despair. There is a class of readers who may be pleased with their productions. For taste, as well as genius, exists in endless varieties. At the same time every one should exert himself for the improvement of those talents with which heaven has endowed him.—*Genius*, though not to be conferred by any human being, yet may be enlarged and invigorated. There are instances, on record, where the slenderest sparks have been blown up into a flame. There is indeed scarcely any faculty more capable of improvement. Hence the

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sirable that Youth should be enabled to judge for themselves in articles of Literature—at least so far as to prevent imposition or to avoid that waste of time which must be occasioned by sitting down to the perusal of every book which happens to issue from a teeming press. Human life is too short to be thus squandered away in laborious idleness. Endeavour, therefore, by understanding the nature of *Genius*, to know what *ought* to be read, and be sedulous to acquire a *taste* or relish for good writing in all its various departments. Thus will your faculties be enlarged—your sphere of enjoyment extended, and an improved mind will be most likely to receive, with cordiality, the doctrines, precepts and institutions of our common Christianity. True knowledge and true religion are closely allied. Their union, in spite of fanaticism and superstition, yields the best guidance through life—and affords the best preparation for a *happy immortality!*

Pullin's Row,
Islington.

J. E.

utility of a good education, nor can the mind be too early inured to habits of composition. Prose and Poetry afford an ample field for the inventive powers of man. The writers who amongst us Britons have most excelled in these departments are well known. Let their effusions be carefully studied. Thus will a portion of their spirit be imbibed, and a commendable imitation of their excellencies generated.

Permit me, here, to recommend to *young writers* a topic of advice which cannot fail to be of service to them. It is this—that in their aspiration after literary excellence, it should be confined chiefly to one particular department. The ambition of youth is flaming and indiscriminate. It hurries from object to object, with an astonishing celerity. It never suffers itself to consider the qualities of the subject to be investigated.—Glancing at every thing it gives not time to scrutinize any thing. How is it possible that such an individual can excel in the departments of literature!

It must nevertheless be confessed that characters have appeared in the learned world possessing a genius of a most extensive nature. Of this fact, Voltaire is a striking instance, though it has been remarked, that it would have been better had *he* written less, and with greater accuracy. The French genius is distinguished for its fertility, but in solidity is deemed inferior to the productions of Britain. At the same time we would repeat our advice to young writers—Confine yourselves chiefly to one particular department. Think not to grasp every thing before your ability can ensure your success. Consult the dictates of your minds, and ascertain the objects to which you are most inclined. Exercise your genius, but do not

overstrain it. Thus will you do justice to your talents, and become valuable members of the Republic of Letters.

But between *Genius* and *Taste* there subsists an intimate connection which renders it necessary that they should be considered in subserviency to each other. Thus will they reflect a mutual light, capable of aiding us in the illustration of them. Apart, they cannot be so thoroughly investigated, and therefore we are justified in rendering them subjects of joint discussion.

The term 'Taste,' applied to composition, must be understood in a figurative sense. Its original signification refers to the *palate*, by which we are enabled to ascertain the quality of the food presented to us for our nourishment and support. In a similar manner the mind is endowed with a power of discrimination respecting the subjects which engage its attention. Nothing is more generally recognised than the faculty of *Taste*. It is in the mouth of all, though few, perhaps, have philosophically investigated it. Nor is it indeed necessary. Providence hath wisely appointed that we should use both our faculties and our senses without being profoundly acquainted with the nature or extent of them. This measure is wisely ordered, since men were designed more for action in this present life than for contemplation. It is, nevertheless, highly useful for those who have ability and leisure, to enquire into such things. The investigation exalts our opinion of the Deity in the formation of Man, and proves a powerful incitement to the proper exercise of those powers with which we are furnished.

Taste hath been thus justly defined by a

writer who possessed no inconsiderable portion of it. 'It is,' says Dr. Blair, 'the power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of nature and art.' Now that such a power is possessed by individuals, is obvious to every one who has the least acquaintance with mankind. Not only in the different stages of life, but in the different classes of men, variety of tastes to a very great extent prevails. What dissonance subsists between the crude perceptions of a child, and the mature judgment of a veteran in the republic of letters? How much at variance are the tastes of the rustic who has seen nature in her most rude forms, and of the polished scholar whose mind, to use the words of Akenside,

"Is feelingly alive to each fine impulse?"

Tastes are in reality, as various as the human countenance; under every aspect a difference obtains. Hence both in kind and degree it affords ample matter for discussion. On this account the subject distributes itself into two branches, which have been noticed by philologists. Let us consider them with some minuteness.

Delicacy and *Correctness* are the two qualities ascribed to Taste in its most perfect state. *Delicacy* respects the sensibility with which our nature is endowed for the perception of beauty. Some minds are so torpid, that nothing can arouse them, whilst another class shall be affected by every breath of wind however gently it plays upon them. These are evidently extremes which must be avoided. Now *delicacy* consists in a refinement of sensation easier to

be conceived than expressed. As the senses of some men are far more exquisite than those of others, so their taste is equally distinguished by the various degrees of fineness which it assumes. A man of delicate taste is always understood to discern beauties which escape the vulgar---some latent excellencies are discovered which charm the eye and conciliate the heart.---

> .....This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
> Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
> But God alone, when first his active hand
> Imprints the sacred bias on the soul---*Akenside.*

"*Correctness*, the other quality of a perfect taste, respects the improvement which it has received by means of the understanding operating to the formation of a just judgment. It implies the individual's possession of certain rules by which every object is to be estimated. His opinion is not formed at random. His principles of judging are not subject to a childish caprice, or to a humoursome fluctuation. He understands what, and knows why he approves. This is a valuable acquisition, and, united to delicacy of taste, constitutes the man of eminent genius. But it is to be remarked, that *correctness* and *delicacy* are by no means constant companions. Apart are they frequently found, and numerous instances of this truth might be adduced. Hence Blair justly observes, that 'Among the ancient writers, Longinus possessed most delicacy, Aristotle most correctness.---Among the moderns, Addison is a high example of delicate taste; Dean Swift, had he written on the subject of criticism, would per-

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IN the Preface to the Parnassian Garland, *the Editor has fully explained the nature and plan after which the* Poetry *and* Prose *have been selected. With respect to the present little Volume, information has been particularly studied in the several Extracts; whilst those passages are avoided which have been hackneyed by appearing in almost every other collection. Upon the whole, the Editor has endeavoured to blend together topics of instruction and entertainment, and he hopes that the pains he has taken both in the* Introductory Essay *and in the* Selection *will be found conducive to intellectual and moral improvement. Indeed, the* Parnassian *and* Prosaic Garlands, *the fruit of his leisure hours, are cheerfully consecrated to the best interests of the* Rising Generation.

Islington, August, 1807.

TO

THE REV. CALEB EVANS,

LATE OF BALIOL COLLEGE,

Oxford,

NOW OF BITTON, NEAR BATH;

THIS LITTLE VOLUME,

Intended to improve the taste and assist the judgment of Youth, in the Education of whom he has recently engaged himself,

IS INSCRIBED,

As a small proof of fraternal regard, and with fervent wishes for his success,

BY THE EDITOR,

J. EVANS

ISLINGTON,
August, 1807.

haps have afforded the example of a correct one.' These instances illustrate the topic which is now under investigation.'

Having touched on the two qualities ascribed to Taste in its most perfect state, I may next proceed to enquire into *the standard of Taste*. This subject has occasioned no small altercation between the critics. 'Among the endless diversities of taste, how is it possible (exclaims the young student) to ascertain a criterion for true taste? Looking abroad among mankind, we perceive this power of the mind to be as various as the human countenance. Even delicacy and correctness, the characteristic properties of a true taste, exist in different degrees in our best writers. Each author is praised for his taste, while they agree in no one thing except the diversity of those faculties with which nature hath furnished them!"

To this natural exclamation, it may be replied, that the diversity cannot be questioned. But it does not follow that on this account no standard of Taste can be obtained by which beauties can be estimated. A general, and therefore a sufficient standard for Taste may be found by adverting to those qualities which universally please mankind, particularly what pleases persons who have been placed in circumstances most favourable to the cultivation of their taste. For there are beauties which, displayed in a just point of view, must impart, even to the rudest mind, a degree of pleasure. In the very nature of some objects, a foundation is laid for agreeable contemplation. There are certain latent seeds of beauty, certain hidden excellencies, scattered by the hand of the Almighty throughout the whole extent of his dominions! Nor is this observation to be con-

fined to the works of nature, it must be extended also to the productions of art. Most arts are successful imitations of nature. Little, therefore, need be here said to prove that the remark just made is of equal application. Every performance describes either the sentiments or actions of mankind, and hence the more perfect the description, the more entire is the resemblance to nature which has ever charms to fascinate the heart. *Homer's Iliad*, *Virgil's Æneid*, and *Milton's Paradise Lost*, are admirable instances of what a just taste is able to effect in this particular way. Quintilian, that masterly critic, says, 'Homer extended the limits of human genius to their utmost stretch, and possessed such complete ideas of all the different kinds of writing, that *he alone* is a perfect model of all the different beauties that can enter into any composition.'

Nor must I close without reminding the reader of the pleasures of Taste, usually stiled *the pleasures of imagination*. On these sources of enjoyment I could descant with rapture. The exquisite genius of Addison first attempted to reduce them into a system under these three heads —beauty, grandeur, and novelty. His speculations on the subject may be found in the *sixth* volume of the Spectator. He has opened a track of investigation, which may be successfully followed. Dr. Akenside's poem, entitled, *Pleasures of Imagination*, contains many passages illustrative of this topic, and may be read both for profit and amusement. Addressing himself to the Divine Being, in a strain worthy of the theme, he exclaims:

..... Not content
With every food of life to nourish man;

By kind illusions of the wond'ring sense
Thou makest all nature *beauty* to his eye,
Or *music* to his ear!

The pleasures of *Taste* are indeed more commonly distributed into those of the beautiful and sublime. What constitutes the one and the other has been the subject of enquiry. The principles on which they are founded have been investigated with a commendable industry. It is agreed that *the beautiful* results from colour, figure, motion, design, and from the combination of these qualities in objects either of nature or of art. On the other hand, *the sublime* arises from a certain grandeur contemplated with a reverential awe, or a profound admiration. Mr. Burke places it in a kind of terror, though sublime objects might be mentioned into whose composition nothing terrible enters. It is however, confessed, that sublimity, either in natural or moral objects, always elevates the mind dilating it with the grandest sensations!

It is of importance to *Youth*, that their minds should be laid open betimes to these sources of enjoyment. With their intrinsic value the sensualist must be utterly unacquainted. Bacchanalian revels impart no such joys. The boasted satisfaction of vulgar minds is not to be put in competition with them. The pleasures of Taste grow upon the individual who cultivates them. The faculty of enjoyment is rendered more capacious by frequent exercise. Every object in nature, and every subject in art, affords materials for pleasing contemplation. The seasons of the year are replete with entertainment. To the man of taste, the bleakness of winter, the novelties of spring, the fulness of summer, and the luxuriance of autumn,

are every way acceptable. In most literary compositions, likewise something will be found capable of administering delight. The sobriety of plain prose, and the gaiety of sprightly verse, have charms for him. Every production, from the gravity of history down to the artless simplicity of fable, catches his attention and engages his heart. From the enchanting softness of beauty in all her variegated forms, up to the tremendous terrors of the sublime, what a range of enjoyment! That man is an object of envy. He lives as in a superior region. He converses with an higher circle of objects. To this favoured votary of taste, especially if he be a virtuous character, the following lines may with propriety be addressed:—

"To please *thine* ear, soft notes the linnet pours,
And with grand peals the deep-ton'd thunder rolls;
The streamlet murmurs and the torrent roars;
The zephyr whispers and the tempest howls.

From each, or lofty, or mellifluous sound,
Each fair or awful form that strikes the sight,
In art's wide sphere, or nature's ample round,
'Tis *thine* to draw refin'd and rich delight!"

Fawcett.

Thus have I attempted by a few cursory remarks on *Genius* and *Taste*—to inform the understanding and improve the judgment of the Rising Generation. The mind should be taught early to discriminate—to view on every side the objects presented to it—to ascertain their bearings and tendencies—and thus to render every thing with which it comes in contact subservient to its advantage. In an age when there is so general a taste for reading, it is de-

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THE

PROSAIC GARLAND.

THOUGH we do not mean to observe any particular arrangement in the Selection of our Subjects, yet we shall begin with *the existence of God;* which lies at the foundation of all Natural and Revealed Religion.

Singular mode of teaching a Child

THE EXISTENCE OF THE SUPREME BEING.

"THE first rules of morality I taught him (says the late Dr. Beattie, speaking of his eldest son) were to speak the truth and keep a secret, and I never found that in a single instance he transgressed either. The doctrines of religion I wished to impress upon his mind, as soon as it might be prepared to receive them, but I did not see the propriety of making him commit to memory theological sentences, or any sentences it was not possible for him to understand. And I was desirous to make a trial how far his own reason could go, in tracing out, with a little direction, the great and first principle of all religion, the being of a God! The

following fact is mentioned, not as a proof of superior sagacity in him (for I have no doubt that most children would in like circumstances think as he did) but merely as a moral or logical experiment. He had reached his fifth or sixth year, knew the alphabet, and could read a little, but had received no particular information, with respect to the author of his being, because I thought he could not understand such information, and because I had learned from my own experience, that to be made to repeat words not understood, is extremely detrimental to the faculties of a young mind. In a corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in the mould with my finger the *three initial letters of his name*, and sowing garden cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground. Ten days after he came running to me, and, with astonishment in his countenance, told me that his *name* was growing in the garden! I smiled at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it, but he insisted on my going to see what had happened. Yes, said I, carelessly, on coming to the place, I see it is so, but there is nothing in this worth notice, it is mere *chance*, and I went away. He followed me, and, taking hold of my coat, said, with some earnestness, it could not be *mere chance*, for that somebody must have contrived matters so as to produce it. I pretend not to give his words or my own, for I have forgotten both, but I give the substance of what passed between us in such language as we both understood. So you think, I said, that what appears so regular as the letters of your name, cannot be by *chance*. Yes, said he, with firmness, I think so. Look at yourself, I replied,

and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs, are they not regular in appearance, and useful to you? He said they were. Came you then hither, said I, by *chance*. No, he answered, that cannot be, something must have made me. And who is that something, I asked. He said he did not know. (I took particular notice that he did not say, as Rousseau fancies a child, in like circumstances, might say, that his parents made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at; I saw that his reason taught him (though he could not so express it) that what begins to be, must have a cause and that what is formed with regularity must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the *Great Being* who made him and all the world, concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either it, or the circumstance that introduced it."—*Dr. Beattie.*

PROOF OF A SUPREME BEING.

THE following mode of establishing this great truth is deserving of special attention; it has a degree of novelty which will impress the mind of youth.

"THE Mahometans have invented many fabulous accounts concerning the prophets and the patriarchs of the Old Testament; amongst the rest they tell us that Moses having preached a long time to the King Pharaoh, who was an atheist and a tyrant, on the existence of one Eternal God, and on the creation of the world, and finding that he made no impression, either

upon Pharoah or his courtiers, ordered a fine palace to be erected privately at a considerable distance from a country residence of the king. It happened that the king, as he was hunting, saw this palace, and inquired by whom it had been built. None of his followers could give him any information, at length Moses came forward, and said to him, that the palace must have built itself! The king fell a laughing at his absurdity, telling him it was a pretty thing for a man who called himself a prophet to say that such a palace had built itself in the middle of a desert! Moses interrupted him with saying, "You think it a strange extravagance, to affirm that this palace built itself, the thing being impossible, and yet you believe that the world made itself! If this fine palace which is but an atom in comparison, could not spring from itself in this desert, how much more impossible is it, that this world, so solid, so great, so admirable in all its parts, could be made by itself, and that it should not, on the contrary, be the work of an Architect, wise and powerful!" The king was convinced, and worshipped God, as Moses had instructed him to do."—*Bishop Watson.*

ILLUSTRATION OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

WE add the subsequent illustration of this fundamental truth because it cannot be too firmly impressed on the heart of man.

"SEE here I hold a Bible in my hand and you see the cover, the leaves, the letters, the words, but you do not see the writers or the printer, the letter founder, the ink maker, the paper

maker, or the binder. You never did see them, you never will see them; and yet there is not one of you who will think of disputing or denying the being of these men. I go farther, I affirm that you see the very souls of these men in seeing this book, and you feel yourselves obliged to allow that, by the contrivance, design, memory, fancy, reason, and so on. In the same manner, if you see a picture, you judge there was a painter; if you see a house, you judge there was a builder of it; and if you see one room contrived for this purpose and another for that, a door to enter, a window to admit light, a chimney to hold fire, you conclude that the builder was a person of skill and forecast who formed the house, with a view to the accommodation of its inhabitants. In this manner examine the world, and pity the man who when he sees the sign of the wheat-sheaf, hath sense enough to know that there is a joiner, and somewhere a painter, but who, when he sees the wheat-sheaf itself is so stupid as not to say to himself, "this had a wise and good Creator!"

Robinson.

A TREE THE EMBLEM OF LIFE.

THIS object of Nature, which we meet with in every direction, is replete with instruction. The contemplative mind views it with peculiar interest, and derives from it no inconsiderable improvement.

"AS I sat carelessly at my window and cast my eyes upon a large acacia which grew before me, I conceived that it might aptly represent a country divided into provinces, towns,

and families. The large branches might hold out the first--the smaller branches connected with them, the second--and those combinations of collateral leaves, which specify the acacia might represent families composed of individuals. It was now late in the year, and the autumnal tints had taken possession of great part of the tree.

As I sat looking at it, many of the yellow leaves, (which having been produced earlier decayed sooner) were continually dropping into the lap of their great mother. Here was an emblem of natural decay--the most obvious appearance of mortality.

As I continued looking, a gentle breeze rustled among the leaves. Many fell, which in a natural course might have enjoyed life longer. Here malady was added to decay.

The blast increased, and every branch which presented itself bowed before it. A shower of leaves covered the ground. The cup of retribution, said I, is poured out upon the people. Pestilence shakes the land. Nature sickens in the gale. They fall by multitudes. Whole families are cut off together.

Among the branches was one entirely withered. The leaves were shrivelled, yet clinging to it. Here was an emblem of famine. The nutriment of life was stopped. Existence was just supported, but every form was emaciated and shrunk.

In the neighbourhood stretched a branch, not only shrivelled and withered, but having been more exposed to winds, it was almost entirely stripped of its leaves. Here and there hung a solitary leaf just enough to show that the whole had lately been alive. Ah! said I, here is an emblem of depopulation. Some vio-

lent cause hath laid waste the land. Towns and villages, as well as families are desolated. Scarcely ten are left alive to bemoan a thousand.

How does every thing around us bring its lesson to our minds! Nature is the great book of God. In every page is instruction to those who will read. Morality must claim its due. Death in various shapes hovers round us.—Thus far went the heathen moralist. He had learned no other knowledge from these perishing forms of nature but that men like trees are subject to death.

Better instructed, learn thou a nobler lesson.—Learn that the God who with the blast of winter shrivels the tree and with the breezes of spring restores it, offers it to thee as an emblem of thy hopes! The same God presides over the natural and moral world. His works are uniform. The truths which nature teaches are the truths of revelation also. It is written in both these books, that the power which revives the tree will revive thee also like it, with increasing excellence and improvement."

Gilpin.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF RELIGION,

MUST be attended to before we can raise a superstructure possessing any degree of strength or beauty; they are here happily explained.

"HITHERTO you have "thought as a child, and understood as a child; but it is time to put away childish things," and store your mind with those principles which must direct your conduct and fix your character. Virtue and happiness are not attained by chance, or by a

cold and languid approbation; they must be sought with ardour, attended to with diligence, and every assistance must be eagerly embraced that may enable you to obtain them. Consider, that good and evil are now before you; that, if you do not heartily choose and love the one, you must undoubtedly be the wretched victim of the other.

The first step must be to awaken your mind to a sense of the importance of the task before you. This is no less than to bring your frail nature to that degree of christian perfection which is to qualify it for immortality, and without which it is necessarily incapable of happiness; for it is a truth never to be forgotten, that God has annexed happiness to virtue, and misery to vice, by the unchangeable nature of things; and that a wicked being, while he continues such, is under a natural incapacity of enjoying happiness, even with the concurrence of all those outward circumstances which in a virtuous mind would produce it.

The only sure foundation of human virtue is religion, and the foundation and first principle of religion is the belief of the one only God, and a just sense of his attributes. To form worthy notions of the Supreme Being, as far as we are capable, is essential to true religion and morality; for, as it is our duty to imitate those qualities of the Divinity which are imitable by us, so is it necessary we should know what they are, and fatal to mistake them.

How lamentable it is, that so few hearts should feel the pleasures of real piety! that prayer and thanksgiving should be performed, as they too often are, not with joy, and love, and gratitude; but with cold indifference, melancholy dejection, or secret horror!—Let your

numerable stars; the moon, rising in clouded majesty, unveils her peerless light; whilst the silent solemnity of the scene fills the mind with sentiments and ideas beyond the power of language to express.

Variety is the source of every pleasure; and the bountiful Author of nature, in the magnificent display of his wisdom and power, has afforded us every possible means of entertainment and instruction. What a pleasing succession of scenes results from the gradual vicissitudes of the seasons! Summer, Winter, Spring, and Autumn, lead us insensibly through the varied circle of the year; and are no less pleasing to the mind, than necessary towards bringing to maturity the various productions of the earth. Whether the sun flames in the solstice, or pours his mild effulgence from the equator, we equally rejoice in his presence, and adore the omniscient Being, who gave him his appointed course, and prescribed the bounds which he can never pass!"—*Bonnycastle.*

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE CREATION,

Is replete with wonders—its variety is immense—its treasures are inexhaustible.

"THE Earth is covered with vegetables and animals, the entire vocabulary of which no scholar, no academy, no one nation has ever been able perfectly to acquire. An intelligent naturalist, at Paris, some years ago announced, that he was in possession of more than thirty thousand distinct species of animals, while his herbals contained only eighteen thousand species of plants. This number of animals, however, so superior to that of vegetables, is a

mere nothing, in comparison with what exists on the globe.

When we recollect that every species of plant is a point of union for different genera of insects, and that there is not perhaps a single one but which has peculiar to itself a species of fly, butterfly, gnat, beetle, lady-bird, snail, and the like; that these insects serve for food to other species, and these too exceedingly numerous, such as the spider, the dragon-fly, the ant, the formica-leo: and to the immense families of small birds, of which many classes, such as the wood-pecker and the swallow, have no other kind of nourishment; that these birds are in their turn devoured by birds of prey, such as kites, falcons, buzzards, rooks, crows, hawks, vultures, and others; that the general spoil of these animals, swept off by the rains into the rivers, and thence to the sea, becomes the aliment of almost innumerable tribes of fishes, to the greatest part of which the naturalists of Europe have not hitherto given a name; that numberless legions of river and sea fowls prey upon these fishes—we shall have good ground for believing, that every species of the vegetable kingdom serves as a basis to many species of the animal kingdom which multiply around it as the rays of a circle round its centre.

I have not included in this superficial representation, either quadrupeds, with which all the intervals of magnitude are filled, from the mouse which lives under the grass, to the camelopard, who can feed on the foliage of trees at the height of fifteen feet; or the amphibious tribes; or the birds of night; or reptiles or polypuses, of which we have a knowledge so slender; or sea insects, some families of which,

such as the crab-fish, shrimp, and the like, would be alone sufficient to fill the greatest cabinets.

I have made no mention of insects of many kinds; neither have I taken into any account that infinite number of living things, visible and invisible, known and unknown, which have no fixed determination, and which nature has scattered about, through the air, over the earth, and along the depths of the ocean!"

St. Pierre.

SOCIAL WORSHIP,

IS attended with a thousand advantages; it softens our nature, refines our affections, and improves the heart.

"ONE class of religious duties separately considered tends to depress the mind, filling it with ingenuous shame and wholesome sorrow; and to these humiliating feelings solitude might perhaps be found congenial: but the sentiments of admiration, love, and joy, swell the bosom with emotions which seek for fellowship and communication. The flame, indeed, may be kindled by silent musing; but when kindled it must infallibly spread. The devout heart, penetrated with large and affecting views of the immensity of the works of God, the harmony of his laws, and the extent of his beneficence, bursts into loud and vocal expressions of praise and adoration; and, from a full and overflowing sensibility, seeks to expand itself to the uttermost limits of creation. The mind is forcibly carried out of itself, and embracing the whole circle of animated existence, calls on all above, around, below, to help to bear the bur-

den of its gratitude. Joy is too brilliant a thing to be confined within our own bosoms; it burnishes all nature, and with its vivid colouring gives a kind of fictitious life to objects without sense or motion. There cannot be a more striking proof of the social tendency of these feelings, than the strong propensity we have to *suppose* auditors where there are none! When men are wanting, we address the animal creation; and, rather than have none to partake our sentiments, we find sentiment in the music of the birds, the hum of insects, and the low of kine: nay, we call on rocks, and streams, and forests to witness and share our emotions. Hence the royal shepherd sojourning in caves and solitary wastes, calls on the hills to rejoice and the floods to clap their hands; and the lonely poet, wandering in the deep recesses of uncultivated nature, finds a temple in every solemn grove, and swells his chorus of praise with the winds that bow the lofty cedars. And can he who, not satisfied with the wide range of existence, calls for the sympathy of the inanimate creation, refuse to worship with his fellow-men? Can he who bids Nature attend, forget to join every *living* soul in the universal hymn? Shall we *suppose* companions in the stillness of deserts, and shall we overlook them amongst friends and townsmen? It cannot be! Social worship, for the devout heart, is not more a duty than it is a real want."—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

DUTIES OF FRIENDSHIP

ARE sacred, and ought on no account to be violated and trodden under foot. Indeed they have always been held in high and deserved

devotion be the language of filial love and gratitude; confide to this kindest of fathers every want and every wish of your heart:—but submit them all to his will, and freely offer him the disposal of yourself, and of all your affairs. Thank him for his benefits, and even for his punishments; convinced that these also are benefits, and mercifully designed for your good. Implore his direction in all difficulties; his assistance in all trials; his comfort and support in sickness or affliction; his restraining grace in time of prosperity and joy.

Forget not to dedicate yourself to his service every day; to implore his forgiveness of your faults, and his protection from evil, every night: and this not merely in formal words, unaccompanied by any act of the mind, but "in spirit and in truth;" in grateful love and humble adoration. Nor let these stated periods of worship be your only communication with him; accustom yourself to think often of him, in all your waking hours; to contemplate his wisdom and power, in the works of his hands; to acknowledge his goodness in every object of use or of pleasure; to delight in giving him praise in your inmost heart in the midst of every innocent gratification, in the liveliest hour of social enjoyment.

True devotion is not a melancholy sentiment, that depresses the spirits, and excludes the ideas of pleasure, in which youth delights: on the contrary, there is nothing so friendly to joy, so productive of true pleasure, so peculiarly suited to the warmth and innocence of a youthful heart. Do not, therefore, think it too soon to turn your mind to God; but offer him the first fruits of your understanding and affections: and be assured, that the more you

increase in love to him, and delight in his laws, the more you will increase in happiness, in excellence, and honour; that in proportion as you improve in true piety, you will become dear and amiable to your fellow creatures, contented and peaceful in yourself, and qualified to enjoy the best blessings of this life, as well as to inherit the glorious promise of immortality!"—*Mrs. Chapone.*

NATURE AND IMPORTANCE OF VIRTUE

DEMAND our principal attention; it lies at the bottom of character, and is essential to the glory and welfare of human beings.

"VIRTUE is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensible obligation; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable; not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the Divine Mind; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power.

Virtue is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order and happiness in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being; to which they ought to be absolutely subservient, and without which, the more eminent they are the more hideous deformities and the greater curses they become.

Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but virtue will be our ornament and dignity in every future state to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learn-

ing will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgotten; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works.

Virtue procures us the love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends. But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages our almighty power in our defence.

Superior beings of all ranks are bound by virtue no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds it has in this. The further any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more he is under its influence. It is the law of the whole universe; it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; its origin is His nature; and it is the very object that makes Him lovely.

Such is the importance of Virtue. Of how much consequence is it, therefore, to practise it! There is no argument or motive that is at all fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world!"

Dr. Price.

DAY AND NIGHT,

Together with the Seasons,

ARE pleasing subjects, which while they rouse our curiosity, afford interesting materials for our contemplation.

"NATURE is always grand in her designs, but frugal in her execution of them: sublimity and simplicity are the striking characteristics of her workmanship. From a few simple principles she produces the most astonishing effects, and charms us no less by the infinite diversity of her operations, than by the skill and contrivance which are manifested in the performance of them.

The sun, moon, planets, and fixed stars, are all governed by the same invariable laws: the single principle of gravitation pervades the whole universe, and puts every wheel and spring of it in motion. From the indiscernible atom, to the vast and immeasurable luminaries of heaven, every thing is subject to its dominating influence; and from this active, invisible, and invigorating agent, proceed that order, harmony, beauty, and variety, which so eminently distinguish the works of creation.

But of all the effects resulting from this admirable scene of things, nothing can be more pleasing and agreeable to a philosophic mind, than the alternate succession of day and night and the regular return of the seasons.

'Sweet is the breath of morn, and sweet
'The coming on of grateful evening mild!'

When the sun first appears in the horizon, all nature is animated by his presence: the magnificent theatre of the universe opens gradually to our view, and every object around us excites ideas of pleasure, admiration, and wonder. After riding in all his brightness through the vault of heaven, he is again hidden from our sight; and we are now presented with a new spectacle of equal grandeur and sublimity. The heavens are on a sudden covered with in-

estimation, by the wisest and best part of mankind.

"AT the same time that you are assiduous to secure and to perpetuate the blessings of friendship, be careful to deserve them. Never forget, that he who has a friend must show himself friendly. Between minds, as well as between bodies, attraction can subsist no longer than it is reciprocal; and mutual kindness can only be cherished by mutual endeavours to serve and oblige. If you are frequently receiving from your friend tokens of attachment and affection, watch for opportunities of making equivalent returns; or if inequality of condition should on your part render this impracticable, be the more careful to seize every occasion of expressing, in ways not inconsistent with the delicacy of friendship, your sense of obligation. Above all, study to render yourself worthy of the friendship you value, by cherishing all those amiable qualities, and practising all those substantial virtues, which unite to form the character of a true friend. More particularly cultivate the kind and generous affections. Friendship is the reciprocation of affection; and he who has none to bestow, has no right to expect any in return. To hope to gain a friend without this, is as if the merchant should expect to purchase a jewel of the highest value without being able or willing to pay the price for it. On the contrary, kindness will always be found to produce kindness; and no man will fail to be rich in the returns of love, who is careful to purchase it with the payment of love. Exercise an habitual command over yourselves, to check those sudden gusts of ill-humour or passion which the casual

interference of opinions, inclinations, or interests may tend to excite.

The maxim is well-founded, that friendship is not to be formed with an angry man. Be ever ready to allow to your friend that indulgence which you claim for yourself; and rather by gentleness and forbearance invite generosity, than by a rude and unyielding assertion of your right awaken the latent spirit of discord. Be upon your guard against every propensity to peevishness and fretfulness: nothing is more dissonant to the tones of love, than the harsh murmurs of discontent. Friendship loves to breathe a free and pleasant air, and to bask in the sunshine of cheerfulness: amidst the fogs and damps of fretfulness it sickens and dies! Even in sorrow, if you wish to secure the consolations of friendship, you must refrain from peevish and ill humoured complaints. Friendship must provide itself against the storm as well as the calm; and he who wishes to preserve a friend to the last hour of his life, must endeavour to carry a mild, placid, and affectionate temper through all the vicissitudes of the world."—*Dr. Enfield.*

MECHANICAL WONDERS OF A FEATHER

ARE thus most ingeniously delineated; it is a subject we little think of, and yet it yields suitable topics for our meditation.

"EVERY single feather is a mechanical wonder: If we look at the quill, we find properties not easily brought together,—strength and lightness. I know few things more remarkable than the strength and lightness of the very pen with which I am now writing. If we cast

our eye toward the upper part of the stem, we see a material made for the purpose, used in no other class of animals, and in no other part of birds; tough, light, pliant, elastic. The pith, also, which feeds the feathers, is neither bone, flesh, membrane, nor tendon.

But the most artificial part of a feather is the beard, or as it is sometimes called, the vane; which we usually strip off from one side or both when we make a pen.

The separate pieces of which this is composed are called threads, filaments, or rays. Now the first thing which an attentive observer will remark is, how much stronger the beard of the feather shows itself to be when pressed in a direction perpendicular to its plane, than when rubbed either up or down in the line of the stem; and he will soon discover, that the threads of which these beards are composed are flat, and placed with their flat sides towards each other; by which means, while they easily bend for the approaching of each other, as any one may perceive by drawing his finger ever so lightly upwards, they are much harder to bend out of their plane, which is the direction in which they have to encounter the impulse and pressure of the air, and in which their strength is wanted.

It is also to be observed, that when two threads, separated by accident or force, are brought together again, they immediately reclasp. Draw your finger down the feather which is against the grain, and you break, probably the junction of some of the contiguous threads; draw your finger up the feather, and you restore all things to their former state.

It is no common mechanism by which this

contrivance is effected. The threads or laminæ above mentioned are interlaced with one another: and the interlacing is performed by means of a vast number of fibres or teeth which the threads shoot forth on each side, and which hook and grapple together.

Fifty of these fibres have been counted in one twentieth of an inch. They are crooked, but curved after a different manner; for those which proceed from the thread on the side toward the extremity of the feather are longer, more flexible, and bent downward; whereas those which proceed from the side toward the beginning or quill-end of the feather, are shorter, firmer, and turned upward. When two laminæ, therefore, are pressed together, the crooked parts of the long fibres fall into the cavity made by the crooked parts of the others; just as the latch which is fastened to a door, enters into the cavity of the catch fixed to the door post, and there hooking itself, fastens the door!"—*Dr. Paley.*

THE INEQUALITIES OF THE GLOBE

HAVE afforded to naturalists a variety of speculation, and they are to be considered as a necessary part of the terrestrial globe, which God has assigned for the habitation of man.

"WERE the Earth an even and regular plain, instead of that beautiful variety of hills and valleys, of verdant forests and refreshing streams, which at present delight our senses, a dismal sea would cover the whole face of the globe, and at best it would be only the habitation of fishes.

It is not therefore to be supposed, that even

In its origin the surface of the earth was perfectly regular; and since its first production a variety of causes, such as the motion of the waters, subterraneous fires, winds, and other circumstances, have greatly contributed to the increase of this irregularity. The greatest inequalities of the globe are the depths of the ocean, compared to the elevations of mountains. The depth of the sea is very different even at great distances from the land; it is said there are parts above a mile deep; but these are few, and the general profundities are from sixty to one hundred fathoms.

In general the mountains between the tropics are loftier than those of the temperate zones, and those of the frigid zones, so that the nearer we approach the equator the greater are the inequalities. These inequalities, although very considerable with respect to us, are nothing when considered with respect to the globe itself; for the earth, which appears to us crossed and cut by the enormous height of mountains, and by the frightful depth of the sea, is nevertheless, relatively to its bulk, very slightly furrowed with irregularities so very trifling, that they can cause no perceptible difference to the visible figure of the globe.

Precipices are formed by the sinking of rocks the base of which sometimes gives way more on one side than the other, by the action of the air and frost, which splits and divides them; and by the impetuous fall of torrents, which opens passages, and carries along with them all that opposes their violence.

But those vast and enormous concavities found at the summit of mountains, have generally been formed by the operation of fire. These concavities were formerly the craters or

mouths of volcanoes; and all the matter, which is there deficient, has been ejected by the action and explosion of their fires, which are since become extinct through a defect of combustible matter. The concavity of mount Ararat is surrounded with black and burnt rocks, as some day those of Etna, Vesuvius, and other volcanoes will be when they have consumed all the combustible matters they include.

Great cavities and deep mines are generally in mountains, and never descend to a level with the plains; therefore by these cavities we are made acquainted only with the inside of a mountain, and not at all with the internal part of the globe!"—*Buffon.*

PITY,

Is that passion which commiserates the woes of others, and its operation is attended with many substantial advantages; its origin is thus figuratively and most pleasingly detailed.

"IN the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, amongst the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Wherever they appeared, the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them so soon as they were arrived at maturer years. But in the mean time the sons of men deviated from their native in-

nocence; vice and ruin overran the earth with giant strides; and Astræa with her train of celestial visitants forsook their polluted abodes. Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Sorrow, the daughter of Até. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable, her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round and called her Pity. A redbreast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove pursued by a hawk flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft, and gentle a mien that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in amongst them, and captivate their hearts by her tales full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland com-

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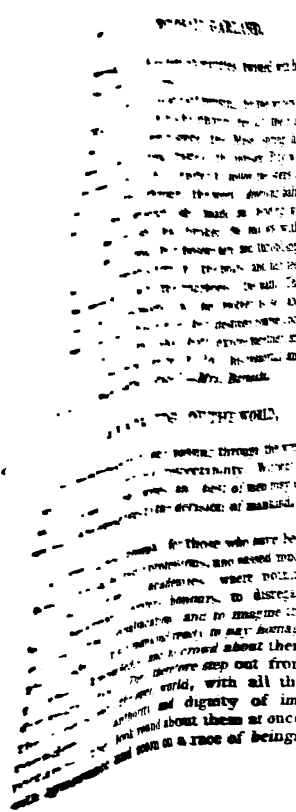

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By this descent from the pinnacles of art no honor will be lost; for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendor but retains his magnitude; and pleases more though he dazzles less."—*Dr. Johnson.*

GOOD SENSE

Is most desirable, because it turns every thing to advantage; it is, indeed, the basis of real respectability of character, imparting to every virtue a more permanent duration.

"WERE I to explain what I understand by good sense, I should call it right reason; but right reason that arises not from formal and logical deductions, but from a sort of intuitive faculty in the soul, which distinguishes by immediate perception: a kind of innate sagacity, that in many of its properties seems very much to resemble instinct. It would be improper, therefore, to say, that Sir Isaac Newton shewed his good sense, by those amazing discoveries which he made in natural philosophy: the operations of this gift of heaven are rather instantaneous, than the result of any tedious process. Like Diomed, after Minerva had endued him with the power of discerning gods from mortals, the man of good sense discovers at once the truth of those objects he is most concerned to distinguish; and conducts himself with suitable caution and security.

It is for this reason, possibly, that this quality of the mind is not so often found united with learning as one could wish: for good

sense being accustomed to receive her discoveries without labour or study, she cannot so easily wait for those truths, which being placed at a distance, and lying concealed under numberless covers, require much pains and application to unfold.

But though good sense is not in the number, nor always, it must be owned, in the company of the sciences; yet is it (as the most sensible of poets has justly observed)

"fairly worth the seven."

Rectitude of understanding is indeed the most useful, as well as the most noble of human endowments, as it is the sovereign guide and director in every branch of civil and social intercourse.

Upon whatever occasion this enlightening faculty is exerted, it is always sure to act with distinguished eminence; but its chief and peculiar province seems to lie in the commerce of the world. Accordingly we may observe, that those who have conversed more with men than with books; whose wisdom is derived rather from experience than contemplation; generally possess this happy talent with superior perfection. For good sense, though it cannot be acquired, may be improved: and the world, I believe, will ever be found to afford the most kindly soil for its cultivation."—*Pratt.*

ANGER

Is so turbulent and destructive a passion that we must do every thing to restrain it within proper bounds; to guard against its first approach is an incumbent duty.

"IN reality, it is much easier to keep ourselves void of resentment, than to restrain it from excess, when it has gained admission; for if reason, while her strength is yet entire, is not able to preserve her dominion, what can she do when her enemy has in part prevailed and weakened her force? To use the illustration of an excellent author, we can prevent the beginning of some things, whose progress afterwards we cannot hinder. We can forbear to cast ourselves down from a precipice, but if once we have taken the fatal leap, we must descend, whether we will or not. Thus the mind, if duly cautious, may stand firm upon the rock of tranquillity; but if she rashly forsakes the summit, she can scarce recover herself, but is hurried away downwards by her own passion, with increasing violence.

Do not say that we exhort you to attempt that which is impossible. Nature has put it in our power to resist the motions of anger. We only plead inability, when we want an excuse for our own negligence. Was a passionate man to forfeit a hundred pounds, as often as he was angry, or was he sure he must die the next moment after the first sally of his passion, we should find, he had a great command of his temper, whenever he could prevail upon himself to exercise a proper attention about it. And shall we not esteem it worthy of equal attention, worthy of our utmost care and pains, to obtain that immoveable tranquillity of mind without which we cannot relish either life itself, or any of its enjoyments?------Upon the whole then, we both may and ought, not merely to restrain, but extirpate anger. It is impatient of rule; in proportion as it prevails, it

will disquiet our minds; it has nothing commendable in itself, nor will it answer any valuable purpose in life."—*Holland.*

FIRMNESS OF MIND

Is desirable in every station of life, but on some occasions it is of indispensible necessity. The following instance is remarkable, and is deserving of being introduced to the notice of the rising generation.

"WHILST Alexander Severus lay at Antioch, in his Persian expedition, the punishment of some soldiers excited a sedition in the legion to which they belonged. Alexander ascended his tribunal, and, with a modest firmness, represented to the armed multitude the absolute necessity, as well as his inflexible resolution, of correcting the vices introduced by his impure predecessor; and of maintaining the discipline, which could not be relaxed without the ruin of the Roman name and empire. Their clamours interrupted his mild expostulation. "Reserve your shouts," said the undaunted emperor, "till you take the field, against the Persians, the Germans, and the Sarmatians. Be silent in the presence of your sovereign and benefactor, who bestows upon you the corn, the clothing, and the money of the provinces. Be silent, or I shall no longer style you soldiers, but *citizens*; if those, indeed, who disclaim the laws of Rome, deserve to be ranked among the meanest of the people." His menaces inflamed the fury of the legion, and their brandished arms already threatened his person. "Your courage," resumed the intrepid Alexander, "would be more nobly displayed in a

field of battle: me you may destroy; you cannot intimidate; and the severe justice of the republic would punish your crime, and revenge my death." The legion still persisting in clamorous sedition, the emperor pronounced, with a loud voice, the decisive sentence, "*Citizens!* lay down your arms, and depart, in peace, to your respective habitations." The tempest was instantly appeased; the soldiers, filled with grief and shame, silently confessed the justice of their punishment, and the power of discipline; yielded up their arms and military ensigns; and retired, in confusion, not to their camp, but to the several inns of the city. Alexander enjoyed, during thirty days, the edifying spectacle of their repentance; nor did he restore them to their former rank in the army, till he had punished those tribunes, whose connivance had occasioned the mutiny."

Gibbon.

SINGULAR VERACITY,

WILL be found exemplified in the subsequent story; it is an extraordinary case, and whether true or false may be rendered conducive to moral improvement.

"A Spanish cavalier, having assassinated a Moorish gentleman, instantly fled from justice. He was vigorously pursued; but availing himself of a sudden turn in the road, he leaped, unperceived, over a garden wall. The proprietor, who was also a Moor, happened to be at that time, walking in the garden; and the Spaniard fell upon his knees before him, acquainted him with his case, and in the most pathetic manner implored concealment. The

Moor listened to him with compassion, and generously promised his assistance. He then locked him in a summer-house, and left him, with an assurance, that, when night approached, he would provide for his escape. A few hours afterwards, the dead body of his son was brought to him; and the description of the murderer exactly agreed with the appearance of the Spaniard, whom he had then in custody. He concealed the horror and suspicion which he felt; and retiring to his chamber, remained there till midnight. Then going privately into the garden, he opened the door of the summer-house, and thus accosted the cavalier: "Christian," said he, "the youth whom you have murdered was my only son. Your crime merits the severest punishment. But I have solemnly pledged my word for your security; and I disdain to violate even a rash engagement with a cruel enemy." He conducted the Spaniard to the stables, and furnishing him with one of his swiftest mules, "Fly," said he, "whilst the darkness of the night conceals you. Your hands are polluted with blood; but God is just; and I humbly thank him that my faith is unspotted, and that I have resigned judgment unto him."—*Dr. Percival.*

THE CONTENTED PORTER

Is a striking proof that happiness is not exclusively confined to any one condition of human life; the tale may leave some useful impression on the heart.

"A PORTER, one day, resting himself with his load by him, groaned aloud, and "wished he had five hundred pounds." "Why," says a

gentleman who was passing by, "I will give you five hundred pounds:—and now what will you do with it?" "Oh," says the porter, "I will soon tell you what I will do with it; First, I will have a pint of ale, and a toast and nutmeg, every morning for my breakfast." "Well, and what time will you get up?" "Oh, I have been used to be up at five or six o'clock, so I will now." "Well, what will you do after breakfast?" "Why I will fetch a walk till dinner." "And what will you have for dinner?" "Why, I will have a good dinner; I will have good roast and boiled beef, and some carrots and greens—and I will have a full pot every day—and then I will smoak a pipe." "Well and then, perhaps you will take a nap?" "May be I may—no I will not take a nap; I will fetch another walk till supper." "Well, and what will you have for supper?" "I do not know—I will have more beef, if I am hungry; or else I will have a Welch rabbit, and another full pot of beer." "Well, and then?—" Why then I will go to bed, to be sure." "Pray, how much now may you earn a week by your business?" "Why, master, I can make you eighteen shillings a week." "Will not you be tired now, do you think, after a little while, in doing nothing every day?" "I do not know, master; I have been thinking so." "Well then, let me propose a scheme to you." "With all my heart, master." "Cannot you do all this every day, as you are and employ your time into the bargain?" "Why, really, so I can, master, I think; and so take your five hundred pounds again, and thank you."

Richardson.

JULIUS CÆSAR DEFENDED.

THE following sketch will enable the reader to form his own idea of this illustrious Roman; it is short, but drawn with ability and judgment.

"AN English philosopher has accused Julius Cæsar of being so wholly absorbed in the consideration of his sole and immediate interest, that, "he established nothing for the future; he founded no sumptuous buildings; he procured the enactment of no wholesome laws." But these assertions are not strictly true; for it appears that he erected many splendid structures, that he promulgated judicious laws, and established various regulations, calculated for permanent utility. It may be allowed, however, that his love of fame, and his attention to public benefit, were subordinate to his thirst of power and dominion.

As oratory, which is so efficacious in a republic, was eagerly cultivated by the Romans, Cæsar did not neglect the study of it; and he soon acquired a high rank among the luminaries of the forum. He spoke with ease and fluency, with spirit and dignity, with elegance and accuracy. In general literature he also excelled. As an author, he was greatly applauded by his countrymen; and modern critics have done equal justice to his merit. A treatise on the subject of analogy, two satires upon Cato, a poem descriptive of a journey, and other small pieces which he wrote, have not reached our times. But his military narratives are still extant. They exhibit an air of modest veracity, a strain of graceful and ner-

vous simplicity, and great propriety of remark.

A modern Frenchman (Ophellot), who styles himself a philosopher, speaks with contempt of those writers who consider Cæsar as a great man. But unmerited contempt recoils on the assailant, and falls harmless on the object of it, like the feeble javelin of Priam, tinkling on the shield of Pyrrhus. If extent of genius, invincible fortitude and vigor of mind, heroic courage, unusual moderation and clemency, a capacity or the greatest enterprises, and a happy union of the talents of the statesman, the orator, and the warrior, entitle the possessor to the appellation of a great man, it may justly be attached to the name of Julius. That he added the purity of virtue to the brilliancy of greatness, cannot be affirmed with truth.

Dr. Coote.

STUDYING THE WORKS OF CREATION

CONDUCES both to our pleasure and improvement. Hence great and good men have taken a delight in this employ; and of the gratification to be derived from this exercise of the faculties, the *great* and *small vulgar* have no adequate conception.

" CONTRAST the study of the works of creation with the fashionable amusements of the age. The latter produces that hurry of the spirits and that agitation of the passions which are not always favorable to true enjoyment; the former calls into exercise admiration, gratitude, and benevolence, dispositions which are both pleasing and salutary. Those are pursued at times and in places which often render

them injurious to the bodily constitution, this in places and at times most conducive to health. After the former the spirits are depressed and the mind feels a languor which renders the votaries of pleasure more the objects of pity than of envy; the other leaves the mind in a tranquil state, satisfied with itself, with surrounding objects, and with its Creator. When weary and disgusted with those scenes of confusion and devastation which the disorderly passions of men produce in the creation of God, I have often had recourse to employment in my garden. My breast has been soothed and my spirits enlivened by that salutary exercise, and by indulging such reflections as these. Man cannot withhold the genial beams of the sun, nor the refreshing rain of heaven. Still the shrubs and trees put forth their leaves and blossoms to delight us with their beauty and fragrance, and produce their fruit to gratify our taste. All is harmony in the works of God: and if his offspring were as kind to each other as their heavenly Father is good to all of them, what a delightful world would this be!"

Carpenter.

DEATH-WATCH

Is a subject of frequent conversation among the vulgar: it, however, proves to be a small insect, perfectly harmless, and therefore the cause of groundless alarm.

"AMONG the popular superstitions which the almost general illumination of modern times has not been able to obliterate, the dread of the death-watch may well be considered as one of the most predominant, and still conti-

nues to disturb the habitations of rural tranquillity with groundless fears, and absurd apprehensions. It is not indeed to be imagined that they who are engaged in the more important cares of providing the immediate necessaries of life should have either leisure or inclination to investigate with philosophical exactness the causes of a particular sound; yet it must be allowed to be a very singular circumstance that an animal so common should not be more universally known, and the peculiar noise which it occasionally makes be more universally understood. It is chiefly in the advanced state of spring that this alarming little animal commences its sound, which is no other than the call or signal by which the male and female are led to each other, and which may be considered as analogous to the call of birds, though not owing to the voice of the insect, but to its beating on any hard substance with the shield, or fore part of its head! The prevailing number of the distinct strokes which it beats is from seven to nine, or eleven, which very circumstance may perhaps still add, in some degree, to the ominous character which it bears among the vulgar. These sounds, or beats, are given in pretty quick succession, and are repeated at uncertain intervals; and in old houses, where the insects are numerous, may be heard at almost every hour of the day, especially if the weather be warm. The sound exactly resembles that which may be made by beating moderately hard with the nail on a table. The insect is of a colour so nearly resembling that of decayed wood, viz. an obscure greyish brown, that it may, for a considerable time elude the search of the enquirer. It is about a quarter of an inch in length, and is

moderately thick in proportion, and the wing-shells are marked with numerous irregular variegations of a lighter or greyer cast than the ground colour. Ridiculous and incredible as it may appear, it is an animal that may in some measure be tamed; at least it may be so far familiarised as to be made to beat occasionally, by taking it out of its confinement, and beating on a table or board, when it will readily answer the noise, and will continue to beat as often as required."—*Shaw.*

GREAT BRITAIN

Is so flourishing and far-famed an island, that we shall do well to treasure up in our minds the following summary but accurate delineation of it.

"GREAT BRITAIN has become the greatest commercial nation that the world ever beheld, covering all the seas with her ships, and known and respected by the most distant nations. Her trading navy has been the support and nursery of a warlike navy, the most powerful and most formidable for courage and discipline that the annals of mankind have recorded. She is at present the undoubted queen of the ocean, an envied and hazardous station, which can be preserved only by an union of equity and moderation with vigorous exertion. It has been an advantage of the combination of manufactures with foreign commerce, that wealth has been generally diffused through the country; scarcely any part of it being out of the reach of profitable employment. The advanced demand for the necessaries of life has given additional encouragement to agriculture, and the value of

land and its products has fully kept pace with the influx of opulence. Lands newly taken into culture, neat farms, elegant villas, thriving towns, and smiling villages, every where meet the traveller's eye!" The mutual communication of the different parts is promoted by turnpike roads in every direction, and by inland navigation, which has been carried on, during the last forty or fifty years, with most unexampled spirit. Canals now spread their arms over the surface of the island, connecting all the great towns and navigable rivers, and forming a system of water-communication more complete than exists in any other country in Europe, with the exception of the Netherlands. The mechanical skill and invention displayed in their construction, would alone suffice to do honour to the genius of the nation."

Dr. Aikin.

IRELAND,

THE sister kingdom, now a constituent portion of the united empire, is thus pleasingly described by a gentleman who has very recently visited it.

"HEAVEN never committed to any government the care of a country upon which she has been more prodigally bountiful; for independently of the genius of the people, Ireland throughout rests upon a bed of the richest manure. Towards the sea she has sand, shells, and weed; inland she abounds with limestone-gravel, limestone-marl, and other natural manures; her rivers and surrounding seas are all propitious to commerce, and are open to all quarters of the world! The Shannon, the Lif-

fey, the Lee, the Luis, the Bann, the Boyne, the Blackwater, and other rivers, her creeks, her numerous, vast, and beautiful lakes abound with fish of various descriptions, and with little assistance from the hand of man, can be formed into canals, which might easily unite the centre with the extremities of the island: upon the seas which surround her, vessels from the most distant regions can approach her indented coasts in the most tempestuous weather with safety. Within a circuit of seven hundred and fifty miles it has been estimated that she possesses sixty-six secure harbours! The fertility of the country, with a slender exception, is uncommonly great; her climate is soft and salubrious, her bogs demonstrate her former consequence, and can be, and are, rapidly reclaiming; an inexhaustible stratum of coal is ready to supply its turf, and her peasantry, without having much of happiness and prosperity, possess all the essential qualities by which both are deserved, and can be enjoyed and promoted."—*Carr.*

ROME

Is so renowned a city, both in ancient and modern times, that a description of it must be acceptable; take the impression it made on the mind of one our first poets, the author of *The Elegy in a Country Church-yard.*

"IN descending Mount Viterbo, we first discovered (though at near thirty miles distance) the cupola of St. Peter's, and a little after began to enter on an old Roman pavement, with now and then a ruined tower, or a sepulchre, on each hand. We now had a clear view of

the city of Rome, though not to the best advantage, as coming along a plain quite upon a level with it; however, it appeared very vast, and surrounded with magnificent villas and gardens! We soon after crossed the Tiber, a river that ancient Rome made more considerable than any merit of its own could have done; however, it is not contemptibly small, but a good handsome stream, very deep, yet somewhat of a muddy complection. The first entrance of Rome is prodigiously striking. It is by a noble gate, designed by Michael Angelo, and adorned with statues; this brings you into a large square, in the midst of which is a vast obelisk of granite, and in front you have at one view two churches, of a handsome architecture, and so much alike, that they are called *The Twins*, with three streets, the middlemost of which is one of the longest in Rome! As high as my expectation was raised, I confess the magnificence of this city infinitely surpasses it. You cannot pass along a street but you have views of some palace, or church, or square, or fountain, the most picturesque and noble one can imagine; we have not yet set about considering its ancient and modern buildings with attention, but have already taken a slight transient view of some of the most remarkable. St. Peter's I saw the day after we arrived, and was struck dumb with wonder. I have hardly philosophy enough to see the infinity of fine things that are here daily in the power of any body that has plenty of money, without regretting the want of it."—*Gray*.

CULBONE CHUCH-YARD,

IN the west of England, is a most secluded and romantic spot; it is thus described in a manner adapted to rouse our curiosity—being at once picturesque and instructive.

"SURE never was a spot better calculated for the indulgence of the meditative faculty than Culbone Church-yard. Every circumstance around leads the mind to thought, and soothes the bosom to tranquillity. The deep murmur of the ocean tide rising from beneath but softened in its lengthened course falls gently on the ear, which lists with equal rapture to the broken mysterious whisper of the waving woods above! Here, whilst all without is wasteful war and raging horror, the thoughtful wanderer, as he treads the glen, will please himself with the conviction, that he has at least found one little spot sacred to Peace! Here, whilst he feels the holy calm of silent solitude, he will drop a tear in chastened sorrow over human vice and human folly, over the wickedness of the *few*, whose destructive ambition converts a world so competent (through the beneficence of Providence) to render men comfortable and happy, into one wide scene of waste and misery; and over the folly of the *many*, who allow themselves to be made the instruments of such devastation and wretchedness! He will reflect with sadness and astonishment on the torrents of blood, that even now are flooding the christian world, and in the pure spirit of genuine patriotism will breathe an aspiration to heaven, in the beautifully figurative language of Solomon:—'O that the winter were

THE BLESSING OF PEACE

Is so inestimable in all the departments of life, that we cannot too much prize it. The following description of it is admirable; we give it at length.

"The prophet Isaiah styles our Saviour to be *Prince of Peace* long before he came into the world, and to answer the title, he made choice to enter into it at a time when all the nations were at peace with each other, which was in the days of Augustus; when the temple of Janus was shut, and all the alarms of war were hushed and silenced throughout the world. At his birth the host of heaven descended, and proclaimed peace on earth, as the best state and temper the world could be in to receive and welcome the Author of it. His future conversation and doctrine here upon earth was ever agreeable with his peaceable entrance upon it; the whole course of his life being one great example of meekness, peace, and patience. At his death it was the only legacy he bequeathed to his followers, 'my peace I give unto you!' How far this has taken place, or been actually enjoyed, is not my intention to enlarge upon any further than just to observe, how precious a bequest it was from the many miseries and calamities which have, and ever will ensue from the want of it. If we look into the larger circle of the world, what desolations, dissolutions of government, and invasions of property! What rapine, plunder, and profanation of the most sacred rights of mankind, are the certain unhappy effects of it—fields dyed in blood; the cries of orphans and wi-

flows bereft of their best help, too fully instruct us! Look into private life; 'behold how good and pleasant a thing it is to live together in unity; it is like the precious ointment poured on the head of Aaron that ran down to his skirts!' importing that this balm of life is felt, and enjoyed not only by governors of kingdoms, but is derived down to the lowest ranks of life, and tasted in the most private recesses; all from the king to the peasant are refreshed with its blessings, without which we can find no comfort in any thing this world can give. It is this blessing gives every one to sit quietly under his vine, and reap the fruits of his labour and industry. In one word, which bespeaks who is the bestower of it, it is that only which keeps up the harmony and order of the world, and preserves every thing in it from ruin and confusion."—*Sterne.*

THE CURSE OF WAR.

MAY be emphatically learnt from the enumeration of the horrors and miseries with which it is attended; it is one of those tremendous evils which the Almighty employs to chastise a guilty world.

"THE morality of peaceful times is directly opposite to the maxims of war. The fundamental rule of the first is to do good; of the latter, to inflict injuries. The former commands us to succour the oppressed; the latter to overwhelm the defenceless. The former teaches men to love their enemies, the latter to make themselves terrible even to strangers. The rules of morality will not suffer us to promote the

dearest interests by falsehood ; the maxims of war applaud it when employed in the destruction of others. That a familiarity with such maxims must tend to harden the heart, as well as to pervert the moral sentiments, is too obvious to need illustration. The natural consequence of their prevalence is an unfeeling and unprincipled ambition, with an idolatry of talents, and a contempt of virtue ; whence the esteem of mankind is turned from the humble, the beneficent, and the good, to men who are qualified by a genius fertile in expedients, a courage that is never appalled, and a heart that never pities, to become destroyers of the earth ! While the philanthropist is devising means to mitigate the evils, and augment the happiness of the world, a fellow-worker together with God in exploring, and giving effect to the benevolent tendencies of nature, the warrior is revolving, in the gloomy recesses of his capacious mind, plans of future devastation and ruin---prisons crowded with captives ; cities emptied of their inhabitants ; fields desolate and waste ; are among his proudest trophies! The structure of his fame is cemented with tears and blood, and if his name is wafted to the ends of the earth, it is in the shrill cry of suffering humanity, in the curses and imprecations of those whom his sword has reduced to despair ! —*Hall.*

ASTRONOMY

Is so noble and sublime a science, that every opportunity should be taken of introducing it to the acquaintance of the young and tender mind. The wonderful scenes it unfolds expand the intellectual powers, and lay the basis of a profound devotion towards the Supreme Being.

"I thought sleep came upon me, and I beheld a beautiful form advancing towards me, who, taking me by the hand, we arose together in a sort of cloudy vehicle with great velocity, leaving this earth behind us! We were soon out of the atmosphere which surrounds it, and began to approach the Moon. Here I could not help expressing a curiosity to touch, and make some stay; but my conductor assured me that what I should soon see, would be so transcendently glorious, that to stop here would be mere loss of time. However, we passed so near as to distinguish that its surface was diversified like that of the earth, with land and water, mountains and vallies, lakes and islands, and appeared to be fertile and inhabited. Turning my head, I looked back on the earth, which appeared illuminated about four times the size the moon appears from it, and over its surface were dispersed spots of light and dark, in which I recognized the shape of continents and islands! We proceeded with the swiftness of lightning, and passed Mars towards Jupiter, whose magnitude, surrounded by his four satellites, filled me with admiration! We soon arrived at Saturn, whose luminous ring, twenty-one thousand miles in diameter, and seven moons revolving round him, in a regular and brilliant rotation, caused a sensation better felt than described. The next planet we came to was Herschell, who had six satellites attending him. Finding myself now out of the known limits of our system, and launching out into the immensity of space, I was seized with awe and fear; but my conductor reassured and strengthened me, observing, that I should soon be convinced that our system was but a point in the

immense univérse of God, in every part of which his power and goodness were equally present. Our course then directed itself towards Sirius, and I was delighted and surprised to see that star, as we approached nearer, dilate itself into a system, with a sun blazing in its centre, diffusing light and animation to the planets which moved round him in their orbits! I was quite wrapped up in the contemplation of this glorious object, when my conductor bade me look back, and see if I could find my system. I looked, but in vain; upon which he pointed it out as a star, twinkling among its neighbouring systems! Alas! thought I, how little now appears human vanity! We advanced through thousands of stars, every one, on our approach, dilating itself; till at last we approached a place whose brightness and glory surpassed any thing that thought could conceive; where I saw angels clothed in light and beauty, and my ears were delighted with the most harmonious music! My conductor informed me this was the place where the great Creator displayed his presence and glory in a peculiar manner, though at the same time omnipresent, and which mortals had some idea of, by the name of Heaven! I now stood, he said, in the centre of the Universe, and bade me look around; when with infinite admiration did I perceive large systems regularly moving round the place where I stood, as their centre; again other systems round them, and round these again others still smaller, revolving in eternal order, and infinite succession, till my powers were lost in the contemplation. You now, said my conductor, behold the *Universe of God!* Every one of those millions of worlds is peopled with inhabitants, and the

Deity diffuses life and happiness through his wide creation."—*W. J. T.*
Jamaica.

A VISIT TO SOUTHAMPTON

BY the celebrated Mr. Gray in the year 1764, shall be transcribed. To the sensible and feeling mind it must prove entertaining and impressive :—

"MY health is much improved by the sea, not that I drank it, or bathed in it as the common people do; no, I only walked by it, and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild even in October and November, no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past, the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window; the town clean and well built, surrounded by its old stone walls, with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view 'till it joins the British Channel; it is skirted on either side with gently rising grounds, cloathed with thick wood, and directly cross its mouth rise the high lands of the Isle of Wight, at a distance but distinctly seen! In the bosom of the woods (concealed from profane eyes) lie hid the ruins of Netley Abbey; there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the Abbot is content with his situation. See there at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees that bend into a half circle about it, he is walking slowly, good man! and bidding his beads for the souls of his bene-

factors interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him! Beyond it the meadow still descending, nods a thicket of oaks that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye, only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue, glittering sea! Did you not observe how as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself to drive the tempter from him, that had thrown that distraction in his way! I should tell you that the ferryman who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the abbey, (there were such things seen near it) though there was a power of money hid there!"—*Gray.*

PICTURE OF A PHILOSOPHER

DRAWN by the masterly hand of Dr. Thomas Reid, of Glasgow, is worth attention; though small, yet it is full and expressive.

"HUMAN knowledge is like the steps of a ladder. The first step consists of particular truths discovered by observation or experience, the second collects these into more general truths, the third into still more general. But there are many such steps before we come to the top, that is, to the most general truths! Ambitious of knowledge, and unconscious of our own weakness, we would fain jump at once from the lowest step to the highest. But the consequence of this is, that we tumble down, and find that our labour must be begun anew! Is not this a good picture of a philosopher? I think so truly, and I should be vain of it if I were not afraid that I have stolen it from Lord Bacon."—*Dr. Reid.*

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD

BY the Supreme Being is a fundamental article of our faith; the bible opens with it, and however we explain it, it is a glorious and important truth.

"IT is a comfortable reflection that the question whether matter was created or not, is a pure inconsequential speculation, and that either side may be adopted without impiety. To me it appears more simple and more natural to hold it to be a work of creation, than to be self-existent, and consequently independent of the Almighty either to create or to annihilate. I cheerfully make the former an article in my creed, but without anathematising those who adopt the latter. I would, however, have it understood that I limit my concession to matter in its rude and chaotic state. I cannot possibly go so far as to comprehend the world or universe in its orderly or systematic form. That immense machine composed so as to fulfil an infinite variety of useful ends and purposes, must be the work of an artist, the production of a great Being omniscient as well as omnipotent! To assign blind fatality as the cause is an insufferable absurdity.—*Kaimes.*

THE ART OF VIRTUE

WAS the title of a book which the late great and good Dr. Franklin intended to have written, but never accomplished. He thus mentions it in a letter to Lord Kaimes, dated May, 1760.

"MANY people live bad lives that would

gladly lead good ones, but know not how to make the change. They have frequently resolved and endeavoured it, but in vain; because their endeavours have not been properly conducted. To exhort people to be good, to be just, to be temperate, &c. without shewing them how they shall become so, seems like the ineffectual charity mentioned by the apostle, which consisted in saying to the hungry, the cold, and the naked, 'be ye fed, be ye warmed, be ye clothed,' without shewing them how they should get food, fire, or clothing! Most people have naturally some virtues, but none have naturally all the virtues. To acquire those that are wanting, and secure what we acquire as well as those we have naturally, is the subject of an art. It is as properly an art as painting, navigation, or architecture. If a man would become a painter, navigator, or architect, it is not enough that he is advised to be one, that he is convinced by the arguments of his advisers that it would be for his advantage to be one, and that he resolves to be one, but he must also be taught the principles of the art, be shewn all the methods of working, and how to acquire the habits of using properly all the instruments, and thus regularly and gradually he arrives by practice at some perfection in the art. If he does not proceed thus, he is apt to meet with difficulties that discourage him, and make him drop the pursuit. Christians are directed to have faith in Christ, as the effectual means of obtaining the change they desire. It may, when sufficiently strong, be effectual with many: for a full opinion that a teacher is infinitely wise, great, and powerful, and that he will certainly reward and punish the obedient and disobedient, must give great weight

to his precepts, and make them much more attended to by his disciples. But many have their faith in so weak a degree, that it does not produce the effect. The Art of Virtue may therefore be of great service to those whose faith is unhappily not so strong, and may come in aid of its weakness. Such as are naturally well disposed, and have been carefully educated, so that good habits have been early established and bad ones prevented, have less need of this art, but all may be more or less benefitted by it."—*Dr. Franklin.*

BUSINESS AND RETIREMENT,

ALTERNATELY enjoyed, contribute greatly towards the happiness of human life. Duly apportioned, it has been found the source of no inconsiderable pleasure and satisfaction.

"The inherent dignity of the soul makes it sometimes disdain petty occupations, and love to retire into the proud state of meditation. There it enters into the operations of omnipotence, and the views of infinite wisdom, looks with delight through the infinite gradations of beings, and with amazement round the boundless system of creation! It exults at feeling itself an intelligent spectator of such a majestic scene, and in the arrogance of its reasoning, and the pride of its reveries, wonders how it could ever condescend to the low commerce of ordinary life, and says to itself: It will for the future dream of state! But Alma, by the mother's side, a poor mechanic, satiated with the long idleness of a summer's holiday, again cries out for her shop and her tools, leaves the abstracted beings the life of meditation, and wisely

says: Her business lies chiefly where she can add to the comfort and happiness of her fellow creatures! However, my lord, do not imagine that I think less than you do that a pleasing retirement may improve the virtue of your posterity, by drawing them sometimes from busy to contemplative life. In a sweet retirement, I imagine, the mind keeps time to the music of the spheres, its movements are not affected by prejudices or bad examples, but keep even and true measure with reason and its appointed duties. In the bustle of the world we are often impelled to what is wrong, diverted from what is right, and carried about in the whirl of fashion and predominant opinions!--*Mrs. Montague.*

MAN

STANDS at the head of this lower creation. This accords with the account of Moses the Jewish legislator, and is confirmed by observation and history.

"MAN holds a legitimate dominion over the brute animals which no revolution can destroy. It is the dominion of mind over matter, a right of nature founded upon unalterable laws, a gift of the Almighty, by which man is enabled at all times to perceive the dignity of his being; for his power is not derived from his being the most perfect, the strongest, or the most dexterous of all animals. If he had only the first rank in the order of animals, the inferior tribes would unite and dispute his title to sovereignty. But man reigns and commands from the superiority of his nature. He thinks, and therefore he is master of all beings who are not endowed with this inestimable talent. Material bodies are

likewise subject to his power, to his will they can oppose only a gross resistance or an obstinate inflexibility, which his hand is always able to overcome by making them act against each other. He is master of the vegetable tribes which, by his industry he can with pleasure augment or diminish, multiply or destroy! He reigns over the animal creation, because like them he is not only endowed with sentiment, and the power of motion, but because he thinks, distinguishes ends and means, directs his actions, concerts his operations, overcomes force by ingenuity, and swiftness by perseverance."—*Buffon.*

COLUMBUS.

THE following singular description of the person and character of this great navigator and discoverer of America, is worthy of attention; it is drawn by his son, Don Ferdinand Columbus.

"THE Admiral was well shaped, and of a more than middling stature, long visaged, his cheeks somewhat full, yet neither fat nor lean, he had a hawk nose, his eyes white, and his complection was white with a lovely red. In his youth his hair was fair, but when he came to thirty years of age, it all turned grey. He was always modest and sparing in his eating, drinking, and his dress. Among strangers he was affable, and pleasant among his domestics, yet with modesty and easy gratuity. He was so strict in his religious matters, that for fasting, and saying all the divine offices, he might be thought professed in some religious order. So great was his aversion to cursing and swearing, that I protest I never heard him swear any other oath but by St. Ferdinand, and when in

the greatest passion with any body he would vent his spleen by saying 'God take you for doing or saying so!' When he was to write, his way of trying his pen was by writing these words 'Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via,' and that in such a character as might well serve to get his bread. In his tender years he applied himself so much to study at Pavia, as was sufficient to understand cosmography (or geography) to which sort of reading he was much addicted, for which reason he also applied himself to astronomy and geometry, because these sciences are so linked together, that the one cannot subsist without the other. And because Ptolemy, in the beginning of his cosmography, says, that no man can be a good cosmographer unless he be a painter too, therefore he learned to draw in order to describe lands, and set down cosmographical bodies plain or round."

ANXIETY OF PARENTS

Is natural and proper, but it ought to be regulated and controlled; it cannot be repressed, but it must be thrown into its appropriate channel.

"THE future prospects and condition of our children afford a wide field for imagination, and give the anxious parent many alternate hours of uneasiness and pleasure. To picture in our minds their future advancement and happiness, their success in the acquisition of fame, wealth, honours, respect, or learning, just as suits our ideas of what is good and right; to fancy we behold in them the friends of mankind, the amiable patterns of conjugal life, or the learned instructors of future times, repays us in some

measure for the care and pains of their education, and gives us a momentary transient delight, though our prospects should never be completed, or even should they be entirely destroyed. It aids and supports us too in the great work of instruction and gives us ideas as to the views or principles by which their Education ought to be directed for he who has never formed in his mind the idea of something superior to what he is used to meet, will never arrive at any great degree of excellence. The future condition of a Child affords to a Parent a boundless scope for imagination and pleasing conjecture, yet it ought not to be indulged in to the prejudice of useful exertion. We should not be content with imagining what our children may be, but endeavour to make them such as we desire; for imagination may mislead, if not tempered with judgment, and restrained by prudence.—*Burdon.*

JULIUS CÆSAR

VISITED Britain in the earliest period of its history; his principles and conduct must be worthy of examination; indeed he was one of the most renowned characters of Antiquity.

"CÆSAR was endowed with every great and noble quality that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society: formed to excel in peace, as well as war; provident in counsel; fearless in action; and executing what he had resolved with an amazing celerity; generous beyond measure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, scarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are sel-

dom found together, strength and elegance. Cicero ranks him among the greatest orators that Rome ever bred: and Quintilian says, that he spoke with the same force with which he fought; and, if he had devoted himself to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he master only of the politer arts, but conversant also with the most abstruse and critical parts of learning; and among other works which he published, addressed two books to Cicero, on the analogy of language, or the art of speaking and writing correctly. He was a most liberal patron of wit and learning, wheresoever they were found; and, out of his love of those talents, would readily pardon those who had employed them against himself; rightly judging that by making such men his friends, he should draw praises from the same fountain from which he had been aspersed. His capital passions were ambition and love of pleasure, which he indulged in their turns to the greatest excess; yet the first was always predominant, to which he could easily sacrifice all the charms of the second, and draw pleasure even from toils and dangers, when they ministered to his glory. For he thought tyranny, as Cicero says, the greatest of goddesses; and had frequently in his mouth a verse of Euripides, which expressed the image of his soul, that if right and justice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the sake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpose of his life; the scheme that he had formed from his early youth: so that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with sobriety and meditation to the subversion of the republic. He used to say, that there were two things necessary to acquire and to support

power; soldiers and money; which yet depended mutually on each other: with money therefore he provided soldiers; and with soldiers extorted money; and was of all men the most rapacious in plundering both friends and foes; sparing neither prince nor state, nor temple, nor even private persons, who were known to possess any share of treasure. His great abilities would necessarily have made him one of the first citizens of Rome; but disdaining the condition of a subject, he could never rest till he had made himself a monarch. In acting this last part, his usual prudence seemed to fail him; as if the height to which he was mounted had turned his head, and made him giddy: for, by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroyed the stability of it; and as men shorten life by living too fast, so by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.—*Middleton.*

THE VIRTUOUS MAN

Is so truly excellent in himself, and so truly serviceable to society, that the reader will be gratified by a full length portrait of him.

"HE who in his *youth* improves his intellectual powers in the search of truth and useful knowledge, and refines and strengthens his moral and active powers by the love of virtue, for the service of his friend, his country, and mankind; who is animated by true glory, exalted by sacred friendship for social, and softened by virtuous love for domestic life; who lays his heart open to every other mild and generous affection: and who, to all these, adds a sober, masculine piety, equally remote

from superstition and enthusiasm, that man enjoys the most agreeable youth, and lays in the richest fund for the honourable action and happy enjoyment of the succeeding periods of life.

"He who in *manhood* keeps the offensive and private passions under the wisest restraint; who forms the most select and virtuous friendships; who seeks after fame, wealth, and power, in the road of truth and virtue, and, if he cannot find them in that road, generously despises them; who, in his private character and connections, gives fullest scope to the tender and manly passions, and in his public character and connections, serves his country and mankind in the most upright and disinterested manner; who, in fine, enjoys the goods of life with the greatest moderation, bears its ills with the greatest fortitude, and in those various circumstances of duty and trial, maintains and expresses an habitual and supreme reverence and love of God, that man is the worthiest character in this stage of life; passes through it with the highest satisfaction and dignity; and paves the way to the most easy and honourable old age.

"Finally, he who, in the *decline of life*, preserves himself most exempt from the chagrins incident to that period, cherishes the most equal and kind affections; uses his experience, wisdom, and authority, in the most fatherly and venerable manner; acts under a sense of the inspection, and with a view to the approbation of his Maker; is daily aspiring after immortality, and ripening apace for it; and, having sustained his part with integrity and consistency to the last, quits the stage with a

modest and graceful triumph, this is the happiest old man.

"Therefore that whole life of *youth*, *manhood*, and *old age*, which is spent after this manner, is the best and the happiest life.

Dr. Fordyce.

CATO

WAS not only a celebrated character among the Romans, but has been made the subject of an interesting tragedy by Addison.

"IF we consider the character of Cato without prejudice, he was certainly a great and worthy man; a friend to truth, virtue, liberty: yet, falsely measuring all duty by the absurd rigour of the stoical rule, he was generally disappointed of the end which he sought by it, the happiness both of his private and public life. In his private conduct he was severe, morose, inexorable, banishing all the softer affections, as natural enemies to justice, and as suggesting false motives of acting, from favour, clemency, and compassion: in public affairs he was the same; had but one rule of policy, to adhere to what was right without regard to times or circumstances, or even to a force that could controul him; for instead of managing the power of the great, so as to mitigate the ill, or extract any good from it, he was urging it always to acts of violence by a perpetual defiance; so that, with the best intentions in the world, he often did great harm to the republic. This was his general behaviour; yet from some particular facts, it appears that his strength of mind was not always impregnable but had its weak places of pride, ambition, and

party zeal; which when managed, and flattered to a certain point, would betray him sometimes into measures contrary to his ordinary rule of right and truth. The last act of his life was agreeable to his nature and philosophy: when he could no longer be what he had been; or when the ills of life overbalanced the good, which, by the principles of his sect, was a just cause for dying; he put an end to his life, with a spirit and resolution, which would make one imagine, that he was glad to have found an occasion of dying in his proper character. On the whole, his life was rather admirable, than amiable; fit to be praised, rather than imitated.—*Middleton.*"

MILTON

HOLDS so large a space in the eye of every man of taste and understanding, and his writings are so generally, and indeed, universally, admired that the following character of him will be acceptable.

"JOHN MILTON was a man in whom were illustriously combined all the qualities that could adorn, or could elevate the nature to which he belonged—a man who at once possessed beauty of countenance, symmetry of form, elegance of manners, benevolence of temper, magnanimity and softness of soul, the brightest illumination of intellect, knowledge the most various and extended—virtue that never loitered in her career nor deviated from her course—a man, who, if he had been delegated as the representative of his species to one of the superior worlds, would have suggested a grand idea of the human race—as of

beings affluent in moral and intellectual treasure raised and distinguished in the universe as the favorites and heirs of Heaven!"

Dr. Symmons.

PRAISE OF WOMEN

Is thus recorded by Ledyard, the famous traveller, who had visited most parts of the civilized world; we have given it in verse in the *Parnassian Garland*; the young reader, however will be gratified by having presented to him the original testimony, at once so just and impressive.

"I HAVE always remarked that Women in all countries are civil, obliging, tender, and humane; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest, and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a kind or generous action. Not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, they are full of courtesy, and fond of society; more liable in general to err than man, but, in general also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he! To a Woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With Man it has often been otherwise!"

Ledyard.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE WORLD

Is the object of fond contemplation to the wise and the good, and whilst religion sanctions the idea, it is pleasing to see the specu-

lations of the philosopher addaced for the confirmation of it.

"WHAT influence might not man acquire over his own species, if his inclinations were always directed by his intelligence? Who knows to what degree he might improve his moral as well as his physical nature? Is there a single nation who can boast of having arrived at the best of possible governments--a government which would render *all* men not equally happy, but less unequally miserable by attending to their preservation, by softening their labours, and sparing their blood---by cultivating peace, and procuring abundance of provisions? This is the *moral* end of every society, who are anxious to improve their condition. And with regard to the *physical* part of our nature, have the medical and other arts, whose objects are health and preservation, made an equal progress as the arts of destruction, invented for the purposes of war and carnage? In all ages it appears that man has reflected deeper, and made more researches concerning *evil* than *good*! In every society there is a mixture of both, and as of all sentiments which affect the multitude *fear* is the most powerful--great talents in *the art of doing mischief*, were the first which struck the mind of man---he was afterwards occupied with the arts of amusement, and it was not till after long experience in these two means of false honour, and unprofitable pleasure, that he, *at last*, recognized his *true glory* to be *Science*, and his *true happiness*, *Peace*!"---*Buffon*.

LEAVING ENGLAND.

DR. FRANKLIN, in a letter, dated Portsmouth, August, 1762, thus expresses himself to Lord Kaimes, which shews how much that celebrated American was attached to the Mother Country.

"I AM now waiting here only for a wind to waft me to America, but cannot leave this happy island, and my friends in it, without extreme regret, though I am going to a country and people I love. I am going from the *Old World* to the *New!* And, I fancy, I feel like those who are leaving this world for the next—grief at the parting—fear of the passage—hope of the future; these different passions all affect their minds at once, and *these* have tendered me down exceedingly. It is usual for the *dying* to beg forgiveness of their surviving friends, if they have ever offended them. Can you, my Lord, forgive my long silence and my not acknowledging, till now, the favor you did me in sending me your excellent book, (Elements of Criticism)? Can you make some allowance for a fault in others which you have never experienced in yourself; for the bad habit of postponing from day to day, what one every day resolves to do to-morrow; a habit that grows upon us with years, and whose only excuse is that we know not how to mend it.—If you are disposed to favor me, you will also consider how much one's mind is taken up and distracted by the many little affairs one has to settle before the undertaking such a voyage, after so long a residence in this country."

Dr. Franklin.

TO THE SEA,

WHICH, whether we regard its smooth and glassy surface, or stand amazed at its rough and turbulent waves, suggests a thousand interesting ideas to the contemplative mind.

"HAIL! thou inexhastible source of wonder and contemplation!—Hail thou multitudinous ocean! whose waves chase one another down like the generations of men, and, after a momentary space, are immerged for ever in oblivion!—Thy fluctuating waters wash the varied shores of the world, and while they disjoin nations, whom a nearer connection would involve in eternal war, they circulate their labours, and give health and plenty to mankind.

How glorious, how awful, are the scenes thou displayest!---Whether we view thee when every wind is hushed,---when the morning sun silvers the level line of the horizon---or when its evening track is marked with flaming gold, and thy unrippled bosom reflects the radiance of the overarching Heavens!---Or whether we behold thee in thy terrors! when the black tempest sweeps the swelling billows, and the boiling surge mixes with the clouds---when death rides the storm---and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner, whose heart is sinking with dismay!

And yet mighty deep! 'tis thy *surface* alone we view---Who can penetrate the secrets of thy wide domain?---What eye can visit thy immense rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation?---or search out the myriads of ob-

jects, whose beauties lie scattered over thy dread abyss?

"The mind staggers with the immensity of her own conceptions,—and when she contemplates the flux and reflux of the tides, which from the beginning of the world were never known to err, how does she shrink at the idea of that Divine Power, which originally laid thy foundations so sure, and whose omnipotent voice hath fixed the limits where thy proud waves shall be stayed!"—*Keate.*

THE NATURE OF ART

Is such, that it is entitled to our particular attention: we may address her in these appropriate strains.—

"O ART! thou distinguishing attribute and honour of human kind! who art not only able to imitate Nature in her graces, but even to adorn her with graces of thine own! Possessed of thee, the meanest genius grows deserving, and has a just demand for a portion of our esteem: devoid of thee, the brightest of our kind lie lost and useless, and are but poorly distinguished from the most despicable and base! When we inhabited forests in common with brutes, nor otherwise known from them than by the species, thou taughtest us to assert the sovereignty of our nature, and to assume that empire, for which Providence intended us! Thousands of utilities owe their birth to thee, thousands of elegancies, pleasures, and joys, without which, life itself would be but an insipid possession."—*Harris.*

THE OPERATIONS OF ART

ARE extensive; they extend to the animate and inanimate parts of the creation; on every side we are called to mark its manifold and astonishing effects.

"Wide and extensive is the reach of thy dominion! No element is there, either so violent or so subtile, so yielding or so sluggish, as by the powers of its nature, to be superior to thy direction. Thou dreadest not the fierce impetuosity of fire, but compellest its violence to be both obedient and useful. By it thou softenest the stubborn tribe of minerals, so as to be formed and moulded into shapes innumerable. Hence weapons, armour, coin: and previous to these and other thy works and energies, hence all those various tools and instruments, which impower thee to proceed to farther ends more excellent. Nor is the subtile air less obedient to thy power; whether thou willest it to be a minister to our pleasure, or utility. At thy command it giveth birth to sounds, which charm the soul with all the powers of harmony. Under thy instruction it moves the ships over the seas; while that yielding element, where, otherwise, we sink, even water itself is by thee taught to bear us; the vast ocean to promote that intercourse of nations, which ignorance would imagine it was destined to intercept. To say how thy influence is seen on earth, would be to teach the meanest what he knows already. Suffice it but to mention, fields of arable and pasture; lawns, and groves, and gardens, and planta-

tions; cottages, villages, castles, towns; palaces, temples, and spacious cities.

"Nor does thy empire end in subjects thus inanimate. Its power also extends through the various races of animals; who either patiently submit to become thy slaves, or are sure to find thee an irresistible foe. The faithful dog, the patient ox, the generous horse and the mighty elephant, are content, all, to receive their instructions from thee, and readily to lend their natural instincts or strength, to perform those offices, which thy occasions call for. If there be found any species which are serviceable when dead, thou suggestest the means to investigate and take them; if any be so savage as to refuse being tamed, or of natures fierce enough to venture an attack, thou teachest us to scorn their brutal rage, to meet, repel, pursue, and conquer."—*Harris.*

THE TRIUMPHS OF ART,

ARE of that elevated and distinguished nature that we ought by no means to overlook them; the contemplation of them may rouse the latent energies of genius, and render the most essential advantages to society.

"O ART! amazing is thy influence, when thou art employed only on these inferior subjects, on natures inanimate, or, at best, irrational! But whenever thou choosest a subject more noble, and employest thyself in cultivating the mind itself, then it is thou becomest truly amiable and divine, the ever-flowing source of those sublimer beauties, of which no subject, but mind alone, is capable. Then it is thou art enabled to exhibit to mankind, the

admired tribe of poets and orators; the sacred train of patriots and heroes; the godlike list of philosophers and legislators; the forms of virtuous and equal politics, where private welfare is made the same with public, where crowds themselves prove disinterested, and virtue is made a national and popular characteristic.

"Hail! sacred source of all these wonders! Thyself instruct me, to praise thee worthily; through whom, whatever we do, is done with elegance and beauty; without whom, what we do is ever graceless and deformed.—Venerable power! by what name shall I address thee? Shall I call thee ornament of mind, or art thou more truly mind itself? 'Tis mind thou art, most perfect mind: not rude, untaught, but fair and polished: in such thou dwellest: of such thou art the form; nor is it a thing more possible, to separate thee from such, than it would be to separate thee from thy own existence."—*Harris.*

MUTUAL ACCOMMODATION

IN religion, in politics, in all the concerns of life, is a duty urged upon us by the condition of humanity; and by the liberal and enlightened genius of Christianity.

"AND now if *my* voice could be heard, I would earnestly call upon all the children of Adam, who are travelling in the road of life, *not to fall out by the way!* I would call upon all the nations of the earth to lay aside their jealousies and enmities and to unite together *in the bonds of peace!* Could *my* voice be heard I would ardently and affectionately call upon the bigots and persecutors of the globe, no

longer to violate the right of conscience but to grant to every man the privilege of worshipping his God and Father in the manner that is agreeable to the dictates of his own mind!"

Dr. Kippis.

SOCIETY

HAS so many charms attached to it, that it constitutes no small portion of human happiness; wisdom, and prudence, however, must be exercised for its true and proper enjoyment.

"HOW erroneous a notion must the minds of those men have formed of their "being's end and aim," and how strong must their antipathies to their species be, who, like a certain French philosopher would choose a station among the craters of Vesuvius, as a place which afforded him greater security than the society of mankind! The idea of being able to produce our happiness from the stores of amusement and delight which we ourselves may possess independently of all communication with, or assistance from others is certainly extremely flattering to the natural pride of man. But even if this were possible, and that a solitary enthusiast could work up his feelings to a higher and more lasting degree of felicity than an active inhabitant of the world, amidst all its seducing vices and enchanting follies, is capable of enjoying, it would not follow that society is not the province of all those whom peculiar circumstances have not unfitted for its duties and enjoyments. It is, indeed, a false and deceitful notion, that a purer stream of happiness is to be found in the delightful bow-

ers of solitude, than in the busy walks of men. Neither of these stations enjoy exclusively this envied stream, for it flows along the vale of peace which lies between the two extremes, and those who follow it with a steady pace, without deviating too widely from its brink on either side, will reach its source, and taste it at its spring! But devious to a certain degree must be the walk, for the enjoyments of life are best attained by being varied with judgment and discretion. The finest joys grow nauseous to the taste, when the cup of pleasure is drained to its dregs. The highest delight loses its zest by too frequent recurrence. It is only by a proper mixture and combination of the pleasures of society with those of solitude —of the gay and lively recreations of the world with the secret tranquil satisfactions of retirement, that we can enjoy each in its highest relish. Life is intolerable without society, and society loses half its charms by being too eagerly and constantly pursued. Society, by bringing men of congenial minds and similar dispositions together, and uniting them by a community of pursuits, and a reciprocal sympathy of interest, may greatly assist the cause of truth and virtue, by advancing the means of human knowledge, and multiplying the ties of human affections."—*Zimmermann.*

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FORM so interesting a portion of the New World that the reader will be gratified with the following picturesque description of them; it is drawn by a masterly pencil, and there is no reason to question its fidelity.

"SUCH is the aspect of the territory of the United States, an almost uninterrupted continental forest, five great lakes on the north---on the west, extensive savannahs---in the centre, a chain of mountains, their ridges running in a direction parallel to the sea-coast, the distance of which is from fifty to a hundred and thirty miles, and sending off to the east and west rivers of longer course, of greater width, and pouring into the sea larger bodies of water than ours in Europe---most of these rivers having cascades, or falls, from twenty to a hundred and forty feet in height---mouths spacious as gulphs, and on the southern coasts, marshes extending above two hundred and fifty miles in length; on the north, snows remaining four or five months of the year, on a coast of three hundred leagues extent ten or twelve cities, all built of brick or of wood, painted of different colours, and containing from ten to sixty thousand inhabitants; round these cities, farm-houses, built of trunks of trees, which they call log-houses, in the centre of a few fields of wheat, tobacco, or Indian corn; these fields separated by a kind of fence made with branches of trees instead of hedges, for the most part full of stumps of trees half burnt or stripped of their bark, and still standing---whilst both houses and fields are enchafed as it were in masses of forest, in which they are swallowed up, and diminish, both in number and extent, the farther you advance into the woods, till at length, from the summit of the hill, you perceive only here and there a few little brown or yellow squares, on a ground of green! Add to this, a fickle and variable sky---an atmosphere alternately very moist and very dry, very misty and very clear, very hot and

cold, and a temperature so changeable that in the same day you will have spring, summer, autumn, and winter, Norwegian frost, and an African sun! Figure to yourself *these*, and you will have a concise physical sketch of the United States."—*Volney*.

INTRINSIC EXCELLENCE OF VIRTUE.

"BY the writings of that school whose philosophy consists in the degradation of virtue, it has often been triumphantly declared, that no excellence of character can stand the test of close observation—that no man is a hero to his domestic servants, or to his familiar friends. How much more just as well as more amiable and dignified is the opposite sentiment delivered to us in the words of Plutarch, and illustrated throughout all his writings...—"Real virtue is most loved, where it is more nearly seen, and no respect which it commands from strangers can equal the never-ceasing admiration it excites in the daily intercourse of domestic life!"—*Richardson*.

LETTER TO A FATHER ON THE LOSS OF A BELOVED SON,

COMING from the pen of Mr. Gray, must be worthy of our attention; it is certainly written with that good sense and knowledge of human nature, for which he was so much distinguished:—

"WHAT indeed is all *human* consolation? Can it efface every little amiable word or action of an object we loved from our memory? Can it convince us that all the hopes we had

entertained—the plans of future satisfaction we had formed were ill grounded or vain—only because we have lost them? The *only* comfort (I am afraid) that belongs to our condition is to reflect (when time has given us leisure for reflection) that others have suffered the same misfortunes at times, and in circumstances that would probably have aggravated our sorrow. You might have seen this poor child arrived at an age to fulfil all your hopes, to attach you more strongly to him by long habit, by esteem as well as natural affection, and that towards the decline of your life, when we most stand in need of support, and when he might chance to have been your only support; and then by some unforeseen and deplorable accident, or painful lingering distemper, you might have lost him! Such has been the fate of many an unhappy father! I know there is a sort of tenderness which infancy and innocence alone produce, but I think you must own the other to be stronger, and more overwhelming. Let me then beseech you to try, by every method of avocation and amusement, whether you cannot by degrees get the better of that dejection of spirits which inclines you to see every thing in the worst light possible, and throws a sort of voluntary gloom, not only over your present, but future days, as if even your situation now were not preferable to that of thousands round you, and as if your prospect hereafter might not open as much of happiness to you, as to any person you know; the condition of our life instructs us to be rather slow to hope, as well as to despair!"—*Gray.*

THE WELSH, OR ANCIENT BRITONS,

ARE, on many accounts entitled to our estimation. Their understanding and virtues, notwithstanding the warmth of their temper, command our respect, whilst the deeds of their forefathers are renowned in the page of history.

"I WILL not deny that the Welsh are tinctured with what is called their native warmth of temper. For if by any inadvertent or ill-timed observation you reflect upon either their country or their manners, they are on fire in an instant; but even this heat may be as suddenly extinguished as it was kindled. The least concession on your part, or acknowledgment that you have wronged them, and are sorry for it, will restore their wonted good humour, and their face again resumes its natural tranquillity. I verily believe they have not the smallest particle of resentment in their whole composition. Who then would wish to rob them of their harmless jealousy for their native land, and particularly since it is a land that charms every body? Happy, thrice happy! would it be for those Welsh gentlemen, who have spent their patrimony in imitating English follies and English extravagance, had they retained a little more of their national prejudices, and set a proper value on those charming woods, mountains, and rivers, where fertility unites with commerce to bring to their very gates all that is useful and valuable in life!"

Mrs. Morgan.

DR. FRANKLIN

THUS describes, in a very pleasant manner, his return to America, his native land, after having been honored with uncommon marks of affection and esteem in this country.

"YOU require my history from the time I set sail to America. I left England about the end of August, 1762, in company with ten sail of merchant ships, under convoy of a man of war. We had a pleasant passage to Madeira, where we were kindly received and entertained. It is a fertile island, and the different heights and mountains afford such different temperaments of air, that all the fruits of northern and southern countries are produced there, corn, grapes, apples, peaches, oranges, lemons, plantains, bananas, &c. Here we furnished ourselves with fresh provisions and refreshments of all kinds, and after a few days proceeded on our voyage, running southward till we got into the trade-winds, and then with them westward, till we drew near the coast of America! The weather was so favourable, that there were few days in which we could not visit from ship to ship, dining with each other, and on board the man of war, which made the time pass agreeably, much more so than when one goes in a single ship, for this was like travelling in a moving village, with all one's neighbours about one! On the first of November I arrived safe and well at my own house, after an absence of near six years; found my wife and daughter well, the latter grown quite a woman, with many amiable accomplishments acquired in my absence, and my friends as hearty and

affectionate as ever, with whom my house was filled for many days, to congratulate me on my return. In my passage to America I read your excellent work, the *Elements of Criticism*, in which I found great entertainment—much to admire, and nothing to reprove."

Dr. Franklin.

SELF COMMAND

Is of importance in every station of life; the subsequent instance of it is singular, and will excite a smile; it relates to an extraordinary character, who died at Oxford, in 1788, in the thirty-second year of his age: he had for some years been the pride and ornament of the university.

"A STUDENT of a neighbouring college at Oxford, proud of his logical acquirements, was solicitous of a private disputation with the renowned Henderson; some mutual friend introduced him, and having chosen his subject, they conversed for some time with equal candour and moderation. Henderson's antagonist perceiving his confutation inevitable (forgetting the character of a gentleman, and with a resentment engendered by his former arrogance) threw a full glass of wine in his face! Henderson without altering his features, or changing his position, gently wiped his face, and then coolly replied—"This, Sir, is a *digression*, now for the argument." It is hardly necessary to add, that the insult was resented by the company's turning the aggressor out of the room."

Cottle.

THE BEST ADVICE

THAT can be given will relate to our conduct through life, with a special reference to a future state of existence; such is the following, and it is entitled to the greater attention.

"SEE that you govern your passions. What should grieve us but our infirmities? What make us angry but our own faults? A man who knows he is mortal, and that all the world will pass away, and by-and-by seem only like a tale; a sinner who knows his sufferings are all less than his sins, and designed to break him from them; one that knows that every thing in this world is a seed that will have its fruit in eternity; that God is the best, the only good friend; that in him is all we want; that every thing is ordered for the best, so that it could not be better, however we take it; *he* who believes this in his heart is happy. Such be you; may you always—farewel.—be the friend of God; again farewel!"

John Henderson.

IMAGINATION,

OPERATING in a certain direction, and under the controul of judgment, imparts that peculiarity to the variety of characters which we meet with in society.

"IT is imagination alone that exalts one man above another, and makes the man of genius power over the rest of his species by the purity of his morals, and the grandeur of his

thoughts. Filled with ideas of virtue, beauty, and happiness, he scorns the petty contentions of the world for wealth and power, and looks down with pity or contempt on the mean disguises of dissimulation and flattery. He keeps his mind for ever intent on that purity and refinement which though ideal can alone preserve him from the filth and folly of the world. He knows no superior but in virtue and talents, and treats the trifling forms and distinctions of society as the sports and amusements of children. Such a man is born to reform and improve his species, and though he may be sneered at by the vulgar great, or laughed at by the thoughtless mob, it is impossible if he takes the trouble to instruct his fellow-creatures, that he should not amend and purify the degraded state of society."—*Burdon.*

DRUNKENNESS

Is a shocking and beastly vice; it is so happily reproved in the following ingenious illustration of the effects produced by the juice of the vine, that we cannot refuse the insertion of it:—

"WHEN Noah planted the first vine, and retired, Satan approached and said—"I will nourish you, charming plant!" He quickly fetched three animals, a sheep, a lion, and a hog, and killed them one after another near the vine. The virtue of the blood of these animals penetrated it, and is still manifest in its growth. When a man drinks one goblet of wine, he is then agreeable, gentle, and friendly—that is the nature of the lamb! When he drinks two, he is a lion, and says, "Who is like me?" he

then talks of stupendous things. When he drinks more his senses forsake him, and at length he wallows in the mire. Need it be said that he then resembles the hog!"

Richardson.

CHRISTIANITY AND PEACE

ARE two of the greatest blessings that ever were conferred on mankind; they promote each other, and in proportion to their diffusion will be the improvement and happiness of the world.

"IN proportion only to the spread of christianity will be the permanency of peace, as it presents the only principle which can effectually counteract the influence of pride and ambition, those prominent features in the human character. A concurrence of fortunate circumstances may transiently suppress that love of power which intoxicates the rulers of the world, though the subtle spirit will he ever ready to escape, and scatter over the earth its baneful influence. But whilst we ascribe these soothing or subduing properties to christianity, we are not enjoined to suppress our indignation of tyrants, or abhorrence of tyranny, yet in declaiming on the poison, we should remember the antidote. It is christianity alone which directs man to resign vengeance to his Maker-- which instructs him to return good for evil, to love his enemies, and to administer unto his wants. The prevalence of this spirit would reconcile the contentions of men, exterminate that selfish principle which is the bane of public and private virtue, and transform the inhabitants of the world into beings of a nobler order: Christianity alone is

adequate to produce 'peace on earth, and good will amongst men;' its first annunciation was accompanied with a promise of these blessings; and though the powers of darkness combine to frustrate, they shall be finally accomplished."

Cottle.

DR. JOHNSON

WAS so eminent a character in the literary world, that a description both of his body and mind cannot be unacceptable; in some respects he was the most extraordinary person of the times in which he lived; he died in 1784, in the 75th year of his age.

"HIS figure was large and well-formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue, yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth, by convulsive cramps, by the scars of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use only of one eye, yet so much does mind govern and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate; and so morbid was his temperament, that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs; when he walked, it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried as if in a balloon! He was prone to superstition but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He was a sincere and zealous chris-

tian of high church of England, and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned, and had, perhaps, at an early period, narrowed his mind somewhat too much, both as to religion and politics. His being impressed with the danger of extreme latitude, in either, though he was of a very independent spirit, occasioned his appearing somewhat unfavourable to the prevalence of that noble freedom of sentiment which is the best possession of man! Nor can it be denied, that he had many prejudices, which, however, frequently suggested many of his pointed sayings, that rather shewed a playfulness of fancy, than any settled malignity."—*Boswell.*

THE NEW TESTAMENT

Is that interesting portion of the Bible, with which Christians are more immediately concerned; and it cannot, in this age of infidelity, be unnecessary to remind the young reader—

"THAT the scriptures of the New Testament have descended pure to our hands, is evinced by the accordance of the early versions with our present Greek text—by the collations which have taken place of great numbers of existing manuscripts, and some of them extremely ancient, which collations, while they shew that mistakes, as it was to be expected, have been made in the individual manuscripts by the transcribers, prove those mistakes to be of trifling importance, and afford the means of correcting them—and by the utter impossibility that either negligence or design could have introduced without detection, any material alteration into a book dispersed among millions, in

widely distant countries, and among many discordant sects, regarded by them all as the rule of their faith and practice, and in constant and regular use among them all, in public worship, in private meditation, and in the vehement and unceasing controversies with each other! Receiving, on these solid grounds of rational conviction, the Holy Scriptures with thankfulness and reverence, as the word of God; regard and study them daily as the rule by which all your thoughts, and words, and actions will be tried at the last day, before the judgment-seat of Christ." —*Gisborne.*

THE CAT

Is so common an animal, that a description of its characteristic qualities will be acceptable; the following is a just, but not a flattering delineation.

"THE Cat is not an unfaithful domestic, and kept only from the necessity we find of opposing him to other domestics, still more incommodious, and which cannot be hunted; for we value not those people who, being fond of all brutes, foolishly keep cats for their amusement.—Though these animals, when young, are frolicksome and beautiful, they possess, at the same time, an innate malice, and perverse disposition, which increase as they grow up, and which education teaches them to conceal, but not to subdue. From determined robbers, the best education can only convert them into flattering thieves, for they have the same address, subtlety, and desire of plunder. Like thieves they know how to conceal their steps, and their designs to watch opportunities to catch the

proper moment for laying hold of their prey, to fly from punishment, and to remain at a distance till solicited to return. They easily assume the habits of society, but never acquire its manners, for they have only the appearance of attachment or friendship. This disingenuity of character is betrayed by the obliquity of their movements, and the duplicity of their eyes. They never look their best benefactor in the face, but either from distrust or falseness, they approach him by windings, in order to procure caresses, in which they have no other pleasure than what arises from flattering those who bestow them. Very different from that faithful animal, the dog, whose sentiments totally centre in the person and happiness of his master, the cat appears to have no feelings which are not interested, to have no affection that is not conditional, and to carry on no intercourse with men but with the view of turning it to his own advantage! By these dispositions the cat has a greater relation to man than the dog, in which there is not the smallest mark of injustice or insincerity."—*Buffon.*

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR

HAVE by many writers been held up as indicative of the progressive nature of human life, and from this representation flow some excellent topics of moral improvement.

"SPRING, Summer, and Autumn, have their various and engaging charms, and there is something peculiarly pleasing in each transition, but stern Winter can boast of nothing beside the fruit of preceding seasons. The life of man is often with propriety compared to the progressive

year, and the only happiness that can be expected in old age, must arise from the reflections of a well-spent life; at which time, being likewise the winter of our days, every person may generally reap the fruits of a past virtuous conduct. For although the benumbed limbs deny the body their usual support, and the hoary head tremble on its withered shoulders, there are valuable comforts yet in store for those who, like the industrious ant, have been wise enough to treasure them at the proper season!"—*Dr. Hugh Smith.*

THE PUNISHMENT OF INHUMANITY

Is always witnessed with a degree of pleasure, because it yields a gratification to the benevolent sympathies of the heart; even the ill usage of brutes generally meets with its requital.

"I WILL relate to you a circumstance which occurred at Abo in Finland. You will admire the despotic justice of the magistrates. A dog who had been run over by a carriage, crawled to the door of a tanner in that town; the man's son, a boy of fifteen years of age, first stoned, and then poured a vessel of boiling water upon the miserable animal! This act of diabolical cruelty was witnessed by one of the magistrates, who thought such barbarity should be publicly noticed. He therefore informed the other magistrates, who unanimously agreed in condemning the boy to this punishment. He was imprisoned till the following market day, then, in the presence of the people, he was conducted to the place of execution, by an officer of justice, who read to him his sentence: "Inhuman young man! because you did not

assist an animal who implored your assistance, by its cries, and who derives being from the same God who gave you life, because you added to the tortures of the agonizing beast, and murdered it, the council of this city have sentenced you to wear on your breast the name you deserve, and to receive fifty stripes!" He then hung a black board round his neck, with this inscription, "*A savage and inhuman young man!*" And, after inflicting upon him twenty-five stripes, he proceeded: "Inhuman young man! you have now felt a very small degree of the pain with which you tortured a helpless animal in its hour of death. As you wish for mercy from that God, who created all that live, learn humanity for the future!" He then executed the remainder of the sentence!"

Southey.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

Is of all spectacles the most sad and afflictive that can be presented to the feeling mind; it is scarcely possible to imagine all its horrors, for it is the consummation of human misery.

"WE cannot see an individual expire, though a stranger or an enemy, without being sensibly moved, and prompted by compassion, to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a moment, every other emotion gives way to pity and terror. In these last extremities we remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene then must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while

the blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amidst the trampling of horses, and the insults of an enraged foe! If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads almost impassible, they are lodged in ill prepared receptacles for the wounded and the sick, where the variety of distress baffles all the efforts of humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give to each the attention he demands. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well known voice, no wife, or mother, or sister, is near to sooth their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death. Unhappy man! and must you be swept into the grave unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings, or mingled with your dust?"—*Hall.*

HOWARD,

THE immortal philanthropist, has received innumerable testimonies to the purity and extent of his benevolence; the pencil of genius has thus drawn a picture of his labours with inimitable beauty:—

"I CANNOT name him without remarking, that his labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind. He has visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples: not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art: not to collect medals, or collate manuscripts, but to

dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gage and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries! His plan is original, and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery—a circumnavigation of charity!"—*Burke.*

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION

Is a distinguished blessing; its benefits are great and innumerable, its praises ought to resound throughout every region of the civilized world.

"THAT toleration is an attack upon Christianity, is an assertion so contrary to truth and history, that it scarcely stands in need of refutation. By toleration, Christianity flourished. While the eastern and western churches were tolerant, they were illustrious, they were venerable, they were held in sacred estimation. When the Romish church cast aside its toleration, and had recourse to threatenings, slaughter, and persecutions, commotions ensued, ecclesiastical anarchy prevailed, and the kingdom of darkness was erected on the ruins of Christianity! Instead of combating the common foe, Christians combated each other. Instead of taking arms against the grand deceivers, they strove, by every deceptious art to harass and torment those whom they ought to have cherished and loved as brethren. In short, the want of tolcration has lessened the

number of believers, and for that reason I would have all Protestants united, that we may be the better enabled to make a common cause against infidels of every denomination. The church of England has not a firmer friend than myself. I wish her illustrious, I wish her head may reach that heaven to which she would conduct us. But I would also wish her family as numerous as possible; I would wish a brotherly affection to prevail among her offspring; I would have Christians united; I would have them join in every attempt to crush the powers of darkness, and trample under foot the foe of God and man! Like a tender mother, tender of her children, I would have the church, with wide-extended arms, receive in her bosom every believing son; not with unnatural austerity reproach her offspring, and drive them to seek for ease, for pleasure, and for comfort, in the harlot lap of infidelity!"

Burke.

THE ARRIVAL OF PEACE

AFTER a long and calamitous war, suggests many delightful images to the benevolent mind; the soul expatiates on such a topic with a peculiar joy and satisfaction.

"THE melancholy cypress no longer fixes our attention; we gaze with transport on the vigorous and verdant olive! Fair and lovely tree! beautiful emblem of tranquillity and peace; deep may thy roots strike into the earth! wide may thy branches wave in the air! high may thy branches tower in the heavens! Long indeed may it be ere thy growth is blighted by the foul breath of discord, or thy

leaves withered by the mildew of war! Long under thy friendly shade may the nations of the earth assemble and rejoice with each other! Long may the temples of Concord be thrown open, and the altars of Peace loaded with new offerings! And long may the ministers of religion have the delightful task of cherishing in the bosoms of their fellow-worshippers, a growing spirit of affection and liberality!"

Butcher.

HAPPINESS

Is more generally diffused among mankind than we are apt to imagine; we often judge falsely, making those things the test, which are only exterior, and therefore do not affect the heart.

"TO calculate the happiness of mankind by their stations and honors, is the most deceitful of all rules; great, no doubt, is the happiness which a moderate fortune and moderate desires, with a consciousness of virtue, will secure a man. Many are the silent pleasures of the honest peasant, who rises cheerfully to his labour: look into his dwelling, where the scene of every man's happiness lies; he has the same domestic endearments, as much joy and comfort in his children, and as flattering hopes of their doing well, to enliven his hours and glad his heart, as you could conceive in the most affluent station. And I make no doubt, in general, but if the true account of his joys and sufferings were to be balanced with those of his betters, that the up-shot would prove to be little more than this---that the rich man had the more meat, but the poor man had the bet-

the better stomach—the one had more luxury, more able physicians to attend and set him to rights—the other more health and soundness in his bones, and less occasion for their help—that after these two articles betwixt them were balanced, in all other things they stood upon a level; that the sun shines as warm, the air blows as fresh, and the earth breathes as fragrant upon the one as the other, and that they have an equal share in all the beauties and real benefits of Nature!"—*Sterne.*

BOOKS

YIELD to those persons who are blessed with a love of reading, an inexhaustible source of amusement. This circumstance is thus stated by a writer who has contributed in a more than ordinary degree, to the instruction and entertainment of the public.

"AT the head of all the pleasures that offer themselves to the man of liberal education, may confidently be placed that derived from books. In variety, durability, and facility of attainment, no other can stand in competition with it; and even in intensity it is inferior to few. Imagine that we had it in our power to call up the shades of the greatest and wisest men that ever existed, and oblige them to converse with us on the most interesting topics, what an inestimable privilege should we think it! But in a well furnished library we, in fact, possess this power. We can question Xenophon and Cæsar on their campaigns; make Demosthenes and Cicero plead before us; join in the audiences of Socrates and Plato, and receive demonstrations from Euclid and Newton. In

books we have the choicest thoughts of the ablest men in their best dress. We can at pleasure exclude dulness and impertinence, and open our doors to wit and good sense alone. It is needless to repeat the high commendations that have been bestowed on the study of letters by persons who had free access to every other source of gratification."—*Dr. Aikin.*

THE TYBER

AT Rome, is a river famed in classic story; though small, yet it is connected with some interesting facts of ancient history; the subsequent notice of it is not unworthy of attention.

"AS it was dark when we arrived at the Albergo, or Inn, at Rome, I had no opportunity of examining its situation. In the evening when I retired to my chamber, all being still I heard the rush of water, and hastily opening my window, observed that the Tyber ran close under it! I could not but congratulate myself at thus hanging over this immortal river, to which so great a proportion of the world once paid tribute, and the sight of which awoke so many reflections on the past. Upon the banks of this river were raised the conquerors of one half of the world! This is the very stream into which Horatius Coccles, armed and mounted, plunged, after defending the bridge against the troops of Porsenna—over which Celia swam, leading the way for the escape of her companions, the virgin hostages—into which, in times of dreadful famine many of the starving Romans threw themselves in open day with their heads covered, and in

death-like silence! Being swollen by the late rains, it now rushed past with great rapidity, and the stars were dimly reflected from its turbid stream."—*Semple.*

THE DOG

HAS long been distinguished for those qualities which rendered him an acquisition to individuals, and to society; his characteristic virtues are thus eloquently described.

"MORE tractable than man, and more pliant than any other animal, the Dog is not only soon instructed, but even conforms himself to the manners, movements, and habits of those who govern him. He assumes the very tone of the family in which he lives. Like other servants, he is haughty with the great and rustic with the peasant. Always eager to obey and to please his master or his friends, he pays no attention to strangers and furiously repels beggars whom he distinguishes by their dress, their voice, and their gestures. When the charge of a house or garden is committed to him during the night, his boldness increases, and he sometimes becomes perfectly ferocious. He watches, goes the rounds, smells strangers at a distance, and if they stop, or attempt to leap any barrier, he instantly darts upon them, and, by barking and other marks of passion, alarms the family and neighbourhood. Equally furious against thieves as against ferocious animals, he attacks and wounds them, and forces them from whatever they have been attempting to carry off, but contented with victory, he lies down upon the spoil and will not touch it even to satisfy his appetite, exhibiting

at the same time an example of courage, temperance, and fidelity. To conceive the importance of this species in the order of Nature, let us suppose that it never existed. Without the assistance of the Dog, how could Man have conquered, tamed and reduced other animals into slavery? How could he still discover, hunt down, and destroy noxious and savage beasts? For his own safety, and to render him master of the animated world, it was necessary to form a party among the animals themselves; to conciliate, by caresses, those which were capable of attachment and obedience, in order to oppose them to the other species. Hence the training of the Dog seems to have been the first art invented by man and the result of this art was the conquest and peaceable possession of the earth."—*Buffon.*

THE IDLE AND PROFLIGATE SON

LEAVING his father's house is an object of our deepest commiseration; such was the *Prodigal* mentioned in the New Testament, and it is replete with instruction to the young reader.

"I SEE the picture of his departure—the camels and asses laden with his substance detached on one side of the piece, and already on their way—the Prodigal Son standing on the foreground with a forced sedateness struggling against the fluttering movement of joy upon his deliverance from restraint—the elder brother holding his hand as if unwilling to let it go—the father—sad moment—with a firm look covering a prophetic sentiment, that *all would not go well with his child*—approaching to em-

brace him and bid him an adieu. Poor inconsiderate youth! From whose arms art thou flying? From what a shelter art thou going forth into the storm? Art thou weary of a father's affection, of a father's care? Or hopest thou to find a warmer interest, a truer counsellor, or a kinder friend, in a land of strangers, where youth are made a prey, and so many thousands are confederated to deceive them and live by their spoils?"—*Sterne.*

SINGULAR DEXTERITY

APPEARS in the following anecdote, and being well authenticated, it shall be introduced for the amusement of the youthful mind.

"THERE are characters who had rather amuse the world at the hazard of their lives for a slender and precarious, than follow an honest calling for an easy subsistence. A small figure of a man seemingly composed of spirit and gristle, appeared at Derby, (October, 1732) to entertain the town by sliding down a rope! One end was to be fixed at the top of All Saints steeple, (the loftiest in the town) and the other at the bottom of St. Michael's, an horizontal distance of eighty yards, which formed an inclined plane extremely steep! A breast plate of wood, with a groove to fit the rope, and his own equilibrium, were to be his security while sliding down upon his belly, with his arms and legs extended. He could not be more than six or seven *seconds* in this airy journey, in which he fired a pistol and blew a trumpet. The velocity with which he flew raised a fire by friction, and a bold stream of smoke followed him! He performed this wonderful ex-

ploit three successive days, in each of which he descended twice and marched up once; the latter took him more than an hour, in which he exhibited many surprising achievements, as sitting unconcerned with his arms folded, lying across the rope upon his back, then his belly, his hams, blowing the trumpet, swinging round, hanging by the chin, the hand, the heels, the toe, &c.! The rope being too long for art to tighten, he might be said to have danced on the slack. Though he succeeded at Derby, yet in exhibiting soon after at Shrewsbury, he fell and lost his life:"

Hutton.

THE UNFORTUNATE ASS.

THE preceding instance of *singular dexterity*, was succeeded by another exhibition truly curious in itself, and equally well authenticated. A desire of gratifying the curiosity has induced me to add it; the account is not wanting in humour and will enliven the contents of the volume.

"THIS *flying rage* was not cured till August, 1734, when another diminutive figure appeared at Derby, much older than the first—his coat was in dishabil—no waistcoat—his shirt and shoes the worse for the wear—his hat worth three-pence, exclusive of the band, which was packthread bleached white by the weather, and a black string supplied the place of buttons to his waistband! He wisely considered if his performance did not exceed the other's he might as well stay at home, if he had one. His rope, therefore, from the same steeple extended to the bottom of St. Mary's Gate, more than

twice the former length! He was to draw a wheelbarrow after him, in which was a boy of thirteen. After this surprising performance an *ass* was to fly down, armed as before with a breast plate, and each foot with a lump of lead about half a hundred weight! The man, the barrow and its contents, arrived safe at the end of the journey, when the vast multitude turned their eyes towards the *Ass*, which had been braying several days at the top of the steeple for food, but, like many a lofty courtier for a place, brayed in vain. The slackness of the rope, and the great weight of the animal and his apparatus, made it seem, at setting off, as if he was falling perpendicular. The appearance was tremendous! About twenty yards before he reached the gates of the county hall the rope broke, from the velocity acquired by the descent he bore down all before him. A whole multitude was overwhelmed, nothing was heard but dreadful cries, nor seen but confusion. Legs and arms went to destruction. In this dire calamity *the unfortunate ass* which maimed others was unhurt himself having a pavement of soft bodies to roll over. No lives were lost. As the rope broke near the top it brought down both chimnies and people at the other end of the street! This dreadful catastrophe put a period to *the art of flying*. It prevented the operator from making the intended collection, and he sneaked *out* of Derby as poor as he sneaked in!"—*Hutton*.

A VIEW OF ROME

FROM the tower of the capitol must give rise to interesting emotions; so superb a spectacle

cannot be contemplated by the classic mind with indifference.

" DURING my stay in Rome, (the Spring, 1806,) I twice ascended the tower of the Capitol and indulged in the reflections which the views from its summit naturally excite. Hence we have a clear view of all the seven hills of the city, the remains of the Amphitheatre of Vespasian, and of the trinmphal arches, the pillars, the temples, and the tombs of ancient Rome! No where can a spot be chosen more calculated to awaken the most profound reflections which, however, vary according to the opinion of the beholder. " View well these monuments of past ages," says the Stoic, " behold how fleeting is human grandeur, and remember that *Virtue* alone is permanent!" " View well these monuments of past ages," says the Epicurean, " which, like ourselves are fast hastening to decay! Let us then consider that if life be so frail, if youth be so transitory, we should well enjoy the present hour and lose no part of so perishable an existence!" Perhaps in my future progress I may have occasion to note the general effect which these views produced upon myself. Meantime I leave to others the task of enlarging the numerous lists of pictures, statues, medals and vases, which this city contains. The Tyber, the Capitol, the Tarpeian Rock, and the most ancient monuments erected by the Romans, were the first objects of my curiosity! At the head of the second may be placed the church of St. Peter, together with several other religious edifices, the public fountains, and the palaces. Having gratified my curiosity on these heads, I was fearful of entering too deeply into the ex-

amination of paintings and statues, to which I was aware there was no end. Yet how many master-pieces did I not behold in my hasty survey—so many as to render *Rome* still the most attractive city in the world!"—*Semple.*

THE PROUD MAN

Is not too unfrequently met with in society, but he is an odious character, and his pride carries along with it its own punishment.

"The *Proud Man*—see—he is sore all over—touch him—you put him to pain, and though of all others, he acts as if every mortal was void of all sense of feeling, yet is possessed with so nice and exquisite one himself, that the slights, the little neglects, and instances of disesteem, which would be scarce felt by another man, are perpetually wounding him, and oft-times piercing him to his very heart! I would not therefore be a *proud man*, was it only for this—that it should not be in the power of every one who thought fit to chastise me—my infirmities however unworthy of me, at least will not incommode me—so little discountenance do I see given to them, that it is not the world's fault if I suffer by them—but here if I exalt myself I have no prospect of escaping—with this vice I stand swoln up in every body's way, and must unavoidably be thrust back—whichever way I turn, whatever step I take, under the direction of this passion, I press unkindly on some one, and, in return, must prepare myself for such mortifying repulses as will bring me down and make me *go on my way sorrowing!*

It will ever hold good that—*before honour was humility, and a haughty spirit before a fall.*"

Sterne.

HISTORY

SHOULD be aided in her preservation of facts from oblivion by the monumental column; whose inscription would enlighten as well as impress the public mind.

"OUR fathers have left us a rich inheritance, they have left us their experience—it has been accumulating from the creation of the world, and every day adds to the mass of knowledge. The voice speaks to us from the sepulchre of Ages, and bids us make their errors our wisdom. But the Book of History is placed on the shelf of the student, and he is left to make those inferences in his study which should be *forced* upon the eyes of the public. Every spot that has been consecrated by a good action, or rendered notorious by being the scene of villainy, should be marked out, that the traveller reflecting on the past, might learn a lesson for the future. Not a church in England has been white washed in which the churchwarden of the year has not inscribed his name—not an old woman has left twenty shillings for a sermon, and half a crown for the clerk without being registered among the parish benefactors—yet there is no *column* in Smithfield, where so many good men endured martydom for their religion, and where the king and the subject might alike be instructed by the life and murder of Wat Tyler!—*Southey.*

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

DISPLAYS itself in ten thousand ways; but the following instance of its operation is most singular and impressive.

"ONE morning (said an old shepherd at Freshwater) as I was looking for a strayed ewe, I came up with some bird-catchers. They presently prepared their tackle, and went down the cliffs, and left behind the wife of one of them, to shift the ropes, and do such offices as the nature of their business demanded. That she might the better attend to her charge, the woman had placed beneath her cloak, at a small distance, a sleeping boy, about twelve months old, and thinking all was safe, applied herself to the stake, when looking round, to her great astonishment, the child had crept from beneath the covering, and had wantonly reached the verge of the cliff, at least eight hundred feet from the sea, and wanted but a few inches more to sink into eternity! Alarmed at his tremendous situation, the mother stood like a fixed oak, but spoke not. To rush forward was to destroy her playful boy. What could she do? Heaven inspired her with the sudden thought—she bared her breast, and claimed by signs, which feeling mothers best devise, her boy's attention. He saw his favourite source, stretched his little arms, and smiling, hastened to the fountain of his life and health, while the eager mother, in speechless enjoyment, first hugged him to her breast; then bore him from the reach of danger, and still retired some paces further back, but only to fall and faint, overcome with the swift returning ecstacy!"—*Ramble from Bristol.*

LIBERALITY OF SENTIMENT

Is a lesson which should be inculcated from every quarter upon the tender mind. It is favourable to true religion, and holds in due abhorrence every species of bigotry.

"TEACH your children to prefer their own religion; but inculcate at the same time that the virtuous are acceptable to God, however erroneous in point of belief. Press it home to them that there is nothing in nature to hinder different sects of Christians from living amicably together, more than different sects of philosophers or of men, who work in different arts, especially as the articles of faith which distinguish these sects are purely speculative; they have no relation to morals, nor any influence on our conduct. Yet from these distinctions have proceeded rancour and animosity, as if our most important concerns had been at stake. In a different view the absurdity appears still more glaring; these articles, the greater part at least, relate to subjects beyond the reach of human understanding. The Almighty by his works of creation, has made his wisdom and benevolence manifest, but he has not found it necessary to explain to his creatures the manner of his existence, and in all appearance the manner of his existence is beyond the reach of our conceptions; persecution for the sake of religion would have been entirely prevented by wholesome education, instilling into the minds of young people that difference of opinion is no just cause of discord, and that different sects may live amicably together. In a word, neglect no opportunity to impress on the mind of

your pupils that religion is given for our good, and that no religion can be true which tends to disturb the peace of society."—*Lord Kaimes.*

PARABLE AGAINST PERSECUTION.

THIS piece of composition is indeed well known, but the subject is so important—the mode of illustration so striking—and the tendency of it so truly useful, that we could not refuse it a place in our little miscellany.

"AND it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent about the going down of the sun. And behold a man, bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, 'Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early in the morning and go thy way.' And the man said 'Nay, for I will abide under this tree.' But Abraham entreated him greatly, so he turned and they went into the tent; and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, 'Wherefore dost thou not worship the Most High God, Creator of heaven and earth?' And the man answered and said, 'I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a God, which abideth always in mine house, and provideth me with all things. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness. And God called unto Abraham, saying, 'Abraham, where is the stranger?' And Abraham answered,

and said, 'Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore I have driven him out from before my face in, to the wilderness.' And God said, 'Have I borne with him these hundred and ninety eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldest not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"—*Dr. Franklin.*

AN UNDUTIFUL CHILD

IS an object of general hatred and detestation. Heathens, Jews, and Christians unite in the reprobation of so unnatural a character; it is at once the bane and disgrace of human nature.

"A cruel and undutiful Child is the most odious and unnatural monster upon earth; insomuch that the Chinese are said to punish such crimes with the greatest severity. It is recorded in their history, that if a son should be known to kill, or so much as to strike his father, not only the criminal, but his whole family, would be rooted out, their dwelling razed to the ground, and its foundation sown with salt! La Compte indeed adds, that the inhabitants of the place where he lived, would be put to the sword, as they concluded there must have been a total depravation of manners in that clan or society of people, who could have bred up among them so horrid an offender!"—*Dr. Hugh Smith.*

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS

ROUSE attention and afford occasional amusement. But alas! they often involve the indi-

vidual who is distinguished by them, in serious evils; these cannot fail of exciting our pity and commiseration.

"" I am sad when I contemplate the eccentricities of Genius! Like meteors some flash upon our view, and are extinguished; some shake their torches in our eyes, and delight to dazzle instead of directing us. Surely that man is the wisest as well as the happiest, who considers these are luminaries enough to enlighten the world, and lets his taper shine from the windows of the lonely farm-house! A little taper will lighten the room, but place it to illuminate the street, it will do no good, and the wind will speedily extinguish it."—*Southey*.

THE ELEPHANT

IS a wonderful animal; and has both in ancient and modern times been duly estimated in the Eastern world: his virtues are thus enumerated by a natural historian, justly celebrated for the accuracy and eloquence of his descriptions.

"" TO form a just estimation of the elephant, he must be allowed to possess the sagacity of the beaver, the address of the ape, the sentiment of the dog, together with the peculiar advantages of strength, largeness, and long duration of life. Neither should we overlook his arms or tusks, which enable him to transfix and conquer the lion! We should also consider that the earth shakes under his feet, that with his hand he tears up trees, that by a push of his body he makes a breach in a wall, that though tremendous in strength he is rendered still more invincible by his enormous mass, and by the

thickness of his skin, that he can carry on his back an armed tower, filled with many warriors, that he works machines, and carries burdens, which six horses are unable to move, that to this prodigious strength he adds courage, prudence, coolness, and punctual obedience, that he preserves moderation even in his most violent passions, that he is constant and impetuous in love, that when in anger he mistakes not his friends, that he never attacks any but those who offend him, that he remembers favours as long as injuries, that having no appetite for flesh he feeds on vegetables alone, and is born an enemy to no living creature, and, in fine, that he is universally beloved, because all animals respect, and none have any reason to fear him!"—*Buffon.*

It must be remembered that of all *Animals*, the elephant, dog, beaver, and ape, have the greatest degree of instinct.—*Edit.*

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

Is so singular a part of Nature, that the curiosity of the young mind will feel gratified in having its attention directed towards it; its height and situation yield one of the most interesting objects in the world.

"With regard to Gibraltar, the views from its summit are interesting and sublime! From its bare ridge on which we stand with a kind of dread, we see to the southward, on the opposite side of the straits, Apeshill, the Abyla of the ancients, generally covered at the top with clouds, and the African shore tapering down from it, and shutting in with the coast of Spain,

the entrance of the straits, and the view of the distant waters of the Atlantic! To the eastward the Mediterranean stretches out in boundless prospect, and on its northern side rise the mountains of Grenada, the lofty summits of which are generally covered with snow, or buried with thick clouds! Lastly to the westward the bay of Gibraltar lies beneath our feet; on the opposite side stands the town of Algesiras, and behind it rise the mountains which form a pretty branch of the Grenada chain, and terminate at the straits, where they open out towards the Atlantic. Standing on the summit of the *Pillar of Hercules*, we contemplate with pleasure the ancient boundaries of navigation, one of which we seem to tread beneath our feet! The departed glories of the Mediterranean shores, the present ascendancy of the human mind in Britain, Gaul, Germany, and Russia, and the probable future destinies of the Western Continent, rush full upon the mind, and strongly impress us with the ever-changing state of the moral world, the uncertainty of political calculations, and the frailty and vanity of human life!—*Semple.*

THE HUMAN MIND

Is the grand object of improvement with the wise and reflecting of every sect; and we shall do well to pay so important a subject every proper attention.

"Our mind is ourselves, and our chief care should be its culture and ornament. There is nothing of equal importance. When we remove hence, when death puts a period to our present state of action and existence, we leave behind

us our estates and treasures—we drop our titles and all external ornaments! But we shall carry with us the same temper and disposition which we had here, and our works follow us. Are we unholy? we shall be hereafter lodged in the company of such beings. Are we now proud? we shall then be abased. Are we humble? we shall then be exalted. Are we pure in heart? we shall then see God. Are we merciful? we shall then obtain mercy. It is incumbent on us therefore to employ some time in considering the nature and obligations of those virtues and dispositions of mind upon which so much depends; to confirm ourselves in the love and practice of them, and to watch against temptations that might ensnare us, and carry us from the course which leads to happiness!" *Dr. Lardner.*

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION

IN religion are attended with many advantages, though by the ignorant and bigotted they are furiously reprobated.

"Differences of opinion have in all ages prevailed among Christians. If we possessed the disposition which Christianity labours, above all other qualities, to inculcate, these differences would do little harm. If that disposition be wanting, other causes, even were these absent, would continually rise up to call forth the malevolent passions into action. Differences of opinion, when accompanied with mutual charity, which Christianity forbids them to violate, for the most part are innocent and for some purposes, useful. They promote enquiry, discussion, and knowledge. They help to keep

up an attention to religious subjects, and a concern about them, which might be apt to die away in the calm and silence of universal agreement."—*Dr. Paley.*

GOLDSMITH

Is so favourite an author with the public, that an estimate of his writings will be perused with pleasure: his prose and poetry seem alike to meet our approbation.

"There is something in Goldsmith's prose that to my ear is uncommonly sweet and harmonious; it is clear, simple, easy to be understood; we never want to read his period twice over, except for the pleasure it bestows. Obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it. That he was a Poet there is no doubt, but the paucity of his verses does not allow us to rank him in that high station where his genius might have carried him. There must be bulk, variety, and grandeur of design, to constitute a first-rate Poet. The 'Deserted Village,' 'Traveller,' and 'Hermit,' are all specimens, beautiful as such, but they are only birds' eggs on a string, and eggs of small birds too! One great magnificent whole must be accomplished before we can pronounce upon the *maker* of verses to be the Poet. Pope himself never earned that title by a work of any magnitude but his Homer, and that being a *translation* only constitutes him an accomplished versifier. Distress drove Goldsmith upon undertakings neither congenial with his studies, nor worthy of his talents. I remember him when in his chamber in the Temple, he shewed me the beginning of his 'Animated Nature;' it was with a sigh such as genius

draws when hard necessity drives it from its heart to drudge for bread, and talk of birds and beasts, and creeping things, which Pidcock's showman would have done as well. Poor fellow! he hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose, but when he saw it on the table!"—*Cumberland.*

THE NEW TESTAMENT

Is an invaluable record, and its contents in every point of view are deserving our attention; they are indeed highly impressive, and eminently conducive to our moral improvement.

"The parables of the New Testament are many of them such as would have done honour to any book in the world; I do not mean in style and diction, but in the choice of the subjects, in the structure of the narratives, in the aptness, propriety, and force of the circumstances woven into them, and in some, as that of 'The Good Samaritan,' the 'Prodigal Son, the 'Pharisee and Publican,' is an union of pathos and simplicity, which in the best productions of human genius, is the fruit only of a much exercised, and well cultivated judgment. The 'Lord's Prayer,' for a succession of solemn thoughts, for fixing the attention upon a few great points, for suitableness for every condition, for sufficiency, for conciseness without obscurity, for the weight and real importance of its petitions is without an equal or rival. From whence did *these* come? Whence had this man this wisdom? Was our Saviour in fact a well instructed philosopher, whilst he is represented to us as an illiterate peasant? Or shall we say that some early Christians of taste and education com-

posed these pieces and ascribed them to Christ? Beside all other incredibilities in this account, I answer with Dr. Jortin, that they *could not* do it. No specimens of composition which the Christians of the first century have left us, authorise us to believe that they were equal to the task. And how little qualified the Jews, the countrymen and companions of Christ, were to assist him in the undertaking, may be judged of from the traditions and writings of theirs, which were the nearest to that age. The whole collection of the Talmud is one continued proof into what follies they fell, whenever they left their bible, and how little capable they were of furnishing out such lessons as Christ delivered!"

Dr. Paley.

JOHNSON

WAS termed not unfreqnently the *Colossus of Literature*—his character therefore, drawn by the hand of a master who knew him personally, must be acceptable.

"The expanse of matter which Johnson had found room for in his intellectual storehouse, the correctness with which he had assorted it, and the readiness with which he could turn any article that he wanted to make present use of, were the properties in him which I contemplated with most admiration. As a Poet, his translations of 'Juvenal' gave him a name in the world, and gained him the applause of Pope. He was a writer of tragedy, but his 'Irene' gives him no conspicuous rank in that department. As an essayist he merits more consideration; his "Ramblers' are in every body's hands; about them, opinions vary, and I rather

believe the style of these essays is not now considered as a good model; this he corrected in his more advanced age, as may be seen in his "Lives of the Poets' where his diction, though occasionally elaborate, and highly metaphorical, is not nearly so inflated and ponderous, as in the 'Ramblers.' He was an acute and able critic; the enthusiastic admirers of Milton and the friends of Gray, will have something to complain of, but criticism is a task which no man executes to all men's satisfaction. In works professedly of fancy he is not very copious, yet in his 'Rasselas' we have much to admire, and enough to make us wish for more. It is the work of an illuminated mind, and offers many wise and deep reflections, cloathed in beautiful and harmonious diction. We are not indeed familiar with such personages as Johnson has imagined for the characters of his fable, but if we are not exceedingly interested in their story, we are infinitely gratified with their conversations and remarks. In conclusion, Johnson's era was not wanting in men, to be distinguished for their talents, yet if one was to be selected out as the first great literary character of the time, I believe all voices would concur in naming him."—*Cumberland.*

THE METHODS OF IMPROVEMENT

ARE five; Dr. Watts has very fully explained them in his incomparable work, entitled, 'The Improvement of the mind."

"THERE are *five* eminent means or methods, whereby the mind is improved in knowledge; and these are, Observation, Reading, Instruction by Lectures, Conversation, and Meditation;

AN EARLY TASTE FOR READING

Is a most desirable acquisition; and it probably makes the distinction of character which is so observable in society.

"The dull man goes strait forward; he has so many furlongs to traverse. He observes whether he meets any of his acquaintance; he enquires respecting their health and their family. He glances his eye, perhaps, at the shops as he passes; he admires, perchance, the fashion of a buckle, and the metal of a tea-urn. If he experience any flights of fancy, they are of a short extent; of the same nature as the flights of a forest bird clipped of his wings, and condemned to pass the remainder of his life in a farm-yard.

"On the other hand, the man of talent gives full scope to his imagination. Unindebted to the suggestions of surrounding objects, his whole soul is employed. He enters into nice calculations; he digests sagacious reasonings. In imagination he declaims or describes, impressed with the deepest sympathy, or elevated to the loftiest rapture. He makes a thousand new and admirable combinations. He passes through a thousand imaginary scenes, tries his courage, tasks his ingenuity, and thus becomes gradually prepared to meet almost any of the many-coloured events of human life. If he observe the passengers, he reads their countenances, conjectures their past history, and forms a superficial notion of their wisdom or folly, their virtue or vice, their satisfaction or misery. If he observe the scenes that occur, it is with the eyes

of an artist. Every object is capable of suggesting to him a volume of reflections.

"The time of these two persons in one respect resembles; it has brought them both to Hyde-park corner. In every other respect how dissimilar!

"Probably nothing has contributed so much to generate these opposite habits of mind as an early taste for reading. Books gratify and excite our curiosity in innumerable ways. They force us to reflect: they present direct ideas of various kinds, and they suggest indirect ones. In a well written book we are presented with the maturest reflections, or the happiest flights of a mind of uncommon excellence; and it is impossible that we can be much accustomed to such companions, without attaining some resemblance of them.—*Godwin.*

THE POWER OF HABIT

IS particularly exemplied in the effects produced by the company we keep; the utmost vigilance, therefore, should be exercised on this important subject.

"THE great power and force of custom forms an argument against keeping bad company. However shocked we may be at the first approaches of vice, this shocking appearance goes off upon an intimacy with it. Custom will soon render the most disgustful object familiar to our view; and this is indeed a kind provision of nature, to render labour, and toil, and danger, which are the lot of man, more easy to him. The raw soldier, who trembles at the first encounter, becomes a hardy veteran in a few

campaigns. Habit renders danger familliar, and of course indifferent to him.

"But habit, which is intended for our good, may, like other kind appointments of nature, be converted into a mischief. The well disposed youth, entering first into bad company, is shocked at what he sees and what he hears. The good principles which he had imbibed ring in his ears an alarming lesson against the wickedness of his companions. But, alas! this sensibility is of a day's continuance. The next jovial meeting makes the horrid picture of yesterday more easily endured. Virtue is soon thought a severe rule; an inconvenient restraint: a few pangs of conscience now and then whisper to him that he once had better thoughts: but even these by degrees die away, and he who at first was shocked even at the appearance of vice, is formed by custom into a profligate leader of vicious pleasures. So carefully should we oppose the first approaches of sin! so vigilant should we be against so insidious an enemy!—*Gilpin.*

THE GOLDEN MEAN

Is assuredly the most desirable; because the wants of man are few; and too great abundance involves its possessors in distress and misery.

"When the plains of Jndia were burnt up by a long drought, Hamet and Raschid, two neighbouring shepherds, faint with thirst, stood at the common boundary of their grounds, with their flocks and herds panting round them, and in extremity of distress prayed for water. On a sudden the air was becalmed, the birds ceased

to chirp, and the flocks to bleat. They turned their eyes every way, and saw a being of mighty stature advancing through the valley, whom they knew on his nearer approach to be the genius of Distribution. In one hand he held the sheaves of plenty, and in the other the sabre of destruction.

The shepherds stood trembling, and would have retired before him: but he called to them with a voice gentle as the breeze that plays in the evening among the spices of Sabæa; Flee not from your benefactor, children of the dust! I am come to offer you gifts; which only your own folly can make vain. You here pray for water, and water I will bestow; let me know with how much you will be satisfied: speak not rashly; consider, that of whatever can be enjoyed by the body, excess is no less dangerous than scarcity. When you remember the pain of thirst, do not forget the danger of suffocation. Now, Hamet, tell me your request.

"O being, kind and beneficent! says Hamet, let thine eye pardon my confusion. I entreat a little brook, which in summer shall never be dry, and in winter shall never overflow.

"It is granted, replied the genius; and immediately he opened the ground with his sabre; when a fountain bubbling up under their feet, scattered its rills over the meadows; the flowers renewed their fragrance, the trees spread a greener foliage, and the flocks and herds quenched their thirst.

"Then turning to Raschid, the genius invited him likewise to offer his petition. I request, says Raschid, that thou wilt turn the Ganges through my grounds, with all his waters, and all their inhabitants.

"Hamet was struck with the greatness of his

neighbour's sentiments, and secretly repined in his heart, that he had not made the same petition before him; when the genius spoke: Rash man, be not insatiable! Remember, to thee that is nothing, which thou canst not use; and how are thy wants greater than the wants of Hamet?

"Raschid repeated his desire, and pleased himself with the mean appearance that Hamet would make in the presence of the proprietor of the Ganges. The genius then retired towards the river, and the two shepherds stood waiting the event.

As Raschid was looking with contempt upon his neighbour, on a sudden was heard the roar of torrents, and they found, by the mighty stream, that the mounds of the Ganges were broken. The flood rolled forward into the lands of Raschid, his plantations were torn up, his flocks overwhelmed, he was swept away before it, and a crocodile devoured him!"—*Dr. Johnson.*

YOUTH

Is the season of generous emotion; and therefore it is a period most auspicious to intellectual and moral improvement.

"In the midst of *youth*, health, and abundance, the world is apt to appear a very gay and pleasing scene; it engages our desires, and in some degree satisfies them also. But it is wisdom to consider, that a time will come when youth, health, and fortune, will all fly us; and if disappointment and vexation do not sour our taste for pleasure, at least sickness and infirmities will destroy it. In these gloom

seasons, and above all at the approach of death, what will become of us without religion? When this world fails, whither shall we flee if we expect no refuge in another? Without a holy hope in God, resignation to his will, and trust in him for deliverance, what is there that can secure us against the evils of life?

Youth is the season to form religious habits; the earliest principles are generally the most lasting; and those of a religious cast are seldom wholly lost. Though the temptations of the world may now and then draw the well-principled youth aside; yet his principles being continually at war with his practice, there is hope, that in the end the better part may overcome the worse, and bring on a reformation: whereas he who has suffered habits of vice to get possession of his youth, has little chance of being brought back to a sense of religion. Some calamity must rouse him. He must be awakened by a storm, or sleep for ever. How much better is it, then, to make that easy to us which we know is best! and to form those habits now, which hereafter we shall wish we had formed!

"*Youth* is introductory to manhood, to which it is, properly speaking, a state of preparation. During this season we must qualify ourselves for the parts we are to act hereafter. In manhood we bear the fruit which has in youth been planted. If we have sauntered away our youth, we must expect to be ignorant men. If indolence and inattention have taken an early possession of us, they will probably increase as we advance in life, and make us a burden to ourselves, and useless to society. If, again, we suffer ourselves to be misled by vicious inclinations, they will daily get new strength, and we shall in dissolute lives.

But if we cultivate our minds in youth, attain habits of attention and industry, of virtue and sobriety, we shall find ourselves well prepared to act our future parts in life; and what above all things ought to be our care, by gaining this command over ourselves, we shall be more able, as we get forward in the world, to resist every new temptation as soon as it appears.
Gilpin.

RESENTMENT

Is a violent and destructive passion of our nature; it needs great regulation and government.

"RESENTMENT may be distinguished into *anger* and *revenge*. *Anger* is the pain we suffer upon the receipt of an injury or affront, with the usual effects of that pain upon ourselves. *Revenge* is the inflicting of pain upon the person who has injured or offended us, further than the just ends of punishment or reparation require.

Reflections proper for this purpose are the following: the possibility of mistaking the motives from which the conduct that offends us proceeded: how often our own offences have been the cause of inadvertency, when they were construed into indications of malice; the inducement which prompted our adversary to act as he did, and how powerfully the same inducement has at one time or other operated upon ourselves; that he is suffering perhaps under a contrition, of which he is ashamed, or wants opportunity to confess; and how ungenerous it is to triumph by coldness or insult, over a spirit already humbled in secret; that the

returns of kindness are sweet, and that there is neither honour, nor virtue, nor utility, in resisting them. To this we shall particularly advert; for too many think themselves bound to cherish and keep alive their indignation, when they find it dying away of itself.

"We should remember, that others have their passions, their prejudices, their favourite aims, their fears, their cautions, their interests, their sudden impulses, their varieties of apprehensions, as well as ourselves. We may recollect what has sometimes passed in our minds, when we have been on the wrong side of a quarrel; and imagine the same to be passing in our adversary's mind now: when we became sensible of our misbehaviour, what palliations we perceived in it, and expected others to perceive; how we were affected by the kindness, and felt the superiority, of a generous reception and ready forgiveness; how persecution revived our spirit with our enmity, and seemed to justify that conduct in ourselves, which we before blamed."

Dr. Paley.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE

ARE open to *all*, and by *all* may be relished and enjoyed. A taste for them is highly desirable and we should cherish it as the source of real pleasure.

"THE scenes of Nature contribute powerfully to inspire that serenity which heightens their beauties, and is necessary to our full enjoyment of them. By a secret sympathy, the soul catches the harmony which she contemplates; and the frame within assimilates itself

to that without. In this state of sweet composure, we become susceptible of virtuous impressions from almost every surrounding object. The patient ox is viewed with generous complacency; the guileless sheep with pity; and the playful lamb with emotions of tenderness and love. We rejoice with the horse in his liberty and exemption from toil, while he ranges at large through enamelled pastures. We are charmed with the songs of birds, soothed with the hum of insects, and pleased with the sportive motions of fishes, because these are expressions of enjoyment; and, having felt a common interest in the gratifications of inferior beings, we shall be no longer indifferent to their sufferings, or become wantonly instrumental in producing them.

"But the taste for natural beauty is subservient to higher purposes than those which have been enumerated. The cultivation of it not only refines and humanizes, but dignifies and exalts the affections. It elevates them to the admiration and love of that Being, who is the author of all that is fair, sublime, or good in the creation. Scepticism and irreligion are hardly compatible with the sensibility of heart which arises from a just and lively relish of the wisdom, harmony, and order subsisting in the world around us. Emotions of piety must spring up spontaneously in the bosom that is in unison with all animated nature. Actuated by this beneficial and divine inspiration, man finds a fane in every grove; and glowing with devout fervour, he joins his song to the universal chorus, or muses the praise of the Almighty in more expressive silence!"—*Dr. Percival.*

PERSONAL ELEGANCE

Is that kind of beauty which results from the whole, but which is easier conceived than expressed; it is thus happily delineated :

"PERSONAL elegance, or grace, is a fugitive lustre, that never settles in any part of the body : you see it glance and disappear in the features and motions of a graceful person ; it strikes your view ; it shines like an exhalation ; but the moment you follow it the wandering flame vanishes, and immediately lights up in something else. You may as well think of fixing the pleasing delusion of your dreams, or the colours of a dissolving rainbow.

" Elegance is of this fugitive nature, because it exists chiefly in motion. It is communicated by the principle of action that governs the whole person ; it is found over the whole body, and is fixed no where. The curious eye pursues the wandering beauty, which it sees with surprise at every turn, but is never able to overtake. It is a waving flame, that, like the reflection of the sun from water, never settles ; it glances on you in every motion and disposition of the body : its different powers through attitude and motion seem to be collected in dancing, wherein it plays over the arms, the legs, the breast, the neck, and in short the whole frame: but if grace have any fixed throne, it is in the face, the residence of the soul, where you think a thousand times it is just issuing into view.

" Elegance assumes to itself an empire equal to that of the soul ; it rules and inspires every part of the body, and makes use of all the hu-

man powers; but it particularly takes the passions under its charge and direction, and turns them into a kind of artillery, with which it does infinite execution.—*Usher.*

THE MARCH OF LIFE

Is so truly interesting to us all, that useful hints will be accepted—take these suggestions, proceeding from a sensible and liberal mind.

"IN our progress through the world a *thousand things* stand continually in our way. Some people meet us full in the face, with opposite opinions and inclinations. Some stand before us in our pursuit of pleasure or interest, and others follow close upon our heels. Now we ought, in the first place, to consider that *the road is as free for one as for another*, and therefore we have no right to expect that persons should go out of their way to let us pass, any more than we out of ours. Then if we do not mutually yield and accommodate a little, it is clear that we must all stand still, or be thrown into a perpetual confusion of squeezing and justling. If we are all in a hurry to get on as fast as possible to some point of pleasure or interest in our view, and do not occasionally hold back when the crowd gathers and angry contentions arise, we shall only augment the tumult, without advancing our own progress. On the whole it is our business to move onwards steadily but quickly, obstructing others as little as possible, yielding a little to this man's prejudices and that man's desires, and doing every thing in our power to make *the journey of life* easy to all our fellow travellers as well as to ourselves!"—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

THE HORSE

Is so noble an animal that we are not to wonder that the natural historian is so profuse in his praise; his good qualities are entitled to our special attention.

"THE reduction of the *Horse* to a domestic state is the greatest acquisition from the animal world which was ever made by the art and industry of man. This noble animal partakes of the fatigues of war, and seems to feel the glory of victory! Equally intrepid as his master, he encounters danger and death with ardour and with magnanimity. He delights in the noise and tumult of arms, and annoys the enemy with resolution and alacrity. But it is not in perils and conflicts alone that the *Horse* willingly co-operates with his master, he likewise participates of human pleasures. He exults in the chace and tournaments---his eyes sparkle with emulation in the course! But though bold and intrepid, he suffers not himself to be carried off by a furious ardor-- he represses his movements, and knows how to govern and check the natural vivacity and fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of his rider. Uniformly obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies or stops and regulates his motions entirely by the will of his master. He in some measure renounces his very existence to the pleasure of man. He delivers up his whole powers, he reserves nothing and often dies rather than disobey the mandates of his governor!"---*Buffon.*

THE STAGES OF HUMAN LIFE

ARE gradual and successive, each is characterised by some striking peculiarity—take them as described by the pen of an eminent physician.

"BEHOLD the *Child* whom you lately fondled in your arms now contending with his playfellows in boyish sports! Again—observe *him* who lately returned from school with his satchel in his hand, now panting foremost in the chace! And now see *Manhood* stamped upon the downy cheek!—Let us likewise remember the equally gradual declension. At length the sturdy son supports his feeble Sire! For he who in his youth was swiftest in the race, is now scarcely able to uphold his tottering limbs. The man of war, whose sturdy arm wielded the blood thirsting sword of battle, is now bending under the weight of his own body. Behold his sinews are dried up and the purple current that bounded in his veins, now heavily and scarcely creeps along! In every part alike the powers of this wonderful machine decay. The teeth, designed both for use and ornament, robbed of their beautiful enamel, become unsightly, and drop out of their sockets. The penetrating eye that searched into the very abyss of thought, is altogether useless or but dimly discern the rays of light. Manly fortitude is now no more and wisdom itself retires from the decayed mansion."

Dr. Hugh Smith.

THE WORKS OF CREATION

ARE a never failing theme of contemplation; every part is deserving attention; and affords a display of the perfections of the Supreme Being, but our faculties are limited and we meet with many things which exceed our comprehension.

"THE supreme intellect embraces in one comprehensive view, the whole system of creation, and whatever is the work of infinite wisdom is destined to some useful and beneficial end. The lion and the tyger, the vulture and the shark, which seem made only for annoyance may have parts to act in *the Universal System* highly beneficial to the whole but, of which we are totally ignorant, and the mole, condemned to a life of subterranean darkness apparently destitute of every source of enjoyment, may experience a degree of happiness suited to its nature, and of which we cannot form any conception. If we examine a complex piece of mechanism, and observe the regularity of its operations and movements, although we may not perhaps comprehend the utility of each part, and the particular action of each wheel or spring, yet in considering that from the motions of *the whole machine* some great effect is produced, we shall readily conclude that none of its parts are useless. These observations have an evident tendency to improve the mind and ameliorate the heart. They all concur to illuminate the understanding and to inspire the most exalted sentiments of morality and religion, to instruct the ignorant, to check presumption and confound Atheism."

Bigland.

A ROYAL EPITAPH,

SINGULAR either for sentiment or expression, will be sure to attract notice; the following is a real curiosity. Happy would it be both for Prince and Subject did *all Kings of the earth* study to merit the inscription of it on their tombs.

"WHAT I could accomplish by good means I *never* did by evil.

"What I could obtain by *peace*, I never forced by *war*.

"I never chastised *in public* him whom I could *privately* amend or whose amendment I had not *previously* attempted.

"I never allowed my tongue to utter an *untruth*, nor did I ever permit mine ears to listen to *the flatterer*.

"I was not *prodigal* in expending, nor *avaricious* in accumulating.

"I have *grieved* for those whom I punished, but when I have pardoned I have been *joyful*.

"I was born a *Man* among *Men*, therefore do the worms devour me, but I lived *virtuously* among the *virtuous*, and therefore my soul has found repose with *God*!"—*Southey*.

TASTE

IS that power of the mind by which we relish the beauties of Nature and of Art; and it is a faculty capable of very great improvement. The advantages and pleasures flowing from its cultivation are innumerable.

"THE cultivation of taste is recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends

to produce on human life. The most busy man in the most active sphere cannot be always occupied by business. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How then shall those vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which more or less occur in the life of every one be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste, and the study of polite literature?

"He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is in no hazard of being a burden to himself, or obliged to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to relieve the tediousness of existence.

"The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect, and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

"So consonant is this to experience, in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wise men, than to tincture them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life.

Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues; whereas, to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of youth, and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life."—*Blair.*

DEVOTION

Is a passion of the mind arising from the contemplation of the divine perfections; it is at once sublime and elevated, it seizes the imagination and impresses the heart.

"A DEVOTIONAL spirit, united to good sense and a cheerful temper, gives that steadiness to virtue, which it always wants when produced and supported by good natural dispositions only. It corrects and humanizes those constitutional vices, which it is not able entirely to subdue; and though it too often fails to render men perfectly virtuous, it preserves them from becoming utterly abandoned. It has, besides, the most favourable influence on all the passive virtues; it gives a softness and sensibility to the heart, and a mildness and gentleness to the manners; but above all it produces an universal charity and love to mankind, however different in station, country, or religion.

"There is a sublime yet tender melancholy, almost the common attendant on genius, which is too apt to degenerate into gloom and disgust with the world. Devotion is admirably calculated to soothe this disposition, by inspir-

sibly leading the mind, while it seems to indulge it, to those prospects which calm every murmur of discontent, and diffuse a cheefulness over the darkest hours of human life.

"Persons in the pride of high health and spirits, who are keen in the pursuits of pleasure, interest, or ambition, have either no ideas on this subject, or treat it as the enthusiasm of a weak mind. But this really shows great narrowness of understanding; a very little reflection and acquaintance with nature might teach them on how precarious a foundation their boasted independence on religion is built; the thousand nameless accidents that may destroy it; and though for some years they should escape these, yet that time must impair the greatest vigour of health and spirits, and deprive them of all those objects, for which only, at present, they think life worth enjoying. It should seem, therefore, very necessary to secure some permanent object, some real support to the mind, to cheer the soul, when all others shall have lost their influence.

"The greatest inconvenience, indeed, that attends devotion, is its taking such a vast hold of the affections, as sometimes threatens the extinguishing of every other active principle of the mind. For, when the devotional spirit falls in with a melancholy temper, it is too apt to depress the mind entirely to sink into the weakest superstition, and to produce a total retirement and abstraction from the world, and all the duties of life."—*Dr. Gregory.*

BAD COMPANY

HAS ruined its tens of thousands; its pernicious effects are sad beyond expression, no one

thing has proved more fatal to the rising generation.

"AN ancient historian, mentioning the laws which Charondas gave the Thurians, says: 'He enacted a law with reference to an *evil*, on which former lawgivers had not animadverted; that of keeping bad company. As he conceived, that the morals of the good were sometimes quite ruined by their dissolute acquaintance; that vice was apt, like an infectious disease, to spread itself and extend its contagion; he expressly enjoined, that none should engage in any intimacy or familiarity with immoral persons; appointed that an accusation might be exhibited for keeping bad company; and laid a heavy fine on such as were convicted of it.'

"The impression made on us by what we hear, is usually much stronger than that received by us from what we read. That which passes in our usual intercourse is listened to without fatiguing us: each then taking his turn in speaking, our attention is kept awake: we mind throughout what is said, while we are at liberty to express our own sentiments of it, to confirm, or object to it; to hear any part of it repeated, or to ask what questions we please concerning it. Discourse is an application to our eyes as well as ears; and the one organ is here so far assistant to the other, that it greatly increases the force of what is transmitted to our minds by it. The air and action of the speaker give no small importanee to his words; and the very tone of his voice adds weight to his reasoning.

"That bad companions will make us as bad as themselves, I do not absolutely affirm. When we are not kept from their vices by our prin-

ciples, we may be by our constitutions; we may be less profligate than they, by being more cowardly; but what I advance as certain is, that we cannot be safe among them, and that they will in some degree, and may in a very great one, hurt our morals. Pythagoras, before he admitted any one into his school inquired who were his intimates; justly concluding, that they who could choose immoral companions would not be much profited by his instructions."—*Dean Bolton.*

ANCIENT ROME

WAS a grand spectacle, but its beginning was small, its progress gradual, and its meridian glory excited the wonder of the world! Even its ruins are now the admiration of mankind.

"THE city of Rome, as well as its inhabitants, was in the beginning rude and unadorned. Those old rough soldiers looked on the effects of the politer arts as things fit only for an effeminate people; as too apt to soften and unnerve men; and to take from that martial temper and ferocity, which they encouraged so much and so universally in the infancy of their state.

"Their houses were, what the name they gave them signified, only a covering for them, and a defence against bad weather. These sheds of theirs were more like the retreats of wild beasts, than the habitations of men; and were rather flung together as chance led them, than formed into regular streets and openings. Their walls were half mud, and their roofs pieces of wood stuck together: nay, even this was an after-improvement; for in the time

of Romulus their houses were covered only with straw.

"If they had any thing that was finer than ordinary, it was generally employed in setting off the temples of their gods; and when these began to be furnished with statues, of which they had none till long after Numa's time, they were probably more fit to inspire terror than delight; and seemed rather formed so as to be horrible enough to strike an awe into those who worshipped them, than handsome enough to invite any one to look upon them for pleasure. Their design, I suppose, was answerable to their materials; and if their gods were of earthen ware, they were reckoned better than ordinary; for many of them were chopped out of wood.

"One of the chief ornaments in those times, both of the temples and private houses, consisted in their ancient trophies; which were trunks of trees cleared of their branches, and so formed into a rough kind of posts. These were loaded with the weapons they had taken in war; and you may easily conceive what sort of ornaments these posts must make when half decayed by time, and hung about with old rusty arms besmeared with the blood of their enemies.

"Rome was not then that beautiful Rome, the very ruins of which at this day are sought after with so much pleasure; it was a town which carried an air of terror in its appearance; and which made people shudder, whenever they first entered within its gates."

Spence.

THE DISCHARGE OF DUTY

IS powerfully urged by the brevity of life, a motive which seems most obvious and yet, alas! is most shamefully overlooked.

"HOW great a part of our time is necessarily consumed by that shorter death--our sleep! what large demands are made on the rest of it by our meals—by our justifiable recreations; by the forms and civilities to which a proper correspondence with our fellow creatures oblige us! Add to these necessary deductions, the many casual ones with which we all unavoidably meet, and it will soon appear what an exceedingly small part of our continuance upon earth we have to bestow on such purposes of living, as alone can be of credit to us.

"We are further to reflect, that in the small part of our life in which we can be employed like reasonable creatures, opportunities for doing what may be of the greatest moment do not always occur; and sometimes, if lost, are never again to be found.

"We depend very much on circumstances and things without us, and over which we have no command. Nor is it only this dependence which requires us so carefully to watch our opportunities of improvement; we have a still more awakening call, if possible, within ourselves, from restraints to which our powers are subjected. We cannot use these when and as we please, or chuse the time of life wherein to avail ourselves of our natural endowments, and to reap all the advantage designed us in them.

"When we are in youth, our pliant bodies

easily receive whatever mien or motion can recommend us: where is the sound so difficult our tongue cannot then be taught to express? To what speed may our feet then be brought, and our hands to what amazing dexterity? But if we be advanced to manhood before the forming us in any of these ways is attempted, our endeavours will then either be quite fruitless, or far less successful than the same endeavours would have been in our earlier years.

"The very same it is with our understanding, with our will, with our passions. The season for acquiring useful truths, for subduing the evil tendency of our passions, and for fixing in us right principles, that will influence every action of our future lives, is limited to a few years of our continuance upon earth; and if throughout these we neglect it, error or ignorance are entailed upon us; our passions become our masters, and wrong inclinations are so rooted and confirmed in us, that they defeat all our endeavours to correct them."

Dean Bolton.

THE WASTE OF LIFE.

THIS fable is ingenious and impressive; the subject is interesting, and therefore deserving attention in all the progressive stages of mortality.

"ONCE upon a time the seven wise men of Greece were met together at Athens; and it was proposed that every one of them should mention what he thought the greatest wonder in the creation. One of them proposed the opinions of some of the astronomers about the fixed stars, which he believed to be so many

suns, that had each its planets rolling about it, stored with plants and animals like this earth.

"Fired with this thought, they agreed to supplicate Jupiter, that he would at least permit them to take a journey to the moon, and stay there three days in order to see the wonders of that place, and give an account of them at their return. Jupiter consented; and ordered them to assemble on a high mountain, where there should be a cloud ready to convey them to the place that they desired to see. They picked out some chosen companions, who might assist them in describing and painting the objects which they should meet with.

"At length they arrived at the moon, and found a palace there well fitted up for their reception. Being very much fatigued with their journey, they kept at home till noon; and being still faint, they refreshed themselves with a delicious entertainment, which they relished so well, that it overcame their curiosity. This day they only saw through the window that delightful spot, adorned with the most beautiful flowers, to which the beams of the sun gave an uncommon lustre, and heard the singing of most melodious birds till evening came on.

"The next day they rose very early in order to begin their observations; but some very beautiful young ladies of that country, coming to make them a visit, advised them first to recruit their strength, before they exposed themselves to the laborious task they were about to undertake.

"The delicate meats, the rich wines, the beauty of these damsels, prevailed over the resolution of the strangers. A fine concert of music is introduced, the young ones begin to dance,

all is turned to jollity; so that this whole day was spent in gallantry, till some of the neighbouring inhabitants, growing envious at their mirth, rushed in with swords.

"The elder part of the company tried to appease the younger, promising the very next day they would bring the rioters to justice. This they performed, and the third day the cause was heard; and what with accusations, pleadings, exceptions, and the judgment itself, the whole day was taken up, on which the term set by Jupiter expired.

"On their return to Greece, all the country flocked in upon them to hear the wonders of the moon described; but all they could tell was, for it was all they knew, that the ground was covered with green intermixed with flowers, and that the birds sung among the branches of the trees; but what kind of flowers they saw, or what kind of birds they heard, they were quite ignorant. Upon which they were treated every where with contempt.

"These three days are the three ages of man. First, *youth*, in which we are too feeble to look into the works of the Supreme Being, and give ourselves up to idleness, luxury, and pastime. Secondly, *manhood*, in which men are employed in marrying, educating their children, and providing fortunes for them. Thirdly, *old age*, in which they are overwhelmed with law-suits and proceedings relative to their estates. Thus it frequently happens, that men never consider to what end they were destined, and why they came into the world."

Linnæus.

RAISING THE HAND TO THE HEAD

IS a very simple operation of the human body and yet replete with wonder. The wisdom of the Supreme Being, indeed, is displayed in all the works of Creation.

"THE wisdom of the Creator in the construction of animal bodies is seen, not so much in the separate as in the collective action of the bones, muscles, and their vessels; in their mutual subserviency and dependence; in their contributing *together* to one effect and one use.

"It has been said, that a man cannot lift his hand to his head, without finding reason enough to convince him of the existence of a God. And it is well said: for he has only to reflect, familiar as this action is, and simple as it seems to be, how many things are requisite for the performing of it; first, a long, hard, strong cylinder, in order to give to the arm its firmness and tension; but which, being rigid, and in its substance inflexible, can only turn upon joints.

"Secondly, therefore, joints for this purpose, one at the shoulder to raise the arm, another at the elbow to bend it; these joints continually fed with a soft mucilage, to make the parts slip easily upon one another, and held together by strong braces to keep them in their position: then, thirdly, strings and wires, that is, muscles and tendons, artificially inserted for the purpose of drawing the bones in the directions in which the joints allow them to move.

"Hitherto we understand the mechanism

pretty well; yet we have hitherto only a machine standing still; a dead organization; an apparatus. To put the system into a state of activity, to set it at work, a further provision is necessary; viz. a communication, with the brain by means of nerves. We know the existence of this communication, because we can see the communicating threads, and can trace them to the brain; its necessity we also know, because if the thread be cut, if the communication be intercepted, the muscle becomes paralytic: but beyond this we know little, the organization being too minute and subtile for our inspection.

"To what has been enumerated, as officiating in the single act of a man's raising his hand to his head, must be added likewise, all that is necessary, and all that contributes to the growth, nourishment, and sustentation of the limb, the repair of its waste, the preservation of its health, and the circulation of the blood through every part of it.

"All these share in the result: join in the effect: and how all these, or any of them, come together without a designing, disposing intelligence, it is utterly impossible to conceive."—*Paley.*

THE LOVE OF FAME

Is a passion pregnant with utility; lay this aside, and the race of man will be reduced into a state of ignoble and disgraceful apathy.

"THE love of fame is a passion which neither reason nor religion condemns. For though fame with posterity, in the strict analysis of it, were a mere uninteresting proposition, amount-

ing to nothing more than that somebody acted meritoriously; yet it would not necessarily follow, that true philosophy would banish the desire of it from the human breast.

"This passion may be wisely implanted in our species, notwithstanding the corresponding object should in reality be very different from what it appears in imagination. But, after all, who shall assure us that the pleasure of virtuous fame dies with its possessor, and reaches not to a further state of existence? There is nothing either absurd or unphilosophical in supposing it possible, at least that the praises of the good, that sweetest music to an honest ear in this world, may be echoed back to the mansions of the next; that the poet's description of fame may be literally true, and, though she walks upon earth, she may yet lift her head into heaven.

"And can it be reasonable to seek to extinguish a passion which nature has universally lighted up in the human breast, and which we constantly find to burn with most strength and brightness in the noblest and best formed bosoms? Accordingly, revelation is so far from endeavouring to eradicate the seed which nature has thus deeply sown, that she rather seems to cherish and forward its growth. To be *exalted with honour*, and to be *had in everlasting remembrance*, are in the number of those encouragements which the Jewish dispensation offered to the virtuous; and the person from whom the sacred author of the Christian system received his birth, is herself represented as rejoicing that all generations should call her blessed!"—*Fitzosborne.*

EARLY IMPROVEMENT

SHOULD be recommended at all times, and on all occasions; it is the parent of a thousand blessings.

"WHEN the former part of our life has been nothing but vanity, the latter end of it can be nothing but vexation. In short, we must be miserable without some employment to fix, or some amusement to dissipate, our thoughts; and as we can neither command amusement in all places, nor relish it at all times, there is an absolute necessity for employment. We may pursue this or that new pleasure; we may be fond for a while of a new acquisition; but when the graces of novelty are worn off, and the briskness of our first desire is over, the transition is very quick and sudden, from an eager fondness to a cool indifference. Hence there is a restless agitation in our minds, still craving something new, till unsatisfied with it when possessed; till melancholy increases, as we advance in years, like shadows lengthening toward the close of day.

"Hence it is, that men of his stamp are continually complaining the times are altered for the worse; because the sprightliness of youth represented every thing in the most engaging light. When men are in high good humour with themselves, they are apt to be so with all around them; the face of nature brightens up, and the sun shines with a more agreeable lustre: but when old age has cut them off from the enjoyment of false pleasures, and habitual vice has given them a distaste for the only true and lasting delights; when a retrospect of their

past lives presents nothing to view but one wide tract of uncultivated ground; a soul distempered with spleen, remorse, and insensibility of each rational satisfaction, darkens and discolours every object. The change is not in the times, but in them who have been forsaken by those gratifications which they would not forsake.

"How much otherwise is it with those who have treasured up an inexhaustible fund of knowledge! When a man has been laying out that time in the pursuit of some great and important truth, which others waste in a circle of gay follies, he is conscious of having acted up to the dignity of his nature; and from that consciousness there results that serene complacency which, though not so violent, is much preferable to the pleasures of animal life. He can travel on from strength to strength; for, in literature as in war, each new conquest he gains impowers him to push his conquests still further, and to enlarge the empire of reason. Thus he is ever in a progressive state, still making new acquirements, still animated with hopes of future discoveries."—*Seed.*

SOCIAL LIFE

HAS many blessings; but there is a delicacy of behaviour and a propriety of conduct even in small matters necessary to mutual felicity.

"HAPPINESS in social life depends more upon attention to minute and apparently trivial circumstances, than is usually imagined. Those slight but daily offices in which affection delights to be employed, and those courtesies and

civilities, which politeness and good breeding dictate, are absolutely essential to our comfort and tranquillity."—*Dr. Drake.*

FATHER AND SON

ARE endearing relations; and their conduct to each other is essential to mutual happiness and prosperity.

"What shall we say? Which of these is happier? the son, that maketh a *glad father*, or the father, blessed with *such a Son?*

"Fortunate young man! who hast an heart open so early to virtuous delights; and canst find thy own happiness, in returning thy father's blessing upon his own head.

"And happy father! whose years have been prolonged, not as it often happens, to see his comforts fall from him one after another, and to become at once old and destitute; but to taste a new pleasure, not to be found among the pleasures of youth, reserved for his age; to reap the harvest of all his cares and labour in the duty, affection, and felicity of his dear child. His very look bespeaks the inward satisfaction of his heart. The infirmities of age sit light on him. He feels not the troubles of life: he smiles at the approach of death: sees himself still living and honoured in the memory and the person of his son, his other, dearer self; and passes down to the receptacle of all the living in the fulness of content and joy."

Ogden.

SIR WILLIAM JONES'S EPITAPH,
(Written by himself)

THIS elegant and affecting piece of compo sition is entitled to particular attention; it is simple and impressive.

"HERE was deposited,
The mortal part of a man,
Who feared God, but not death;
And maintained independence,
But sought not riches.
Who thought
None below him, but the base and unjust;
None above him, but the wise and
Virtuous:
Who loved
His parents, kindred, friends, and
Country,
With an ardour
Which was the chief source
Of all his pleasures, and all his pains;
And who having devoted
His life to their service,
And to
The improvement of his mind,
Resigned it calmly,
Giving glory to his Creator;
Wishing peace on earth,
And with
Good will to all creatures,
On the twenty-seventh day of April,
In the year of our blessed Redeemer,
One thousand seven hundred and
Ninety-four."

VANITY

Is so common a passion that we meet with it in almost every character; it is, however, to be restrained and regulated; and the following observations respecting it are worthy attention.

"VANITY, (and the same may be said of selfishness) is not resisted like any other vice, which is sometimes busy and sometimes quiet; it is not to be attacked as a single fault, which is indulged in opposition to a single virtue; but it is uniformly to be controlled, as an active, a restless, a growing principle, at constant war with all the *Christian graces*, which not only mixes itself with all our faults, but insinuates itself into our virtues too; and will, if not checked effectually, rob our best actions of their rewards."—*Miss More.*

DR. BENTLEY

Was a man of great talents and profound learning; his temper and manners were also of a singular nature, as the subsequent anecdote testifies.

"WHEN Dr. Bentley was Vice-chancellor of Cambridge, and sitting in his official capacity, one of the beadles came up to him, and said he had brought the man who was accused of atheism. "Oh! very well," says the doctor, where is this *giant* that would dethrone the Almighty? let me see him." "This is HE," says the beadle, pointing to a little man as thin as Simon Shadow the taylor, Falstaff's recruit, "What this little diminitive animal," eplied

the doctor, "is this the *scrap of entity* who denies his *God*!"—*Anon.*

KNOWLEDGE

Is desirable on many accounts; but more especially because it induces *self-acquaintance*, and along with it humility, a virtue well suited to the condition of humanity.

"OF all our desires, perhaps the desire of knowledge is that of which the gratifications are the most pure and unmixed, as well as the most permament, and which being, at the same time, the most difficult to cloy or satiate, affords the most certain and ample means of durable and solid happiness.

"The science of the philosopher, by giving him a more extensive view of things, makes him sensible of his own insignificance in the scale of being; and whilst it enlarges his understanding, narrows his pretensions, and humbles his pride: for whatever may be said of the *pride of science*, it is always meek and humble, compared with the *pride of ignorance*."*Knight.*

GARRULITY,

Or excessive speaking, is at all times offensive, but in young persons unpardonable; they should *talk little* and *hear much* for their own improvement.

"*The art or virtue of holding your tongue*, I shall recommend to your attention, which is both a rare and excellent quality, and what contributes greatly to our ease and prosperity. In general, therefore, remember that it is as

dangerous to fall in love with one's own voice, as one's own face. Those that talk much cannot always talk well, and may much oftener incur censure than praise; few people can bear to be eclipsed, and a superiority of sense is as ill-brooked, as a superiority of beauty or fortune. If you are wise, therefore, *talk little* but *hear much*; what you are to learn from yourself must be by thinking, and from others by speech: let them find tongue then, and you ear; by which means such as are pleased with themselves, which are the gross of mankind, will likewise be pleased with you, and you will be doubly paid for your attention, both in affection and knowledge."—*Morrice.*

RIDICULE

Is a dangerous weapon; few are able to employ it with prudence and discretion; it should be seldom used, and then with the strictest propriety.

"NO person living is insensible to the injury of contempt, nor is there any talent so invidious, or so certain to create ill will as that of ridicule. The natural effects of years which all hope to attain, and the infirmities of the body which none can prevent, are surely of all others, the most improper objects of mirth. There are subjects enough that are innocent, and on which you may freely indulge the vivacity of your spirits; for I would not condemn you to perpetual seriousness; on the contrary, I delight in a joyous temper, at all ages, and particularly at yours. Delicate and good-natured raillery amongst equal friends, if pointed against such trifling errors as the owner himself, can

heartily join to laugh at, or such qualities as they do not pique themselves, is both agreeable and useful; but then it must be offered in perfect kindness and sincere good humour; if tinctured with the least degree of malice, its sting becomes venomous and detestable. The person rallied should have liberty and ability to return the jest, which must be dropped on the first appearance of affecting the temper."

Mrs. Chapone.

ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE

Is truly curious, and has given rise to interesting speculation; the following account of it is worthy attention,

"If we suppose a period before any words were invented or known, it is clear that men could have no other method of communicating to others what they felt, than by the cries of passion, accompanied with such motions and gestures as were further expressive of passion: for these are the only signs which nature teaches to all men, and which are understood by all. One who saw another going into some place where he himself had been frightened or exposed to danger, and who sought to warn his neighbour of the danger, could contrive no other way of doing so than by uttering those cries, and making those gestures, which are the signs of fear; just as two men at this day would endeavour to make themselves understood by each other, who should be thrown together on a desolate island, ignorant of each other's language. Those exclamations, therefore, which by grammarians are called *interjections*, uttered

in a strong and passionate manner, were beyond doubt the first elements or beginnings of speech.

" Interjections would be followed by names of objects, or *nouns*; these by names of actions, or *verbs*; these by qualities of nouns and actions, as *adjectives* and *adverbs*; and these would be successively followed by *prepositions*, *pronouns*, *articles*, and *conjunctions*.

When more enlarged communication became necessary, and names began to be assigned to objects, in what manner can we suppose men to have proceeded in this assignation of names, or invention of words? Undoubtedly by imitating, as much as they could, the nature of the object which they named, by the sound of the name which they gave to it.

" Wherever objects were to be named, in which sound, noise, or motion were concerned, the imitation by words was abundantly obvious. Nothing was more natural than to imitate, by the sound of the voice, the quality of the sound or noise which any external object made, and to form its name accordingly. Thus in all languages we find a multitude of words that are evidently constructed upon this principle. A certain bird is termed the *cuckoo*, from the sound which it emits. When one sort of wind is said to *whistle*, and another to *roar*; when a serpent is said to *hiss*; a fly to *buzz*, and falling timber to *crash*; when a stream is said to *flow*, and hail to *rattle*; the analogy between the word and the thing signified is plainly discernible."—*Blair*.

THE GOLDEN RULE

LAID down by our Saviour, possesses exquisite beauty and propriety; it is not only excellent in its nature, but is of universal application.

"*All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them; for this is the Law and the Prophets.*—This sentence is very fitly placed towards the close of our Saviour's admirable sermon on the mount; as being, in a great measure, the epitome and sum of what the divine preacher had there expressed more at large.

"The rule which makes what we desire of other men, the measure of our dealing toward them, is to be understood not of vicious and excessive desires, but of such only as are fit and reasonable; such requests as we can in our calmest thoughts justify to ourselves and before God.

"It may be thought that the rule thus tempered and qualified will not be of any special use or moment to us, in the direction of our practice; but the maxim of the text doth effectually assist us in making a free use of our reason, and forming a right judgment of things; for by the means of it we are able to consider our duty without prejudice, and to state the bounds of it impartially and fairly. It teaches us to take two several views of our duty; to eye it in different situations, and under different lights; and by that means more distinctly and thoroughly to discern it.

"Human laws are often so numerous as to escape our memories; and sometimes so darkly

and inconsistently worded as to puzzle and embarrass our understandings. But here is a law attended with none of these inconveniences; the grossest minds can scarce misapprehend it, and the weakest memories are capable of retaining it. Nor can there be any one so absurd and unreasonable as not to see and acknowledge the absolute equity of this command in theory, however he may swerve and decline from it in his practice; and to agree upon it as that golden mean which, if universally observed, would make the world universally happy, every man a benefactor, a good angel, a deity as it were, to his fellow-creatures; and earth the very image of heaven."—*Atterbury.*

THE IMAGE OF GOD

Is still impressed on the mind of man, and cannot be wholly effaced; the contemplation of it, wherever found, must yield pleasure and delight.

"GOD made man in his own image, and impressed upon him some characters of the divine original; the principal of which is goodness, though it be not the best preserved: for it is of a tender complexion, and delicate nature; and yet the lovely traces of it are still extant, and still shine, though oft-times faintly and with a faded lustre.

"For goodness is universally approved; justice, equity, truth, sincerity, candour, beneficence, mercy, ever have passed, and ever will pass, for virtues.

"There is no man who does not desire that others would exercise them towards him; even

they who are deficient in the practice of them; yet pay them the decent respect to think and to speak well of them.

"There is no man who does not condemn fraud, malice, cruelty, treachery, ingratitude, injustice, especially when he is made to experience the ill effects of them.

"No man ever acted uprightly and honourably who did not feel a calm serenity, a complacency, and satisfaction; none ever pursued wicked courses without some degree of shame and regret, and self-condemnation, and some struggles of expiring virtue.

"None, except here and there a brute, ever received great favours and benefits, who had not, out of mere natural ingenuousness, a grateful sense of them, and an intention to testify it, and to make somewhat of a return.

"No man, except hardened by a long course of villainy, ever saw others in great pain, and want, and sorrow, and distress, and found not a disposition to commiserate and assist them, though he could expect from them no other return than thanks."—*Jortin.*

LABOUR

HAS been divided with the view of increasing its advantages to society; the subject is thus ingeniously explained.

"THE effects of the division of labour in the general business of society, will be more easily understood by taking an example from a very trifling manufacture; namely, the trade of a pin-maker. This business is divided into a number of branches, of which the greater part are peculiar trades. One man draws out the wire;

another straightens it; a third cuts it; a fourth points it; a fifth grinds it at the top for receiving the head; to make the head requires two or three distinct operations; to put it on is a distinct business; to whiten the pins is another; and it is even a trade by itself to put them into the paper.

"Pin-making being thus divided into distinct operations, a small manufactory composed of ten persons, and but indifferently accommodated with the necessary machinery, can produce forty-eight thousand pins in a day. Each person may therefore be considered as making four thousand eight hundred pins in a day; but had they wrought separately and independently, the best workman among them could not have made twenty, and perhaps not one pin in a day.

"A great part of the machines made use of in manufactures in which labour is most subdivided, were originally the inventions of common workmen; who, being each of them employed in some very simple operation, naturally turned their thoughts towards finding out easier and readier methods of performing it.

"In the first fire-engines, a boy was constantly employed to open and shut alternately the communication between the boiler and the cylinder, accordingly as the piston either ascended or descended. One of these boys, who loved to play with his companions, observed, that by tying a string, from the handle of the valve which opened this communication, to another part of the machine, the valve would open and shut without his assistance, and leave him at liberty to divert himself with his playfellows. One of the greatest improvements that have been made upon this machine since it was

first invented, was in this manner the discovery of a boy who wanted to save his own labour."
Adam Smith.

COVERING OF ANIMALS

Is curious, and has engaged the special attention of the natural historian; its variety challenges admiration.

"THE covering of animals is, both for its variety, and its suitableness to their several natures, as much to be admired as any part of their structure. There are bristles, hair, wool, fur, feathers, quills, prickles, scales: yet in this diversity both of material and form, we cannot change one animal's coat for another, without evidently changing it for the worse; taking care however to remark, that these coverings are intended for protection as well as warmth.

"Man alone can clothe himself; and this is one of the properties which render him an animal of all climates, and of all seasons. He can adapt the warmth or lightness of his covering to the temperature of his habitation.

"What art however, does for men, nature has, in many instances, done for those animals which are incapable of art. Their clothing, of its own accord, changes with their necessities. This is particularly the case with that large tribe of quadrupeds which are covered with furs. Every dealer in hare-skins and rabbit-skins, knows how much the fur is thickened by the approach of winter. It seems to be a part of the same design of the Power who created all things, that wool in hot countries, most happily for the animal's ease, passes into hair; while

on the contrary, hair, in the dogs of the polar regions, is turned into wool. To which also may be referred what naturalists have remarked, that bears, wolves, foxes, and hares, which do not take the water, have the fur much thicker on the back than the belly; whereas in the beaver it is the thickest upon the belly, as also are the feathers in water-fowl. We know the final cause of all this, and we know no other.

"The covering of birds cannot escape the most vulgar observation; its lightness, its smoothness, its warmth, its singular beauty. The disposition of the feathers all inclined backward, the down about their stem, the overlapping of their tips, their different configuration in different parts, not to mention the variety of their colours; constitute a vestment for the body, so beautiful and so appropriate to the life which the animal is to lead, as that I think we should have had no conception of any thing equally perfect, if we had never seen it; nor can now imagine any thing more so."

Dr. Paley.

VARIETY OF LABOUR

APPEARS from the construction of almost every thing which is made to enrich or adorn human life.

"The woollen coat which covers the day-labourer, coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others,

must join their different arts to complete even this homely production.

"How much commerce and navigation, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, and rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world!

"To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the brick-layer, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them.

"Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt he wears, his shoes, the bed he lies on, and all the parts which compose it, the kitchen grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals dug for that purpose from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him perhaps by a long sea and long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, and the furniture of his table; the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention; if we examine all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible, that

without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilised country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine the easy and simple manner, in which he is commonly accommodated."—*Adam Smith.*

THE EARTH

Is properly denominated our parent; and indeed it is a most expressive appellation, as will appear from the following illustration.

"It is the *earth*, says Pliny the Elder, that, like a kind mother, receives us at our birth, and sustains us when born; it is the *earth* alone of all the elements around us, that is never found an enemy to man. The waters deluge him with rains, oppress him with hail, and drown him with inundations; the air rushes in storms, prepares the tempest, or wakens the thunders. But the *earth*, gentle and indulgent, ever subservient to the wants of man, spreads his walk with flowers, and his table with plenty, returns with interest every good committed to her care, and though she produces poison, she still supplies the antidote; though constantly importuned more to furnish the luxuries of man than his necessities, yet even to the last she continues her beneficent indulgence, and when life is closed, she piously covers his remains in her bosom!"—*Knimes.*

THE TWO GARDENERS.

THE subsequent little story is ingenious, and replete with instruction. For this reason have we introduced it into our miscellany.

"TWO gardeners who were neighbours had their crops of early peas killed by the frost. One of them came to condole with the other on their misfortune. "Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate we have been, neighbour! Do you know I have done nothing but fret ever since. But bless me! you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up just now. What are these?" "These," cried the other gardener, "Why these are what I sowed immediately after my loss." What coming up already?" cried the fretter. "Yes, while you were fretting, I was working!" What, and don't you fret when you have a loss?" "Yes, but I always put it off until I have repaired the mischief." "Lord, why then you have no need to fret at all." "True," replied the industrious gardener, "and that's the very reason; in truth, it is very pleasant to have no longer reason to think of misfortune; and it is astonishing how many might be repaired by a little alacrity and energy."—*Anon.*

VANITY AND AFFECTATION

ARE the proper objects of satire; and whether they appear in youth or in the aged, they may be lashed with impunity.

"YOU will wonder perhaps when I tell you, that there are some characters in the world, which I would freely allow you to laugh at, though not in their presence. Extravagant vanity and affectation are the natural subjects of ridicule, which is their proper punishment. When you see old people, instead of maintaining the dignity of their years, struggling against nature to conceal them, affecting the

graces, and imitating the follies of youth; or a young person assuming the importance and solemnity of age. I do not wish you to be insensible to the ridicule of such absurd deviations from truth and nature."—*Mrs. Chapone.*

REGULARITY.

IS necessary to the proper discharge of the duties of life; it may at first appear unpleasant, but habit will render it agreeable and even desirable.

"THERE is in many people, especially in youth, a strange aversion to regularity; a desire to delay what ought to be done immediately, in order to do something else, which might as well be done afterwards. Be assured it is of more consequence than you can conceive, to get the better of this idle procrastinating spirit, and to acquire habits of constancy and steadiness, even in the most trifling matters; without them there can be no regularity, or consistency of action or character, no dependence on your best intentions, which a sudden humour may tempt you to lay aside for a time, and which a thousand unforeseen accidents will afterwards render it more and more difficult to execute: no one can say what important consequences may follow a neglect of this kind!"
Mrs. Chapone.

FRIENDSHIP

MUST be not only procured but preserved; this is to be effected by a temper and behaviour always conciliating.

"I have always laid it down as a rule, that

the same behaviour which procures friendship, is absolutely necessary to the preservation of it. I hate that *vulgar familiarity* which people are so apt to run into, when friendship rises into intimacy. I am so scrupulous in this matter, that I never call my most intimate friends by their sirnames. If I give an entertainment, I think my oldest friends are entitled to the first place at my table, and to the best treatment I can give them. The false civility that is generally current in the world, and is nothing but affectation, judges quite contrary; they neglect their friends to pay all their attention to a stranger whom they, perhaps, may never see again, only for the vanity of having it said that they make a good appearance!"—*Anon.*

READING

Is the charaeteristic of the age. It is attended with substantial advantages, enlarges the empire of thought, improves the taste, and is a source of refined enjoyment.

"THE advantages that we reap from reading does not consist in retaining what we have read; and we must not think it profitable but in proportion to our memory. Reading, I mean even that of the most indifferent books, is an occasion of thinking; it affords exercise to the mind. This is its principal use, because 'tis chiefly by thinking that the mind is enlarged and strengthened. I allow that we forget our own thoughts, those which Reading had occasioned, as well as those of the books themselves, but we still have improved the faculty of thinking, which is of much greater consequence than to have retained the thoughts. Taste is also formed

by reading good books, and however bad our memory may be, the general notion of good and excellent insensibly takes impression on the mind, accordingly as we read good things!" *Anon.*

THE KINDNESS OF PROVIDENCE

Is evinced by the copious provision made for the wants and necessities of man; a brief survey of this delightful truth will carry conviction to the heart.

"The beauties of nature bear witness to the existence of God, and the miseries of man confirm the truths of religion. There exists not a single animal that is not lodged, clothed, fed, by the hand of nature, without care, and almost without labour. Man alone, from his birth upward, is overwhelmed with calamity.—first, he is born naked, and possessed of so little instinct, that, if the mother who bore him were not to rear him for several years, he would perish of hunger, of cold, or of heat.

"Thus Providence interposes for the relief of man, supplying his wants in a thousand extraordinary ways. What would have become of him in the earliest ages had he been abandoned to his own reason, still unaided by experience? Where found he corn, which at this day constitutes a principal part of the food of so many nations? Who taught him agriculture, an art so simple, that the most stupid of mankind is capable of learning it; and yet so sublime that the most intelligent of animals never can pretend to practise it? There is scarcely an animal which supports not its life by vegetables, which has not daily experience of their re-

production, and which does not employ, in quest of those that suit them, many more combinations that would have been necessary for resowing them.

"If Providence had abandoned man to himself, on proceeding from the hands of the creator, what would have become of him? Who could have subjected to his authority so many animals which stood in no need of him, which surpassed him in cunning, in speed, in strength; unless the hand, which, notwithstanding his fall, destined him still to empire, had humbled their heads to the obedience of his will? The preservation, the enjoyments, and the empire of man demonstrate, that at all times a beneficent God has been the friend and protector of human life."—*St. Pierre.*

YOUTH

NEED every caution to guard and secure them from the evils to which they are constantly exposed. They should always listen to the voice of friendly admonition.

"IS the moralist to be called an enemy to pleasure, because he recommends to the young, not to ruin their healths, or fortunes, by an excess of present gratifications, but so to manage their enjoyments as to spread them over a larger portion of life? In overcoming the gratification of passion, from a sense of duty, the more delicate the sense of honor, the more pure will be the satisfaction."—*Malthus.*

THE CONQUEROR

Is a great and splendid character in the eye of the generality of mankind, but the nearer we examine it the less reason is there for a blind and indiscriminate admiration.

"FROM the heroes of antiquity have sprung the race of the wasteful conquerors of nations, the disturbers of the peace of man! Achilles begat Alexander, and his turbulent successors; Alexander begat Julius Cæsar, with the long and horrid series of Roman emperors, and the bewitchery of Cæsar's character will never cease to propagate the lust of overbearing dominion, without one end in view, but the mere fame of extended empire and despotic sway. To this we have owed the embryo attempt of Charles V. of Austria, and of Lewis XIV. of France, and at this moment owe more, perhaps, than to any other cause the present troubler of the world! An ample career of glory lay before him, but the ghost of Cæsar and the dream of more than Roman empire appear to haunt his sleeping and his waking hours; they have turned him from all honourable courses, nor will suffer him to pause until to serve some wise ends of an avenging Providence, he be permitted, for a while to spread desolation around, or fall at once, himself and his deluded country, a mighty ruin, a just, but inadequate atonement to an offended and harassed world."—*George Walker.*

THE SUBJECTS OF HISTORY

HAVE generally been the exploits of the daring adventurer, or the intrigues of the dark and malignant tyrant, whose only delight is in destroying the peace and happiness of mankind.

"THE heroes of historians have, in general, been the great destroyers of mankind, those who have ravaged kingdoms, overthrown empires, and thinned the human race. Men have been deified and sainted, not for the goodness, but for the greatness of their exploits, not for their endeavours to civilize and improve the state of mankind by the introduction of mild and equitable laws, and the cultivation of the arts of peace, but for an inordinate and selfish spirit of ambition and aggrandizement. The reign of just and peaceful sovereigns which like the tranquil seasons of nature, impart health, and life, and cheerfulness, to every thing around, has been regarded as but an inferior and secondary object of their attention; valued, perhaps, most as it renovates the energies of a nation, and fits it for the ambitious views of a military successor. No; it is the mighty troublers of the earth, the hurricanes of proud war and conquest, which deform the fair face of nature, which in their wasteful progress sweep whole nations to the grave, that has been too much the theme of historic applause and admiration. When we behold the title of *great* conferred on such men as Alexander, Cæsar, Louis the Fourteenth, or even Peter of Muscovy, every moral and humane mind must reprobate the profanation of the attribute.

and lament the folly of the world which can join in the applause of what it ought severely to condemn and dignify what merits its abhorrence and execration. But the common vulgar of mankind too easily adopt the very prejudices which are their ruin, and caught with the whistling of a name, fall down before, and worship the very beast that is to devour them!"

George Walker.

TRUE HISTORY

SHOULD be a faithful record of the virtues and vices of mankind—thus drawn with fidelity it administers in a high degree to intellectual improvement.

"IF a work unite the advantages both of public and private history; if it display not only the crimes but the virtues of mankind; if it delineate the progress of civilization, the advancement of the arts and sciences; if by its examples or warnings it tend to inspire the mind with the love of goodness, and with an abhorrence of vice; if it confirm the truth, or shew the excellence of natural or revealed religion, it may effect some of the most important purposes in human life, and render men wise and benevolent, holy and blessed for evermore! Since then History may teach both wisdom and virtue, and since it undoubtedly displays what progress men have made in improvement of various kinds, it may justly be termed the volume of Providence, and may join with Nature and Divine Revelation, in proving that all things work together for good!"

J. Holland.

AN ESTIMATE OF HISTORY

OUGHT to be made by readers who are intent on their own improvement; the following remarks may be of use in assisting them to form a judgment on this important subject.

"SOME may deem it only a pleasing illusion of the imagination, but I hold it as a truth that the virtue which constitutes at once the ornament and felicity of man, has most of the graces in her train, and amongst these that modesty which declines a proud shew to the world, is a distinguished and inseparable attendant. It is, therefore, that we rarely meet with virtue in the splendid display of history, whether in the court or in the camp, in the senate or in the forum, or even in the academic grove, or where she might at least be expected, at the tribunals of executive justice. And it is therefore that the vices of man are thought to preponderate over his virtues, because history is little other than a record of his follies, his crimes, and his misery! Whether we take a retrospective view of past ages, or consult the present history of the world, what have we generally presented to our view, but one disgusting series of the heaviest calamities, and the most shocking vices that can afflict or degrade humanity? We hardly turn over a page which is not crimsoned with blood, or polluted with foul crimes. Barbarous violence, sanguinary wars, horrid devastations, merciless persecutions, murders, rapes, poisons, and assassinations, lordly tyrants trampling upon and insulting the rights of human nature, and abject tyrants crouching beneath the yoke of a withering despotism,

which has, from age to age, gone on debasing the human character, and blasting every rising effort of genius and virtue. Such are the scenes which history chiefly exhibits to our view. To the reader, therefore, who looks, perhaps, solely for amusement, and with no view to any specific instruction or advantage, such a picture of the debasement and misery of his fellow-creatures can afford gratification!"

George Walker.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

HAS been written by various hands, and, of course, with different degrees of ability and judgment; the merits of the leading historians of Britain are thus well described:—

"WHEN a narrator has any inferior object in view, the judicious and discerning are not long in discovering his aim. It was soon perceived, for instance, that Hume was too partial to the Stuarts, and that one of his objects in writing the previous history of England was to shew that the encroachments of the royal power were not without precedent in the reigns of the Tudors. Though the question might still be referred to principles of general policy and justice, yet if the mind should receive an undue bias from such representations, it may easily recover its bent by application to the narrative of Macaulay, or if that be thought too favourable to the republican party, every prejudice may be removed by perusing the pages of the patient and candid Rapin. It has been sarcastically observed by Voltaire, that the best history of England was written by a foreigner; but it should be recollected that this foreigner

was a student of the English law, and previously well acquainted with the principles of civil and religious liberty. Whether Henry's History of Great Britain may not wrest the laurel from Rapin, future ages will probably determine. Perhaps the principal defect in this excellent work may be too rigid an adherence to a previously formed plan, which separates subjects naturally united, unnecessarily multiplies references, or occasions frequent and tedious repetitions."—*J. Holland.*

STUDY OF HISTORY

IS highly profitable to those who read its pages with a proper temper and disposition; separating the good from the evil, and referring every event to the agency of the supreme being.

"CONSISTENT and regular students of history will not, however, content themselves with reading the annals of mankind in detached portions. But whilst they pay a proper tribute of respect to the works of those writers who have selected striking periods for the labour of their pens, they will endeavor to collect a just and complete idea of all the events, changes, and improvements, which have taken place in the world from the earliest ages of which there is any account down to the present day. That war should engross so much of the historian's attention may justly be lamented by the benevolent and humane. Yet whilst the faithful description of its incidents may render it still more an object of horror, it cannot be denied that, contrary to expectation, and in opposition to the efforts and opinions of the ambitious and tyrannical, it has, in various

ways contributed to the progress of liberty and knowledge. In this sense,

> "Discord is harmony not understood,
> And partial evil universal good!"
>
> *J. Holland.*

PROPRIETY

Is an essential requisite to the female sex in every condition and department of life; indeed nothing can compensate the want of it.

"PROPRIETY is to a woman, what the great Roman critic says action is to an orator; it is the first, the second, the third requisite. A woman may be knowing, active, witty, and amusing; but without propriety she cannot be amiable. It does not depend on any one perfection, but it is the result of general excellence. It shows itself by a regular, orderly, undeviating course; and never starts from its sober orbit into any splendid eccentricities; for it would be ashamed of such praise as it might extort by any abberations from its proper path. When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and dress, and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and act, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, sooth his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children."

Miss More.

EXCESSIVE INDULGENCE

HAS in its train a long series of evils; and children should be accustomed to early restraint, because it lays a foundation for future happiness.

"BY the great attention that is paid to children's accommodation in every trifling particular, they learn to attach an idea of importance to every personal indulgence, and consider ease and freedom from pain as their birthright. They are thus enfeebled by luxury from the very cradle, and rendered totally unable to cope with hardships and difficulties, which they may have to encounter in after-life. Should neither hardships nor difficulties be their lot, the evil will be still more serious; for the dispositions and habits of mind engendered by this attention to personal indulgence will then have nothing to counteract them, and complete selfishness must be the consequence."

Miss Hamilton.

THE DIVINE OMNIPRESENCE

IS one of the most solemn and interesting attributes of Deity; even the heathens taught it, and it is strongly inculcated in some of their writings.

"BY inculcating the doctrine of divine omnipresence, I gave you a rule of action infinitely more valuable than all that philosophy ever framed; a rule that will regulate your reflections when you are in your closet, that will inspire you with virtuous singularity,

when a multitude would draw you into evil, that will teach you justice to the meanest individual, and will give you fortitude and consistency before the proudest earthly tyrant. Shew me any other scheme of tuition that can supply such an antidote against evil, or such a preservative of innocence."

Mrs. West.

SALUTARY RESTRAINTS,

IN the first periods of life, must produce a good effect, by preparing the individual for the calamities that may befal him in his passage through this troublesome world.

"EARLY impressions have a very powerful effect upon future conduct; habits long established have a still greater. It is, therefore, of infinite importance to future success, that our children be educated so as to enable them to encounter the inevitable vicissitudes of life with firmness and fortitude; and what is, perhaps, still more essential to human comfort, to feel the inconveniences annexed to an unfavorable change of situation as little as possible. He who wishes to leave his children an inheritance of felicity, ought studiously to lay up for them as soon as he can, such a stock of restraints and refusals, as may, in due time, yield a seasonable and plenteous increase. Indulgence in the early part of life, is the sure source of future necessities; and an habitual gratification of what are called the good things of this world, the heaviest and most grievous tax that can possibly be laid on future tranquillity."

Memoirs of Charles Macpherson, Esq.

RELIGION

IN its purity is an inestimable blessing; but adulterated and abused, it becomes the parent of evils which are destructive of the peace and happiness of society.

"RELIGION seems as necessary to mankind as *water*, the purest of both is most salutary; yet, in that state, neither please the vulgar palate. In all ages mankind have been fond of adulterating both with foreign ingredients: those ingredients are often of an intoxicating quality, which perverts their beneficial nature, heats men's brains, renders them quarrelsome, sometimes furious, and makes what was intended as a blessing, operate as a curse!"

Moore.

THE MAN AND THE BOY

ARE often sadly different from each other; this ought not to be; the good principles of youth should be brought into action by ripened and experienced Man.

"It is a remark often made, that the man is found to degenerate from the excellences which distinguished him when a boy. To ridicule he chiefly owes his degradation. His pre-eminence excites the envy of his contemporaries, who naturally endeavor to obscure that lustre, which burns them with its blaze. He values himself on those talents or acquisitions, of the worth of which his companions have no adequate conception, he is received with contempt, his remarks are attended with a sneer, and his

prudent conduct is a subject of derision. They make him a subject of ridicule, and a nickname is appropriated to him. He is shunned as involving his companions in his absurdity, and consequent disgrace. This last is more than he can bear—he lays aside the appearance of emulation, and the reality too fatally follows; he studiously unlearns all that rendered him truly valuable, and when he has lowered himself to a certain pitch, he is received with open arms, and is united with his companions by his strong assimulation of congenial natures!"

Knox.

ACTIVITY

Is the soul of enjoyment, it is the grand secret of human happiness, and he that is truly and virtuously active is the best member of the community.

"ACTIVITY is one of those virtues, indispensably requisite for the happiness and welfare of mankind: and yet all men seem naturally averse, not only to those exertions that sharpen and improve the mental powers, but even such as are necessary for maintaining the health, or strengthening the organs of the body. To conquer that indolence, and to guard against the prostitution of time in trifling pursuits and licentious pleasures, the surest remedy, and in the end the most delightful, can only be found in unremitted study, or in the labours of a profession. Of all who have risen to eminence in the paths of literature or ambition, how few are there who at first enjoyed the means of pleasure, or the liberty of being idle?"

Mackenzie.

TIMIDITY

STARTS a thousand difficulties, whereas resolution opens the way, invigorates the mind, and leads to the accomplishment of the most favorite wishes.

"IT is observed in the golden verses of Pythagoras, that power is never far from necessity. The vigour of the human mind quickly appears when there is no longer any place for doubt and hesitation, when diffidence is absorbed in the sense of danger, or overwhelmed by some resistless passion. We then discover that difficulty is for the most part the daughter of idleness, that the obstacles with which our way seemed to be obstructed were only phantoms, which we believed real, because we durst not advance to a close examination; and we learn that it is impossible to determine without experience, how much constancy may endure, or perseverance perform!"—*Johnson.*

FILIAL GRATITUDE

IS an amiable trait wherever found; it should be cherished by every possible means, and will assuredly meet with its appropriate reward.

"ALWAYS remember that your duty to your parents is inferior only to that which binds you to the great author of your being, and that neither the implicit submission of childhood, nor the return of affectionate offices in more advanced years, can ever cancel your obligations for a father's protection, or repay the solicitudes of a mother's tenderness!"—*Dr. Kett.*

BECOMING CONFIDENCE

Is a passport to almost every situation in life; happy is the man who possesses a decent share of it.

"THERE is nothing appears to me so necessary a qualification, either to secure a man's own, to advance or make his fortune, or to recommend him to the friendship or esteem of the great and of the fair, as a becoming confidence well managed, and more or less exerted as the business you promote, or the person you address, requires.

"It is *instar omnium* (as I may say) too often with respect to all the virtues. For all the fine accomplishments of knowledge and wit never preferred the hundredth part of people in the world, as this one qualification of a decent assurance, or a handsome confidence! This gives a volubility to the tongue which by the assurance of the speaker often passes for good sense and reason, on even tolerable judges. This makes a man an advocate in his own cause, and to push it with that intrepidity and promise of success, that makes persons of the highest stations submit to its force and energy; the courts of princes, the gravity and authority of senates, the pride of ministers, the assemblies of the fair, are all subject to the agreeably bold man, by a sort of ascendant or superiority of nature above all opposers; every thing pays homage to him, and so he becomes, indeed, the framer of his own fortune. This quality is an excellent husband of moderate parts, and is so fascinating with the generality of men, I had almost said, with *all* men, that it palms upon them a

man of very indifferent parts for a prodigy. Whereas, for want of this, many a man of sense, through an habitual and dastard shamefacedness lies unnoticed and unregarded. Great men seek not now for retired merit to encourage and reward it: but it is the bold, aspiring, pushing man, only thrives and carries his cause!"—*Anon.*

CONSTANTINOPLE

MAKES such a figure in ancient and modern history, that a recent description of its condition and manners will gratify curiosity.

"ON every side, Constantinople rises from the edge of the water up to the summits of its seven hills, which it covers as well as the intermediate vallies. The port is among the most beautiful and commodious in the world; and such is the depth of water that vessels of the greatest burthen may be moored close to the principal wharfs. Towers, palaces, the domes of ancient mosques, built for far other rites than those of Mahomet, innumerable slender minarets, and lofty trees mingled with houses, give to the whole a romantic and most striking appearance, totally different, in character, from any city I have yet beheld. The neck of land, on which the seraglio and its gardens stand, presents a most admirable situation for the palace of a great monarch in the metropolis of his empire. Within his walls the Sultan may enjoy the most profound retirement amid groves of ancient trees or delicious gardens! Yet he has only to mount a terrace to behold all the bustle of an immense city, and every vessel that enters the port must pass within a few

hundred yards of the outer walls. The greater part, indeed, come close by the point, particularly when it is calm, or the wind contrary, and it is thought adviseable to tow them against the current. From every point of view the seraglio has a charming effect. Besides a great number of palaces, houses, and groves of venerable cypress, and other trees within its inclosures; the mosque of St. Sophia stands close to one of the gates, and, in a general view, mingles its domes and minarets with the whole scene. A moderately high wall surrounds the whole, and no Christian, without a firman, or licence from the Grand Signior, can enter the gates. The sight of these majestic groves which tower above the walls, and some of the palaces, almost makes a stranger forget the restraint which reigns within, and even this slight feeling for individuals, is soon removed by the reflection that the whole is in unison with the general state of manners among the Turks."

Semple.

COMMERCE

Is of so interesting a nature, and is attended with so many advantages, that its origin merits a particular explication.

"THE *Origin of Commerce* is almost coeval with that of society. When tribes had abandoned their wandering life, and settled in fixed abodes, their new situation gave rise to new ideas and pursuits. They soon found that the sources from which they had formerly derived this subsistence, the spontaneous fruits of the earth, and the flesh of wild animals killed in the chase, were insufficient to maintain them

when their numbers were increased, and their situation more confined. Hence they were obliged to have recourse to the breeding of tame cattle, and to the culture of the earth. Property being established and ascertained, men began to exchange one rude commodity for another. While their wants and their desires were confined within narrow bounds, they had no other idea of traffic, but that of simple barter. The husbandman exchanged a part of his harvest for the cattle of the shepherd; the hunter gave the prey which he had caught at the chace, for the honey and the fruits which his neighbour had gathered in the woods. Thus commercial intercourse begins among the members of the same community. From the inequality and diversity with which the productions of nature are distributed in different countries, a more general correspondence was, by degrees established between distant tribes and nations. No longer satisfied with the necessaries, they aspired to the conveniences, the accommodations, and the luxuries of life. As the objects of commerce became varied and multiplied, they invented a common measure or standard of the value of commodities; after different experiments of this kind among different nations, the precious metals, from their rarity, their beauty, their permanency, and facility of transportation, were universally adopted as the symbols of property, and the representatives of all the productions that are formed by nature, or fabricated by human industry. Commerce thus introduced by the exchange of commodities between individuals, gradually diffused itself from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, 'till at last it com-

prehended and united the remotest regions of the earth, and the most distant nations of the world!"– *Dr. Rutherford.*

THE SACRIFICE OF WIDOWS

IS an East-Indian custom, and is in all its circumstances truly shocking to humanity. It is thus described by an artist, and we may rely on its fidelity.

"UPON my repairing to the spot, on the banks of the river, where the ceremony was to take place, I found the body of the man on a bier, and covered with linen, already brought down and laid at the edge of the river. At this time, about ten in the morning, only a few people were assembled, who appeared destitute of feeling at the catastrophe that was to take place; I may even say, that they displayed the most perfect apathy and indifference. After waiting a considerable time the wife appeared, attended by the Bramins, and music, with some few relations. The procession was slow and solemn; the victim moved with a steady and firm step, and, apparently, with a perfect composure of countenance, approached close to the body of her husband, where for some time they halted. She then addressed those who were near her with composure, and without the least trepidation of voice or change of countenance.

"She held in her left hand a cocoa-nut shell, in which was a red colour mixed up, and dipping in it the fore finger of her right hand, she marked those near her, to whom she wished to shew the last act of attention. As at this time I stood close to her, she observed me atten-

tively, and with the colour marked me in the forehead. She might be about twenty-four or five years of age, a time of life when the bloom of beauty has fled the cheek in India; but still she preserved a sufficient share to prove that she must have been handsome; her figure was small, but elegantly turned; and the form of her hands and arms particularly beautiful. Her dress was a loose robe of white flowing drapery, that extended from her head to her feet. The place of sacrifice was higher up on the bank of the river, one hundred yards or more from the place where we now stood. The pile was composed of dried branches, leaves, and rushes, with a door on one side, and arched and covered on the top: by the side of the door stood a man with a lighted brand. From the time the woman appeared to the taking up of the body to convey it into the pile, might occupy a space of about half an hour, which was employed in prayer with the Bramins, in attention to those who stood near her, and conversation with her relations. When the body was taken up she followed close to it, attended by the chief Bramin; and when it was deposited in the pile, she bowed to all around her, and entered without speaking. The moment she entered, the door was closed; the fire was put to the combustibles, which instantly flamed, and immense quantities of dried wood and other matters were thrown upon it. This last part of the ceremony was accompanied with the shouts of the multitude, who now became numerous, and the whole seemed a mass of confused rejoicing. For my part, I felt myself actuated by very different sentiments: the event I had been witness to was such, that the minutest circum-

stance attending it could not be erased from my memory."—*Hodges.*

WILLIAM THE THIRD

MAKES a prominent figure in our history, as the Father of the Revolution of 1688, when our civil and religious liberties were placed on firm foundations.

"WILLIAM in his person was not above the middle size, pale, thin, and valetudinary. He had a Roman nose, bright and eager eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority. All his senses were critical and exquisite. His words came from him with care and deliberation, and his manners, excepting to his intimate friends, were cold and reserved. He spoke Dutch, French, English, and German equally well, and he understood Latin, Spanish, and Italian. His memory was exact and tenacious, and he was a profound observer of men and things. He perfectly understood and possessed a most extensive influence over the political concerns and interests of Europe. Though far above vanity or flattery he was pertinacious in his opinions, and from a clear perception or persuasion of their rectitude, was too impatient of censure or controul. He attained not to the praise of habitual generosity from his frequent and apparently capricious deviations into the extremes of profusion and parsimony. His love of secresy was perhaps too nearly allied to dissimulation and suspicion, and his fidelity in friendship to partiality and prejudice. Though resentful and irritable by nature, he harboured no malice, and disdained

the meanness of revenge. He believed firmly in the truth of religion, and entertained an high sense of its importance. But his tolerant spirit, and his indifference to the forms of church government, made him very obnoxious to the great body of the clergy. He appeared born for the purpose of opposing tyranny, persecution, and oppression, and for the space of thirty years it is not too much to affirm, that he sustained the greatest and most truly glorious character of any prince whose name is recorded in history. In his days, and by his means, the first firm and solid foundations were laid of all that is most valuable in civil society. Every vindication of the natural and unalienable rights of mankind was, till he ascended the throne of Great Britain, penal and criminal. To him we owe the assertion and final establishment of our constitutional privileges. To him the intellectual world is indebted for the full freedom of discussion, and the unrestrained avowal of their sentiments upon subjects of the highest magnitude and importance. To sum up all, his character was distinguished by virtues rarely found amongst princes—moderation, integrity, simplicity, beneficence, magnanimity. Time, which has cast a veil over his imperfections, has added lustre to his many great and admirable qualities. His political views were, in the highest degree, laudable and upright. He had true ideas of the nature and ends of government, and the beneficial effects of his noble and heroic exertions will probably descend to the latest generations, rendering his name justly dear to the friends of civil and religious liberty, and his memory ever glorious and immortal!"—*Belsham.*

THE HIGHLANDERS

ARE a very singular class of people; bold, intrepid, and generous, even to a proverb; they are always mentioned with particular regard in every History of Scotland.

"CONSIDERING the inhabitants of the Lowlands in the light of invaders and usurpers, they thought themselves entitled to make reprisals at all convenient opportunities. What their enemies call violence and rapine, they termed right and justice, and in the frequent practice of depredations they became bold, artful, and enterprising. An injury done to one of the clan was held from the common relation of blood to be an injury to all. Hence the Highlanders were in the habitual practice of war, and hence arose, in various instances, between clan and clan, mortal and deadly feuds, descending from generation to generation. They usually went completely armed with a broad sword, a dirk, or dagger, a target, musquet, and pistols. Their dress consisted of a jacket, and loose lower garment, with a roll of light woollen called a plaid, wrapt round them so as to leave the right arm at full liberty. Thus equipped and accoutred, they would march forty or fifty miles in a day, sometimes even without food, or halting, over mountains, along rocks, through morasses, and they would sleep on beds formed by tying bunches of heath hastily and carelessly together. Their advance to battle was rapid, and after discharging their musquets and pistols, they rushed into the ranks of the enemy with

their broad swords, and in close fight, when unable to use their ordinary weapon, they suddenly stabbed with the dirk.

"Their religion, which they called Christianity, was strongly tinctured with the ancient and barbarous superstitions of the country. They were universal believers in ghosts and preter-natural appearances. They marked with eager attention the variable forms of their cloudy and changeful sky, from the different aspect of which they foretold future and contingent events: and absorbed in fantastical imaginations, they perceived in a sort of ecstatic vision, things and persons separated from them by a *vast interval of space!* Each tribe had its particular dogmas and modes of faith, which the surrounding clans regarded with indifference, or at most with a cold dislike, far removed from the rancour of religious hatred; and *persecution for religion* has been, happily, a species of folly and wickedness *unknown* and *unheard* of amongst them."—*Belsham.*

THE EXCELLENT WOMAN

Is a character entitled to universal esteem and admiration; the picture is thus drawn by an able hand.

"LET fancy now present a *Woman* with a tolerable understanding, for I do not wish to leave the line of mediocrity, whose constitution, strengthened by exercise, has allowed her body to acquire its full vigour; her mind, at the same time, gradually expanding itself to comprehend the moral duties of life, and in what human virtue and dignity consist.

"Formed thus by the discharge of the rela-

tive duties of her station, she marries from affection, without losing sight of prudence, and looking beyond matrimonial felicity, she secures her husband's respect before it is necessary to exert mean arts to please him and feed a dying flame, which nature doomed to expire when the object became familiar, when friendship and forbearance take place of a more ardent affection.—This is the natural death of love, and domestic peace is not destroyed by struggles to prevent extinction. I also suppose the husband to be virtuous; or she is still more in want of independent principles.

"Fate, however, breaks this tie.—She is left a widow, perhaps, with a sufficient provision; but she is not desolate! The pang of nature is felt; but after time has softened sorrow into melancholy resignation, her heart turns to her children with redoubled fondness, and anxious to provide for them, affection gives a sacred heroic cast to her maternal duties. She thinks that not only the eye sees her virtuous efforts from whom all her comfort now must flow, and whose approbation is life; but her imagination, a little abstracted and exalted by grief, dwells on the fond hope that the eyes which her trembling hand closed, may still see how she subdues every wayward passion to fulfil the double duty of being the father as well as the mother of her children. Raised to heroism by misfortunes, she represses the first faint dawning of a natural inclination, before it ripens into love, and in the bloom of life forgets her sex—forgets the pleasure of an awakening passion, which might again have been inspired and returned. She no longer thinks of pleasing, and conscious dignity prevents her from priding herself on account of the praise which her

conduct demands. Her children have her love, and her brightest hopes are beyond the grave, where her imagination often strays.

"I think I see her surrounded by her children, reaping the reward of her care. The intelligent eye meets hers, whilst health and innocence smile on their chubby cheeks, and as they grow up, the cares of life are lessened by their grateful attention. She lives to see the virtues which she endeavoured to plant on principles, fixed into habits, to see her children attain a strength of character sufficient to enable them to endure adversity without forgetting their mother's example.

"The task of life thus fulfilled, she calmly waits for the sleep of death, and rising from the grave, may say--*Behold, thou gavest me a talent, and here are five talents!*" *Woolstoncraft.*

CHRISTMAS CANDLES

ARE thus accounted for in a manner gratifying to the curiosity; it was first a Saxon custom--then adopted by the professors of Christianity.

"OUR forefathers, when the devotions of Christmas-eve were over, and night was come on, were wont to light up candles of an enormous size, which were called Christmas candles, and to lay a log of wood upon the fire, which they termed a *yule clog*, or *Christmas block*. These were to illuminate the house, and turn the night into day; which custom, in some measure, is still kept up in the northern parts. It hath, in all probability, been derived from the Saxons. For Bede tells us, that this very night was observed in this land before by the Heathen Saxons. They began, says he,

their year on the eight of the calends of January, which is now our Christmas-day, and the very night before, which is now holy to us, was by them called Mædrenack, or the *Night of Mothers*, because, as we imagine, of those ceremonies which were performed that night. The *yule clog*, therefore, hath probably been a part of that night's ceremony. The very name seems to speak it, and tells its original to every age. It seems to have been used as an emblem of the return of the sun, and the lengthening of the days. For as both December and January were called *guill* or *yule* upon account of the sun's returning, and the increase of the days, so I am apt to believe the *log* has had the name of the *yule log*, from its being burnt as an emblem of the returning sun, and the increase of its light and heat.

"This was probably the reason of the custom among the Heathen Saxons, but I cannot think the observation of it was continued for the same reason after Christianity was embraced. For Bishop Stillingfleet observes, that "though the ancient Saxons observed twelve days at that time, and sacrificed to the sun in hopes of his returning, yet when Christianity prevailed, all those idolatrous sacrifices were laid aside, and that time of feasting was joined with the religious solemnity of that season, which in other parts of the world were observed by Christians." And in like manner as the days of feasting were joined with the religious solemnities of that season, so the keeping up of this custom seems to have been done with another view than it was originally. If a conjecture may be allowed, it might have been done on account of our Saviour's birth, which happened that night. For as the burning of it before

Christianity was an emblem of the coming of the sun, which they worshipped as their God, so the continuing of it after has been for a *symbol* of that *light* which was that night born into the world!"—*Brand.*

SENSIBILITY

Is that susceptibility of feeling which lies at the foundation of all rational enjoyment; it however requires to be kept under proper regulation.

"SENSIBILITY is the most exquisite feeling of which the human soul is susceptible: when it pervades us, we feel happy; and could it last unmixed, we might form some conjecture of the bliss of those paradisical days, when the obedient passions were under the dominion of reason, and the impulses of the heart did not need correction.

"It is this quickness, this delicacy of feeling, which enables us to relish the sublime touches of the poet, and the painter; it is this which expands the soul, gives an enthusiastic greatness, mixed with tenderness, when we view the magnificent objects of nature, or hear of a good action. The same effect we experience in the spring, when we hail the returning sun, and the consequent renovation of nature: when the flowers unfold themselves, and exhale their sweets, and the voice of music is heard in the land. Softened by tenderness; the soul is disposed to be virtuous. Is any sensual gratification to be compared to that of feeling the eyes moistened after having comforted the unfortunate?

"Sensibility is indeed the foundation of all

our happiness; but these raptures are unknown to the depraved sensualist, who is only moved by what strikes his gross senses; the delicate embellishments of nature escape his notice; as do the gentle and interesting affections.—But it is only to be felt; it escapes discussion."

Woolstoncraft.

MEDITATION ON A PUDDING

Is here introduced to shew the versatile talents of a great man, and as a proof of the playfulness of his fancy; it was written merely for amusement.

"LET us seriously reflect of what a pudding is composed. It is composed of flour, that once waved in the golden grain, and drank of the dews of the morning; of milk, pressed from the swelling udder by the gentle hand of the beauteous milk-maid, whose beauty and innocence might have recommended a worse draught, who, while she stroked the udder, indulged no ambitious thoughts of wandering in palaces, and formed no plans for the destruction of her fellow creatures. Milk, which is drawn from the cow, that useful animal, that eats the grass of the field, and supplies us with that which made the greatest part of the food of mankind in the age which the poets have agreed to call golden. It is made with an egg, that miracle of nature, which the theoretical Burnet has compared to creation; an egg contains matter within its beautiful smooth surface, and an unformed mass, which by the incubation of the parent, becomes a regular animal, furnished with bones and sinews, and covered with feathers. Let us consider, can there be more

wanting to complete this meditation on a pudding! if more is wanting, more may be found. It contains salt, which keeps the sea from putrefaction; salt, which is made the image of intellectual essence, contributes to the formation of a pudding."—*Dr. Johnson.*

DUTY TO PARENTS

Is a most sacred duty among Heathens, Jews, and Christians; it is thus pleasingly illustrated.

"THE piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia offered to the sun; yea, more delicious than odours wafted from a field of Arabian spices by the western gales.

"Be grateful then to thy father, for he gave thee life; and to thy mother for she sustained thee.

"Hear the words of his mouth, for they are spoken for thy good; give ear to his admonition for it proceedeth from love.

"He hath watched for thy welfare, he hath toiled for thy ease; do honour therefore to his age, and let not his grey hairs be treated with irreverence.

"Forget not thy helpless infancy, nor the frowardness of thy youth, and indulge the infirmities of thy aged parents, assist and support them in the decline of life.

"So shall their hoary heads go down to the grave in peace, and thine own children in reverence of thine example, shall repay thy piety with filial love."—*Dodsley.*

DELICACY OF CONDUCT

Is certainly of high importance to the character of the individual, and to the comfort and happiness of society.

"THE most pleasing feature of the human mind is *Delicacy*, but few are capable of appreciating its just value. Immersed in business, or enchanted by pleasure; pursuing fame, or grovelling after wealth, the generality of mankind are either strangers to its beauties, or disdain to conciliate the affections of each other by the practice of it. And yet in the commerce of life, there are few circumstances occur which would not prove the omission of it injudicious.

"Where is the man of such elevated virtue, who, after receiving *unseasonable* admonition, however just, does not feel resentment firing his bosom? Stung with the sense of error, his heart beats with agitation; shame spreads a pale hue over his countenance, and his brow is moistened with the dew of mental pain. But had the advice been communicated in private, gratitude, and pleasure, no doubt, would have been the pleasing sensations of his breast.

"In every sphere of life mankind demand, and they have a right to expect, a degree of delicacy in all their intercourses with their fellow creatures. Who, with propriety, can expect vigilance and fidelity from their servants when every injunction is vociferated with a menace, or with surly superciliousness? To diminish the burthens of life, and to compensate in a measure for the inferiority of condition, every man of influence ought to give his commands

with kindness, and never on any occasion suffer the violence of his disposition to betray him into an intemperate use of harsh language, or into a series of outrageous actions. It is the opinion of weak minds, that to be properly obeyed, they must wear a stern aspect, and speak despotically; those persons unhappily mistake moroseness for dignity, and tyranny for firmness.

"Even in the delicious potion of praise, of which all mankind drink greedily, if delicacy is not mingled in the cup, it generally loses its intoxicating effect. Delicacy meliorates every virtue, and adds a lustre to every attainment of the human mind.

"Upon the whole then, it appears that *true delicacy* is the best cement of society. It is that fascinating quality which endears man to man. It produces harmony in domestic life; pleasure in all public intercourses, and is the most specific preventive of anarchy on every occasion of festivity. It is the badge of distinction between the polished European and the uncultivated Indian, and is, in reality, one of the most valuable blessings produced by the energies of civilization."—*J. S.*

CIVIL SOCIETY

HAS passed through its several stages to its present state of perfection; its origin, relations, and dependencies, must be thus explained.

"SUPPOSE a ship to be wrecked on an uninhabited island, and that all the officers perished, but that the common men and their wives were saved; here, if any where, we may meet with liberty and equality, and the rights of man,

what think you would be the consequence?—A state of anarchy and equality might, perhaps, subsist for a day; but wisdom, courage, industry, economy, would presently introduce a superiority of some over others; and, in order that each man might preserve for himself the cabin he had built, the ground he had tilled, or the fish he had taken, all would agree in the propriety of appointing some one amongst the number, or more than one, to direct, govern, and protect the whole by the common strength. Thus the restriction of liberty, and the destruction of equality, and all the circumstances superficial reasoners represent as grievances in society, and subversive of the rights of man, would of necessity be introduced. No one would be left at liberty to invade his neighbour's property; some would by skill and activity become rich, and they would be allowed to bequeath at their death their wealth to their children; others would by idleness and debauchery remain poor; and, having nothing to leave to their children, these, when grown up, would be under the necessity of maintaining themselves by working for their neighbours, till, by prudence and thrift, they acquired enough to purchase property of their own, on which they might employ their labour. This is no visionary reasoning; we have an instance of its reality in the colony at Botany Bay. The persons composing this colony, who by their crimes were made the outcasts of Great Britain, and were equal to each other, none of them possessing any thing, are already become very unequal in property and condition; and I am happy to add, in respectability of character. It is a general law, which God has established throughout the world, that riches and respect

should attend prudence and diligence; and, as all men are not equal in the faculties of either body or mind, by which riches and respect are acquired, a necessity of superiority and subordination springs from the very nature which God has given us. All this I am sensible is so well understood by you, that I would not have mentioned the matter had there not been present other auditors, who may not have fully considered the origin, relations, and dependencies of civil society.

"Are the French coming hither to enrich the nation? Will they pay attention to the poor of this country, when they have so many thousands of infinitely poorer persons in their own? Will they reward their seditious adherents amongst us? Yes, they will reward them, as all history informs us such traitors ever have been rewarded--they will reward them with contempt, pillage, beggary, slavery, and death. The nation will be ruined by exorbitant impositions,--our naval power will be destroyed,--our commerce transferred to France,--our lands will be divided (not amongst those who wickedly covet their neighbour's goods), but amongst French soldiers, who will be every where stationed, as the Roman soldiers were of old, to awe the people, and collect the taxes, the flower of our youth will be compelled to serve in foreign countries, to promote the wicked projects of French ambition,--Great Britain will be made an appendage to continental despotism.

"I would say to the most violent democrat in the kingdom,--suppose the business done; after seas of blood have been shed, millions of lives lost, towns plundered, villages burned, the Royal family exterminated, and unuttera-

ble calamity had been endured by persons of all ranks; after all this has been done, what advantages will you have obtained beyond what you now possess? Will your property be better protected? Will your personal liberty be more respected? Will our code of jurisprudence be improved? Will our laws be more impartially administered? Quite the contrary of all this now takes place in France. I do not say that when things are settled there, the present wretched condition of its inhabitants will be continued, and I hope it will not; but I am sincerely of opinion that few of us will live to see such a system established in France, as will procure to its inhabitants half the blessings which our ancestors have enjoyed, which we do enjoy, and which it is our interest to take care that our posterity shall enjoy, under the constitution of Great Britain."—*Dr. Watson.*

JERUSALEM

Is so celebrated a city in Sacred History, that a recent description of it will be accceptable. The author visited the spot in 1797, and his account is worthy attention.

"I must confess the aspect of Jerusalem did not gratify my expectation. On ascending an hill, distant about three miles, this celebrated city rose to view, seated on an eminence, but surrounded by others of a greater height, and its walls, which remain tolerably perfect, form the chief object in the approach. They are constructed of a reddish stone. As the day was extremely cold, and snow began to fall, the prospect was not so interesting as it might have proved at a more favourable season.

"Mendicants perfectly swarm in the place, allured by the hope of alms from the piety of the pilgrims. The religious of the *Terra Santa* retain great power; and there is one manufacture that flourishes in the utmost vigour, namely, that of reliques, crucifixes inlaid with mother-of-pearl, chaplets, and the like. Yet the church of the Holy Sepulchre is so much neglected, that the snow fell into the middle; the beams, said to be cedar, are falling, and the whole roof is in a ruinous state. The Armenian Convent is elegant, and so extensive, as to present accommodation for no less than a thousand pilgrims.

"During twelve or thirteen days, a very deep snow lay upon the ground. The Catholic convent has a large subterraneous cistern, into which the snow melting from the roof, and other parts, is conveyed, and supplies the monks with water for a great portion of the year.

"The best view of Jerusalem is from the Mount of Olives, on the east of the city. In front is the chief mosque, which contains, according to the tradition of the Mahomedans, the body of Solomon. From the same Mount may be discovered, in a clear day, the Dead Sea, nearly south-east, reflecting a whitish gleam. The intervening region appears very rocky.

"The Tombs of the Kings, so denominated, are worthy of remark, being of Grecian sculpture, and on a hard rock. There are several ornaments on the sarcophagi, of foliage and flowers, and each apartment is secured with a massive pannelled door of stone. Great ravages have been made here in search of treasure. These tombs have, probably, been constructed

in the time of Herod and his successors, kings of Judea.

"We may safely estimate the present, population of Jerusalem, at from eighteen to twenty thousand. It is governed by an Aga, appointed by the Pasha of Damascus; but he is allowed so few troops, that all Palestine may be regarded as in the power of the Arabs. The Christian women, who abound in Jerusalem, wear white veils as a distinction from the Mahomedan, who wear other colours. Arabic is the general language, except among the Armenians and Greeks.—*Brown.*

DUTIES OF SCHOOL BOYS

OUGHT to be enumerated; brought forward and pressed on the youthful attention; they are thus clearly stated, and happily described.

"QUINTILIAN includes almost all the duty of scholars in this one piece of advice, which he gives them: To love those who teach them as they love the sciences which they learn of their instructors; and to look upon their teachers as fathers, from whom they derive not the life of the body, but that instruction which is in a manner the life of the soul. If they possess this sentiment of affection and respect, it suffices to make them apt to learn during the time of their studies, and full of gratitude all the rest of their lives.

"Docility, which consists in submitting to the directions given them, in readily receiving the instructions of their masters, and in reducing them to practice, is properly the virtue of scholars, as that of masters is to teach well. The one can do nothing without the other: and

as it is not sufficient for a labourer to sow the seed, unless the earth, after having opened her bosom to receive it, encourage its growth by warmth and moisture; so the whole fruit of instruction depends upon a good correspondence between the master and the scholar.

"Gratitude for those who have laboured in our education is the characteristic of an honest man, and the tribute of a good heart. Who is there among us, says Cicero, that has been instructed with any care, that is not highly delighted with the sight, or even the bare remembrance of his preceptors, masters, and the place where he was taught and brought up? Seneca exhorts young men to preserve always a great respect for their masters; to whose care they are indebted for the amendment of their faults, and for having imbibed sentiments of honour and probity.

"The exactness and severity of our teachers may displease sometimes at an age when we are not in a condition to judge of the obligations we owe them; but when years have ripened our understanding and judgment, we discern that their admonitions, and a severe exactness in restraining the passions of an imprudent and inconsiderate age, are the very things which should make us esteem and love them. Thus Marcus Aurelius, one of the wisest and illustrious emperors that Rome ever had, thanked heaven for two things especially—for his having had excellent tutors himself, and that he had found the like for his children.

The duties of schoolboys consist in docility and obedience; the respect for their masters, zeal for study, and a thirst after the sciences, joined to an abhorrence of vice and irregularity, together with a sincere and fervent de-

sire of pleasing God, and referring all their actions to Him.—*Rollin.*

SINGULAR SUPERSTITION.

WHEN we give up the exercise of reason in matters of religion; we must not wonder at the absurd consequences with which such a measure is attended; our faith and practice become in such a case ridiculous beyond expression.

"I CANNOT refrain from mentioning an instance of what appeared to me one of the most debasing acts of superstition I had ever witnessed. One morning in a church in the great square, I noticed a well-dressed man come in, and who crossed himself with more than usual devotion. Soon afterwards he threw himself down on his knees before a crucifix and actually licked the pavement with his tongue! After he had done this some time in one direction he repeated it cross ways, and having thus licked the *shape of a crucifix* rudely upon the pavement, he rose, well assured that he had done a most meritorious action. I cannot express my feelings of mingled disgust and pity at the sight of this abject wretch, who thus thought to honour God by debasing his image! my first emotions were to spurn him as he lay, and in order to check these emotions I was obliged hastily to quit a temple where the bigotry of the votaries was so sadly in unison with the mummeries of the priest."—*Semple.*

THE JEWS

ARE a most singular people; they have been justly considered as a standing miracle; and

therefore an irrefragable proof of the divinity of that religion which has for its object the salvation of mankind.

"THE Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Macedonians, the Romans, who successively oppressed, subdued, or enslaved *the Jews* have long since closed their career of greatness and *have no more a name among the nations.* These mighty empires which rose on the ruins of one another have vanished from the earth like the scenes of theatrical pomp on the visions of a morning dream! The descendants of the individuals which composed them are lost, and blended among the common mass of mankind. But *the Jews*, though they have been dispersed among all nations, have never been confounded with any. Notwithstanding the destruction of Jerusalem, and their extermination from Judea, they still preserve their ancient character, their national peculiarities, and are a distinct race among men. They have remained unmixed with all the people among whom they have been scattered; they can trace their pedigree to the remotest antiquity and their descent from the blood of the Patriarchs. Of the truth and divinity of that religion which was revealed to their father, *they* in their present calamitous and dispersed situation, are witnesses to all the world!"

Dr. Rutherford.

IMAGINATION

OFTEN greatly deceives us; its operation respecting *the dead* is singular, but the following illustration of this subject is entitled to attention.

"THE melancholy appearance of a *lifeless body*—the mansion provided for it to inhabit dark, cold, close and solitary, are shocking to *the imagination*, but it is to the imagination only—not to the understanding, for whoever consults this last faculty will see at once that there is nothing dismal in all these circumstances. If the corpse were kept wrapt up in a warm bed, with a large fire in the room, it would feel no comfortable warmth from thence—were store of tapers lighted up as soon as the day shuts in, it would not be gratified at the sight—were it left at large it would have no liberty nor though surrounded by company would it be cheered. Neither are the distorted ghastly features expressions of pain, uneasiness or distress. This every one knows and will readily acknowledge, yet still cannot behold nor even cast a thought upon those objects without shuddering; for knowing that a *living person* must suffer grievously under those circumstances they become habitually formidable to the mind, and strike a mechanical horror which is increased by the customs of the world around us!"

Abraham Tucker.

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING

WAS pregnant with the first of blessings to mankind; it diffuses knowledge civil and religious to the ends of the earth with a *telegraphic* rapidity.

"WHILST the munificence of the rich, and the industry of the learned, were thus employed throughout Italy in preserving the remains of ancient authors, some obscure individuals, in a corner of Germany, had conceived, and

were silently bringing to perfection, an invention which, by means equally effectual and unexpected, secured to the world the result of their labours. This was the *Art of Printing* with *moveable types;* a discovery of which the beneficial effects have been increasing to the present day, and are yet advancing with accelerated progress. The coincidence of this discovery, with the spirit of the times in which it had birth, was highly fortunate. Had it been made known at a much earlier period, it would have been disregarded or forgotten, from the mere want of materials on which to exercise it; and had it been further postponed, it is probable that, notwithstanding the generosity of the rich, and the diligence of the learned, many works would have been totally lost, which are now justly regarded as the noblest monuments of the human intellect.—*Roscoe.*

VIRTUOUS LOVE

Is of that refined and delicate nature that it raises, multiplies, and extends all the comforts of life; its fascinating influence is better conceived than described. She may be supposed thus to address the human race.

"YE children of men! Ye abound in the gifts of Providence, and many are the favours heaven has bestowed upon you. The earth teems with bounty, pouring forth the necessaries of life, and the refinements of luxury. The sea refreshes you with its breezes, and carries you to distant shores upon its bosom; it links nation to nation in the bonds of mutual advantage, and transfers to every climate the blessings of all. To the sun you are indebted for the

splendor of the day, and the grateful return of season; it is he who guides you as you wander through the trackless wilderness of space, lights up the beauties of nature around you, and makes her break forth into fruitfulness and joy. But know that these, though delightful, are not the pleasures of the heart. They will not heal the wounds of fortune, they will not enchant solitude, or suspend the feeling of pain. Know, that I only am mistress of the soul. To me it belongs to impart agony and rapture. Hope and despair, terror and delight, walk in my my train. My power extends over time itself, as well as over all sublunary beings. It can turn ages into moments, and moments into ages. Lament not the dispensations of Providence, amongst which the bestowment of my influence is one. He who feels it may not be happy, but he who is a stranger to it must be miserable!"—*Hall.*

THE CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE

IN the year 1453, proved the means of diffusing literature throughout Europe; it threw open all the treasures of antiquity.

"NEARLY the same period of time that gave the world the important discovery of printing, saw the destruction of the Roman empire in the east. In the year 1453, the city of Constantinople was captured by the Turks, under the command of Mahomet II. after a vigorous defence of fifty-three days. The encouragement which had been shewn to the Greek professors at Florence, and the character of Cosmo de Medici as a promoter of letters, induced many learned Greeks to seek a shelter in that city,

where they met with a welcome and honourable reception. Amongst these were Demetrius Chalcondyles, Johannes Andronicus Calistus, Constantius, and Johannes Lascaris, in whom the Platonic philosophy obtained fresh partizans, and by whose support it began openly to oppose itself to that of Aristotle. Between the Greek and Italian professors a spirit of emulation was kindled that operated most favourably on the cause of letters. Public schools were instituted at Florence for the study of the Greek tongue. The facility of diffusing their labours by means of the newly-discovered art of printing, stimulated the learned to fresh exertions; and in a few years the cities of Italy vied with each other in the number and elegance of works produced from the press."—*Roscoe.*

REMARKABLE DREAM.

THOUGH little or no attention ought to be paid to *Dreams*, yet the following dream of the late truly excellent Dr. Doddridge, is altogether so very singular that the Editor of this little volume, has been induced to give it room in his Selection. It is said to have been related by the Rev. S. Clark, son of Dr. Clark, of St. Albans, who was the Doctor's particular patron and friend. The pious reader will excuse its length and be gratified with its insertion.

"DR. DODDRIDGE and my father had been conversing together one evening on the nature of the separate state, and on the probability that the scenes upon which the soul would first enter, after its leaving the body, would bear a near resemblance to those it had been conversant with while on earth, that it

might, by degrees, be prepared for the more sublime happiness of the heavenly world; this, and other conversation of the same kind, probably occasioned the following dream:—

"The Doctor imagined himself dangerously ill at a friend's house in London: after lying in this state for some time, he thought his soul left his body, and took its flight in some kind of fine vehicle, which, though different from the body he had just quitted, was still material. He pursued his course till he was at some distance from the city, when turning back and reviewing the town, he could not forbear saying to himself, how trifling and how vain do these affairs, in which the inhabitants of this place are so eagerly employed, appear to me, a separate spirit! At length, as he was continuing his progress, and though without any certain director, yet easy and happy in the thought of the universal providence and government of God, which extend alike to all states and worlds: he was met by one who told him he was sent to conduct him to the place appointed for his abode; from whence he concluded that it could be no other than an angel, though he appeared in the form of an elderly man. They went accordingly together, till they were come within sight of a spacious building, which had the air of a palace: upon enquiring what it was, his guide informed him it was the place assigned for his residence at present; upon which the Doctor observed, that he remembered to have read, while on earth, 'that the eye had not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart conceived, what God had prepared for them that love him:' whereas he could easily have conceived an idea of such a building, from others he had seen, though he

acknowledged they were greatly inferior to this in elegance. The answer his guide made him was plainly suggested by the conversation of the evening; it was, that the scenes first presented to him were contrived on purpose to bear a near resemblance to those he had been accustomed to while on earth, that his mind might be more easily and gradually prepared for those glories that would open upon him hereafter, and which would at first have quite dazzled and overpowered him.

"By this time they were come up to the mansion, and his guide led him through a kind of saloon into an inner parlour: here, the first thing that struck him was a large golden cup, which stood upon a table, and on which were embossed the figure of a vine and clusters of grapes: he asked his guide the meaning of this, who told him it was the cup in which his Saviour drank new wine with his disciples, in his kingdom; and that the figures carved thereon were intended to signify the union between Christ and his people; implying, that as the grapes derive all their beauty and flavour from the vine, so the saints, even in a state of glory, were indebted for their establishment and happiness to their union with their head, in whom they are all complete.

"While they were thus conversing, he heard a tap at the door, and was informed by the angel it was the signal of his Lord's approach, and was intended to prepare him for the interview: accordingly, in a short time, he thought our Saviour entered the room, and upon his casting himself at his feet, he graciously raised him up, and with a smile of inexpressible complacency assured him of his favour, and his kind acceptance of his faithful services; and as a token of

his peculiar regard, and the intimate friendship with which he intended to honour him, he took the cup, and after drinking of it himself, gave it into his hands; the Doctor would have declined at first, as too great an honour, but his Lord replied as to Peter, (in relation to washing his feet) 'If thou drink not with me, thou hast no part in me.' This scene he observed, filled him with a transport of gratitude, love, and admiration, that he was ready to sink under it. His master seemed sensible of it, and told him he must leave him for the present, but it would not be long before he repeated his visit, and in the mean time he would find enough to employ his thoughts in reflecting on what passed, and in contemplating the objects around him.

"As soon as his Lord was retired, and his mind a little composed, he observed the room was hung round with pictures, and upon examining them more attentively, he discovered, to his great surprise, that they contained the history of his own life: the most remarkable scenes he had passed through being thus represented in a very lively manner. It may easily be imagined how much this would strike and affect his mind. The many temptations and trials he had been exposed to, and the instances of the Divine Goodness to him in the different periods of life, which were by this means all presented at once to his view, excited the strongest emotions of gratitude, especially when he reflected that he was now out of the reach of any future distress, and that all the purposes of Divine love and mercy towards him, were at length so happily accomplished.

"The extacy of joy and thankfulness into

which these reflections threw him was so great that he awoke; but for some considerable time after he arose, the impression continued so lively, that tears of joy flowed down his cheeks, and he said, that he never on any occasion remembers to have felt equally strong the sentiments of devotion, love, and gratitude!"

THE UPAS TREE

HAS been described very particularly by Dr. Darwin, though some have been disposed to question the reality of its existence. The description however of its poisonous effects is curious and interesting, especially to the youthful mind.

"A DESCRIPTION of a tree in the island of Java, called the *Upas, or Poison Tree,* is given to the public by a surgeon belonging to the Dutch East-India Company, of the name of Foersch, who was stationed at Batavia, in the year 1774. Surprising as these accounts may be, they are accompanied with so many public facts, and names of persons and places, that it is somewhat difficult to conceive them fabulous.

"The *Upas* grows about seven leagues from Batavia, in a plain surrounded by rocky mountains, the whole of which plain, containing a circle of ten or twelve miles round the tree, is totally barren. Nothing that breathes or vegetates can live within its influence. The bird that flies over it drops down dead. The beast that wanders into it expires. The whole dreadful area is covered with sand, over which lie scattered loose flints and whitened bones.

"This tree may be called the Emperor's great military magazine. In a solution of the poisonous gum which exudes from it, his arrows and offensive weapons are dipped: the procuring, therefore of this poisonous gum, is a matter of as much attention as of difficulty. Criminals are only employed in this dreadful service. Of these several every year are sent with a promise of pardon and reward if they procure it. Hooded in leathern cases, with eyelet holes, and secured as much as possible from the full effluvia of the air they are to breathe; they undertake this melancholy journey, travelling always with the wind. About one in ten escapes, and brings away a little box of this direful commodity!"

GRATEFUL POVERTY

Is exemplified in a singular and striking manner on some occasions; the subsequent pleasing detail of what took place on the Continent will evince.

"WHY should I not mention even the marks of affectionate regard and respect which I received from the poor people for whose happiness I interested myself, and the testimonies of the public esteem with which I was honoured? Will it be reckoned vanity, if I mention the concern which the poor of Munich expressed in so affecting a manner when I was dangerously ill? that they went publicly in a body in procession to the cathedral church, where they had divine service performed, and put up public prayers for my recovery? that four years afterwards, on hearing that I was again dangerously ill at Naples, they, of their own accord, set

apart an hour each evening, after they had finished their work in the Military Workhouse, to pray for me?

"Will it be thought improper to mention the affecting reception I met with from them, at my first visit to the Military Workhouse upon my return to Munich last summer, after an absence of fifteen months; a scene which drew tears from all who were present? and must I refuse myself the satisfaction of describing the fête I gave them in return, in the English garden, at which 1800 poor people of all ages, and above 30,000 of the inhabitants of Munich assisted? and all this pleasure I must forego, merely that I may not be thought vain and ostentatious? Be it so then; but I would just beg leave to call the reader's attention to my feelings upon the occasion; and then let him ask himself, if an earthly reward can possibly be supposed greater—any enjoyments more complete than those I received. Let him figure to himself, if he can, my situation, sick in bed, worn out by intense application, and dying, as every body thought, a martyr in the cause to which I had devoted myself; let him imagine, I say, my feelings, upon hearing the confused noise of the prayers of a multitude of people, who were passing by in the streets, upon being told, that it was the poor of Munich, many hundreds in number, who were going in procession to the church to put up public prayers for me:—public prayers for me!—for a private person—a stranger!—a protestant!—I believe it is the first instance of the kind that ever happened; and I dare venture to affirm that no proof could well be stronger than this, that the measures adopted for making these poor people happy, were really successful; and let it be remem-

tered, that this fact is what I am most anxious to make appear in the clearest and most satisfactory manner!"—Count Rumford.

THE CHRISTIAN SYSTEM

Is in itself the most beautiful thing in the world; being a transcript of the perfections and government of the Supreme Being; let us never corrupt its simplicity, or sully its divine glory; it is *peace on earth, and good will to mankind.*

"THE absurd and inconsistent representations which have frequently been given of the Christian System, by its mistaken friends, appear to have done it more real disservice than all the writings of the deists. The opposition of the deists, has in some respects been very serviceable to Christianity; it has occasioned the evidences of its divine origin to be more diligently inquired into, and more clearly pointed out. And it has shewn, that the gospel is superior to all the attacks of its keenest adversaries. But the absurd notions which have been propagated of the Christian religion, by many of its professors, have prevented it from having its proper effect upon many of those who did profess a belief in it; and have been a great means of adding strength to the attacks of its adversaries. For, indeed, many of the arguments of the deistical writers are levelled, not so much against Christianity itself, as against some mistaken representations of it; but which they, as it best answered their purpose, thought proper to regard as the real doctrines of Christianity.

"The religion of Jesus, when it is impartially

examined, and distinguished from those absurd additions with which men have frequently obscured and disfigured it, must excite the approbation and the reverence of every man. Were it always represented in its genuine, its native beauty, religion could never be made the subject of raillery and ridicule. The Christian revelation exhibits the deity in the most endearing and engaging characters; as the God of love, and the Father and Friend of the whole human race. It teaches a piety and devotion, not confined either to time or place, nor composed of superstitious and external rites and ceremonies; but pure, spiritual, and rational. It enforces the utmost purity of heart, and the greatest simplicity, integrity, and rectitude of manners. And it inculcates a benevolence not confined either to sects, or parties, or countries; but of the most diffusive and disinterested kind. In short it is the design of Christianity to promote whatsoever is really noble, excellent, amiable, and praise-worthy; whatsoever can refine, perfect, ennoble, and dignify humanity.

"The professors of Christianity should be extremely careful not to corrupt the simplicity of the gospel by human additions. It should ever be remembered, that all those who contribute any thing towards rendering its excellency and its reasonableness less apparent, do in fact, however different may be their intentions, strengthen the cause of deism, and sharpen the arrows of infidelity!"—*Dr. Towers.*

CHARACTER OF DR. ROBERTSON

DRAWN by an intimate friend, will be perused with interest; his *historic fame* is spread

far and wide, and he was an ornament to the republic of letters.

"THOUGH Dr. Robertson, from his earliest to his latest years, devoted much time to thinking, to reading, and to composing; yet, this did not sour his temper, blunt his relish of social and domestic comforts, or unfit him for the common duties of life. To his family and friends, he was the delight of their cheerful hours, and the soother and comforter of their sorrows. They gratefully remember what they once enjoyed in him, and deeply lament what they have lost. His learning had no tincture of pedantry. Far from affecting to know what he was ignorant of, or vainly aspiring after universal learning, he confined his studies to branches of science, for which his genius best qualified him, or which his station and office in life rendered necessary. He enjoyed the bounties of Providence without running into riot; was temperate without austerity; cheerful, without levity; condescending and affable, without meanness; and, in expence, neither sordid nor prodigal. He could feel an injury or affront, and yet bridle his passion; was grave, not sullen; steady, not obstinate; friendly, not officious; prudent and cautious, not timid. He bore the severe and tedious distress which issued in his death, with remarkable patience serenity, and with expressions of gratitude to God, for the many comforts with which, for a long series of years, he had been blessed. Among these, he mentioned to me, with peculiar emotion, the tender affection of his wife and children; their kind and sympathizing attention in his hours of languishing and pain; their

respectable characters in life, and the comfortable situation in which he left them. In one of his last conversations with me, he expressed his joy in reflecting, that his life on earth had not been altogether in vain; and his hopes, that, through the merits of Jesus, the God who had so signally prospered him in this world, would, in another, and better world, be his portion and happiness!"—*Dr. Erskine.*

THE CANTERBURY TALES

WERE written by *Chaucer*, the Father of English Poetry; they are highly esteemed, and have of late attracted much of the public attention. Dryden's character of them is interesting and impressive.

"CHAUCER must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his Canterbury Tales, the various manners and humour, as we now call them, of the whole English nation in his eye. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other, and not only in their inclinations, but in their physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity, their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their

breeding; such as are becoming of them and of them only. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different, the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other as much as the mincing Lady Prioress, and the broad speaking gap-tooth'd Wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. It is sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that *here* is *God's plenty*. We have our forefathers and great grand dames all before us as they were in Chaucer's days; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England; though they are called by other names than those of monks and friars, of canons and lady abbesses and nuns, for mankind is ever the same, and nothing is lost out of nature though every thing is altered."

MUMBO JUMBO

EXHIBITS such a specimen of the savage manners of the African, that the European, especially *the European Fair One*, will feel grateful for the blessings of civilization.

MR. PARK tells us, in his Travels through Africa, that he saw, near one of their villages, "a sort of masquerade habit hanging upon a tree, made of the bark of trees, which he was told belonged to *Mumbo Jumbo*. This is a strange bug-bear, common in all the Mandingo towns, and employed by the Pagan natives in keeping the women *in subjection*; for as they are not restricted in the number of their wives, every one marries as many as he can conveni-

gently maintain; and it often happens that the ladies disagree among themselves: family quarrels sometimes arrive at such a height, that the voice of the husband is disregarded in the tumult. Then the interposition of *Mumbo Jumbo* is invoked, and is always decisive. This strange minister of justice, this sovereign arbiter of domestic strife, disguised in his masquerade attire, and armed with a rod of public authority, announces his coming by loud and dismal screams in the adjacent woods. He begins as soon as it is dark, to enter the town, and proceeds to a place where all the inhabitants are assembled to meet him. The appearance of *Mumbo Jumbo*, it may be supposed, is unpleasing to the African ladies, but they do not refuse to appear when summoned; and the ceremony commences with dancing and singing, which continues till midnight, when *Mumbo* seizes on the offender. The unfortunate victim being stripped, is tied to a post and severely scourged with *Mumbo's* rod, amidst the shouts and derision of the whole assembly; and it is remarkable, that the rest of the women are very clamorous and outrageous in their abuse of their unfortunate sister, until day-light puts an end to this disgusting revelry."

RUSSIA

Is a rising Empire, spread over an immense territory, and emulating the other nations of Europe in every thing that can dignify and adorn mankind.

"RUSSIA, an empire but little known or regarded in the last century, at the opening of the present made her appearance all at once

among the states of Europe; and, after a short trial of her powers, became the umpire and arbitress of the North. The whole system of Europe took another form; the arctic eagle extended her influence to the regions of the Adriatic and the banks of the Tagus, while the lightning of her eye struck terror into the recesses of mount Caucasus and made the Hellespont tremble. The arts of Europe were transplanted and bloomed both on the shores of the Neva and those of the Irtysh; a new world was opened to commerce, and the sciences, the manners, the luxury, the virtues, and the vices, of western Europe, have found their way into the deserts of oriental Asia, and to the inhospitable coasts of the Frozen Ocean. The æra of these remarkable phenomena was the commencement of the eighteenth century."

William Tooke.

THE CURIOUS SIGHT AT PALERMO

MUST strike the feeling mind with strange sensations; indeed it is a spectacle of a very singular kind.

"AMONG the remarkable objects in the vicinity of Palermo pointed out to strangers, they fail not to singularize *a convent of Capuchins*, at a small distance from the town, the beautiful gardens of which serve as a public walk. You are shewn under the fabrick a vault, divided into four great galleries, into which the light is admitted by windows cut out at the top of each extremity. In this vault are preserved, not in flesh, but in skin and bone, *all the Capuchins* who have died in the convent since its foundation, as well as the bodies of several

persons from the city. There are here private tombs belonging to opulent families, who even after death disdain to be confounded with the vulgar part of mankind. It is said, that in order to secure the preservation of those bodies, they are prepared by being gradually dried before a slow fire, so as to consume the flesh without greatly injuring the skin. When perfectly dry, they are invested with the Capuchin habit, and placed upright on tablets, disposed step above step along the sides of the vault, the *head*, the *arms*, and the *feet* are left naked. A preservation like this is horrid. The skin discoloured, dry, and as if it had been tanned, nay torn in some places, is glewed close to the bone. It is easy to imagine, from the different grimaces of this numerous assemblage of fleshless figures, rendered still more frightful by a long beard on the chin, what a hideous spectacle this must exhibit; and whoever has seen a Capuchin alive, may form an idea of this singular *repository* of *dead friars!*"

Sonnini.

POMPEY's PILLAR

Is so curious a piece of Egyptian antiquity that the following anecdote will contribute to amusement.

"As the public attention has been once more directed to this valuable monument of antiquity, in consequence of recent events in Egypt; the following account of a ludicrous adventure of some English captains, in 1733, by Eyles Irwin, Esq. may not prove unacceptable.

"These jolly sons of Neptune had been pushing the can on board one of the ships in the

harbour, until a freak entered into one of their brains. The eccentricity of the thought occasioned it immediately to be carried into execution. The boat was ordered, and, with proper implements for the attempt, these enterprising heroes pushed on shore, to drink a *bowl of punch* on the top of *Pompey's pillar!* At the spot they arrived, and many contrivances were proposed to accomplish the desired point. But their labour was in vain; and they began to despair of success, when the genius who had struck out the frolic happily suggested the means of performing it. A man was dispatched to the city for a paper kite. The inhabitants were by this time apprized of what was going forward, and flocked in crowds to be witnesses of the address and boldness of the English. The Governor of Alexandria was told that these seamen were about to pull down Pompey's Pillar: but whether he gave them credit for their respect to the Roman warrior, or to the Turkish government, he left them to themselves, and politely answered, that the English were too great patriots to injure the remains of Pompey. He knew little, however, of the disposition of the people who were engaged in this undertaking. Had the Turkish empire rose in opposition, it would not, perhaps at that moment have deterred them. The kite was brought, and flown directly over the pillar, that when it fell on the other side, the string lodged upon the capital. The chief obstacle was now overcome. A two inch rope was tied to one end of the string, and drawn over the pillar by the end to which the kite was affixed. By this rope one of the seamen ascended to the top, and in less than an hour, a kind of shroud was constructed, by which the whole company went up, and drank their punch,

amid the shouts of the astonished multitude.—To the eye below, the capital of the pillar does not appear capable of holding more than one man upon it; but our seamen found it could contain eight persons very conveniently. It is astonishing no accident befel these madcaps in a situation so elevated, that would have turned a landman giddy in his sober senses. The only detriment which the pillar received, was the loss of one of the volutes, which came down with a thundering sound, and was carried to England by one of the captains, as a present to a lady who commissioned him for a piece of the pillar. The discovery which they made, amply compensated for this mischief, as, without their evidence, the world would not have known, at this hour, that there was originally a statue on the pillar, one foot and an ancle of which are still remaining. The statue was probably of Pompey himself, and must have been of a gigantic size, to have appeared of a man's proportion, and at so great an height; being ninety-two feet from the ground!"

THE FOLLY AND WICKEDNESS OF WAR

CANNOT be too much exposed, it is a disgrace to the civilized nations of the earth; the pious mind fondly anticipates the period when so abominable a practice is utterly annihilated.

"WHY should *War* for ever desolate the earth, and render men who are capable of such pure and friendly affections, so hostile to each other? Oh! why should those powers of mind, which, if directed to the cultivation of the arts of peace, would be productive of social delight and social comfort, become the sources of mi

sery and ruin? Wherefore should one nation endeavour, even at the risk of its own tranquillity, and at the certain loss of heaps of its treasure and multitudes of its most valuable lives to invade the boundaries and seize the possessions of another? How long shall this criminal cupidity, this impious thirst of power, this insatiable spirit of grasping at every thing continue? Have the children of men ceased to be mortal, or are their powers of enjoyment so enlarged that nothing short of what will last for ages, and supply the wants of thousands, seems sufficient to satisfy the cravings of each individual? Infatuated, short-sighted men! when will your guilty folly subside.—What calamities must ye endure ere the voice of reason can be heard—and those arms, which are died in mutual blood, be wrested out of your hands. How long will it be before your minds will be so enlightened by the pure and benevolent precepts of Christian philanthropy, that it will not be in the power of a few crafty, ambitious, unjust, self-interested, and sanguinary men, to drag you to mutual destruction! How long must two ingenious and gallant nations whose union would be productive of such incalculable benefit, and whose example might charm the world to peace, be separated from each other! In the hearts and wishes of the inhabitants of each they are friends already—O, why must the pride, the hatred, the profligacy of a few individuals force them to be enemies? Sacred liberty—thou art the birthright and the blessing of every human being—but when have thy banners been unspotted with blood—where have thy triumphs been wholly uncontaminated with injustice and oppression? And must it for ever

be thus? Surely not. Father of the Universe! Is there not a season coming, in which the mists of sensuality and selfishness shall be dissipated; in which the human mind, free from the tyranny of its unjust and ignoble passions, shall assert its divine origin, and delight in spreading all around it the empire of righteousness and love. Then dear, sacred, venerated liberty! thy triumph shall be complete---it will be the triumph of intellect and philanthropy---it will be dishonoured by no deed of injustice---it will be dimmed by no tear of distress---it will be wounded by no chain of oppression. Mind and body will be equally emancipated. The palm of religion and the olive of peace will be twined for ever around the lance of true freedom!"—*Butcher.*

TRADE

Is so seduously cultivated by our active and industrious countrymen, that nothing has contributed more to our wealth and prosperity. The subsequent advice however is well worth the attention of the mercantile world.

"TRADE is a fluctuating thing: it passed from Tyre to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Venice, from Venice to Antwerp, from Antwerp to Amsterdam and London—the English rivalling the Dutch, as the French are now rivalling both. All nations almost are wisely applying themselves to trade; and it behoves those who are in the possession of it to take care that they do not lose it. It is a plant of tender growth, and requires sun, and soil, and fine seasons to make it thrive and flourish; it will not grow like the palm tree, which with the

weight and pressure, rises the more. Liberty is a friend to that, as that is to liberty: but nothing will support it more and promote it more than virtue, and what virtue teacheth—sobriety, industry, frugality, modesty, honesty, punctuality, humanity, charity, the love of our country, and the fear of God!"

Bishop Newton.

THE ART OF PRINTING

PRODUCED a singular effect on the mind of some persons at its first appearance; the following anecdote is a curious illustration of it.

"THE first *printed* book on record is the *Book of Psalms*, by Faust and Schœffer, his son in-law, which was published on the 14th of August, 1457. Several works were printed many years before but as the inventors wished to keep the secret to themselves, they sold their first printed works as manuscripts.—This gave rise to an adventure that brought calamity on Faust; he began in 1450, an edition of the Bible, which was finished in 1460. He carried several printed copies of it to Paris, and offering them to sale as manuscripts, he had the misfortune to be thrown into prison on suspicion that he dealt with the *Devil*—for the French could not otherwise conceive how *so many books* should *so exactly agree* in every *letter* and *point* unless the *Devil* had lent him assistance! Faust, in order to prove that he was not connected with the infernal powers, and to obtain his liberty, was obliged to disclose his secret, and inform the ministers *how* the work had been done! It is upon this adventure that are founded the many ludicrous dialogues which Faust

(under the name of *Dr. Firestus*) holds with the *Devil*, in our travelling puppet shows!"

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG

Is an active, faithful and friendly animal, he is entitled to our notice and attention.

"THESE dogs were originally brought from the country of which they bear the name, where their great strength and docility render them extremely useful to the settlers, who employ them in bringing down wood on sledges, from the interior parts of the country to the sea-coast. They possess great strength, and are able to draw very considerable weights: four of them yoked to a sledge will trail three hundred weight of wood, with apparent ease, for several miles. Their docility is as material to their owner as their strength, for they frequently perform these services without a driver, and having been relieved of their load at the proper place, return in the same order to the woods from whence they were dispatched, where their labours are commonly rewarded with a meal of dried fish.

"They are web-footed, and can swim extremely fast, and with great ease.

"Their extraordinary sagacity and attachment to their masters, render them, in particular situations highly valuable.

"During a severe storm, in the winter of 178-, a ship, belonging to Newcastle, was lost near Yarmouth, and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to shore, bringing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. He landed amidst a number of people, several of whom in vain attempted to take it from him. The sagacious

animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge (which, in all probability, was delivered to him by his perishing master), at length leapt fawningly against the breast of a man who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him. The dog immediately returned to the place where he had landed, and watched with great attention for all the things that came from the wrecked vessel, seizing them, and endeavouring to bring them to land."—*Bingley.*

HISTORY

HAS so many charms that we may well dwell on its merits; they are thus pleasingly delineated.

"THE historic page, that faithful and true witnesses, has been unfolded, ages and generations elapsed and gone have been made to pass in review, and the lessons of religion and virtue have been forcibly inculcated by a fair and impartial disclosure of the effects which the observance or neglect of them have produced on the affairs of men. And the pencil of History has enriched the canvas, not only with men in groupes, but selecting distinguished individuals, delineating them in their just proportions, and enlivening them with the colours of nature, has exhibited a collection of striking portraits for our entertainment and instruction. In contemplating these we seem to expatiate in a vast gallery of family pictures, and take delight in observing and comparing the various features of the extensive kindred as they resemble or differ from one another, and through the physiognomy piercing into the heart, we find them,

though dead, yet speaking and pleasing companions."—*Dr. Henry Hunter.*

THE PERSON AND MANNERS OF COWPER.

ARE proper subjects of curiosity, since we are so highly amused and instructed by his writings.

"THE person and mind of Cowper seem to have been formed with equal kindness by nature, and it may be questioned if she ever bestowed on any man with a fonder prodigality all the requisites to conciliate affection and to inspire respect.

"From his figure as it first appeared to me in his sixty-second year, I should imagine that he must have been comely in his youth; and little had time injured his countenance, since his features expressed at that period of life all the powers of his mind and all the sensibility of his heart.

"He was of a middle stature, rather strong than delicate in the form of his limbs; the colour of his hair was a light brown, that of his eyes a blueish grey, and his complexion ruddy. In his dress he was neat, but not finical; in his diet temperate, and not dainty.

"He had an air of pensive reserve in his deportment, and his extreme shyness produced in his manners an indescribable mixture of awkwardness and dignity; but no being could be more truly graceful, when he was in perfect health, and perfectly pleased with his society."—*Hayley.*

THE ORIGIN OF ALL THINGS

Is wonderful, and surpasses our limited conceptions; we still turn our enquiries towards it, though it is impossible to obtain full satisfaction.

"The *Mind*, with all its powers, loses itself in surveying the works and ways of God. I have a dark indistinct recollection of my first emersion into thought. I can remember some of the impressions made, of the sorrows and joys felt when I was a little child. Soon after I began to exist, I began to perceive that I did exist, but for the knowledge of all that preceded, I stand indebted to a father's intelligence, to a mother's tenderness: they are to me the beginning of days and the oracles of truth; their own pittance of illumination flowed in the same channel. But there must have been a point when thought began—there must have been an intelligence which could communicate the power of comprehension—there must have been a spirit which could breathe into man's nostrils the breath of life—there *must* have been a Being without a beginning to make a beginning!"—*Dr. Henry Hunter.*

THE FRENCHMAN AND ENGLISHMAN

ARE essentially different in disposition and manners—they are a perfect contrast to each other; we may judge from the following portraits.

"THE Frenchman is as free in a company he never saw before, as if he had seen them

every day of his life; but an Englishman, on the contrary, will run into a corner, twist his thumbs, and if you can get 'yes' and 'no' from him, without stuttering, after he has been there for twelve hours in your company, you may think yourself very well off. I believe that the perpetual gaiety of our neighbours arises from the freedom with which they discourse with one another, and from their running, when they see a croud, and pulling out a snuff box, beginning, without farther ceremony, to chat with every one present about what's passing; by this means they soon forget any little calamity that may afflict them. But if an Englishman labour under any, he will speak to nobody; but hastening into solitude, mope and drive himself into such a state of melancholy as nothing but hanging can cure. The taciturnity of an Englishman admits a contradiction in one sense. He is the most perfect living thermometer and barometer in the universe: if all his friends had lost their sense of feeling and seeing, they would know as well from him, every time they met him, whether the weather was hot or cold, wet or dry, as if they had the liveliest use of both."

ST. PAUL's DOME

MUST yield a most delightful prospect of the first City in the world, and of the villages with which it is on every side surrounded.

"I NOW ascended several steps to the great gallery, which runs on the outside of *St. Paul's* great dome, and here I remained nearly *two hours*, as I could hardly, in less time, satisfy

myself with the prospect of the various interesting objects that lay all around me, and which can no where be better seen than from hence.

"Every view and every object I studied attentively, by viewing them again and again on every side, for I was anxious to make a lasting impression of it on my imagination. Below me lay steeples, houses, and palaces, in countless numbers; the squares, with their grass plots in the middle, that lay agreeably dispersed intermixed with all the huge clusters of buildings, forming meanwhile a pleasing contrast and a relief to the jaded eye.

"At one end rose the Tower, itself a city, with a wood of masts behind it; and, at the other, Westminster Abbey, with its steeples. There I beheld, clad in smiles, those beautiful green hills that skirt the environs of Paddington and Islington; here, on the opposite bank of the Thames, lay Southwark. The city itself it seems to be impossible for any eye to take in entirely, for, with all my pains, I found it impossible to ascertain either where it ended or where the circumjacent villages began: far as the eye could reach it seemed to be all one continued chain of buildings.

"It is, however, idle and vain to attempt giving you in words any description, however faint and imperfect, of such a prospect as I have just been viewing. He who wishes, at one view, to see a world in miniature, must come to the dome of St. Paul's!"

THE CULTIVATION OF THE MIND

Is an essential duty ; and of such signal advantage, that it lies at the foundation of individual and national respectability.

"GREAT and almost incredible have been the effects of diligence and industry in the cultivation of the mind, even in those persons who have enjoyed the fewest advantages ; of this our own country has afforded several illustrious examples ; many instances have occurred of persons, who, amidst all the disadvantages of poverty, and destitute of the usual means of improvement, have soared to such heights in the regions of literature, as have astonished the world, and will cause their names to be remembered with veneration and delight, as long as a taste for science continues to exist : the labours of these untutored geniuses are so many striking proofs of the powerful effects of patient persevering exertion ; let the indolent and careless consider this circumstance and blush at their own folly !

" If we take a survey of the state of those countries which have not yet experienced the blessings of civilization, upon whom the light of the gospel has not yet dawned, nor science shed her divine influence—dreadful indeed are the scenes which will present themselves to our view ; ignorance and superstition, maintaining an unlimited ascendency over the human mind, and introducing a thousand barbarous customs, at the thoughts of which the feeling mind turns away with horror and disgust ; the little appearance of religion that is to be found amongst them overclouded with

the most shocking absurdities, and its utility destroyed by the most impious and cruel rites. Can we reflect on these circumstances, and not be sensible of the value of those superior means of improvement which we enjoy? How diligent ought we to be in appropriating them to our own advantage, and in rendering them subservient to the best interests of society!"

Maidstone. *A.*

MOUNT VERNON,

WHERE General Washington resided, and where he closed his days, is a most delightful spot. It is thus pleasingly described.

"THE celebrated seat of the late president Washington is pleasantly situated on the Virginian bank of the Potomack, where it is nearly two miles wide, and is about two hundred and eighty miles from the sea. It is nine miles below Alexandria. The area of the mount is two hundred feet above the surface of the river, and after furnishing a lawn of five acres in front, and about the same in the rear of the buildings, falls rather abruptly on those two quarters. On the north end it subsides gradually into extensive pasture grounds, while, on the south, it slopes more steeply in a shorter distance, and terminates with the coach-house, stables, vineyard, and nurseries. On either wing is a thick grove of different flowering forest trees. Parallel with them, on the land side, are two spacious gardens, into which we are led by two serpentine gravel walks, planted with weeping willows and shady shrubs. The mansion-house appears venerable and convenient. The superb banquetting room has been

finished since he returned home from the army. A lofty portico, ninety feet in length, supported by eight pillars, has a pleasing effect when viewed from the water. The whole assemblage of the green-house, school-house, offices, and servant's halls, when seen from the land side, bears a resemblance to a rural village, especially as the lands on that side are laid out somewhat in the form of English gardens, in meadows and grass grounds, ornamented with little copes, circular clumps, and single trees. A small park on the margin of a river, where the English fallow deer and the American wild deer are seen through the thickets alternately with the vessels as they are sailing along, add a romantic and picturesque appearance to the whole scenery. On the opposite side of a small creek, to the northward, an extensive plain, exhibiting corn fields and cattle grazing, affords, in summer, a luxuriant landscape; while the blended verdure of woodlands and cultivated declivities on the Maryland shore, variegates the prospect in a charming manner. Such are the philosophic shades to which the late commander in chief of the American armies retired from the tumultuous scenes of a busy world."

WONDERFUL EFFECT OF MUSIC

WHICH, says the Poet, hath charms "to soothe a savage's breast;" take the following proof of its truth, recorded in the page of history.

"Sultan Amurath, having laid seige to Bagdad, and taken it, ordered 30,000 Persians to be put to death, though they had submitted and laid down their arms. Amongst these an-

fortunate victims was a musician. He besought the officer who had the command to see the sultan's orders executed, to spare him but for a moment, and permit him to speak to the emperor. The officer indulged him, and, being brought before the sultan, he was suffered to give a specimen of his art. He took up a kind of psaltry, which resembles a lyre, and has six strings on each side, and accompanied it with his voice. He sung the taking of Bagdad, and the triumph of Amurath. The pathetic tones and exulting sounds of the instrument, together with the alternate plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, melted even Amurath; he suffered him to proceed, till overpowered with harmony, tears of pity gushed forth, and he revoked his cruel orders. In consideration of the musician's abilities, he not only ordered those of the prisoners who remained alive to be spared, but gave them their liberty. This anecdote is related by Prince Cantimir, in his account of the transactions of the Ottomans.

THE ADVENTUROUS DUTCHMAN

SHEWS the aversion which man has to solitude and desertion; it is in many cases worse than death.

"A Dutch ship returning from the East Indies; one of the seaman was condemned to death, for some capital crime; soon after arriving at St. Helena, at that time *uninhabited*, they changed his punishment, determining to leave him there, and accordingly put him on shore.

"The unhappy man representing to himself the horrors of such a solitude, perhaps in a

greater degree than he need, fell upon the following desperate enterprize: They had that day buried one of the officers. The poor seaman contrived to open the grave, and get the coffin up. He them forced it open and removed the body. He next took the coffin down to the sea, and carefully seating himself in it, ventured out, having made a kind of rudder of the upper board! happily for him there was at that time a very great calm, and the ship lay as it were immoveable within a league and an half of the island. Those on board seeing so odd a kind of boat floating upon the water, were much alarmed, thinking it had been an apparition! but when they could discern who and what it was, they were equally amazed at the unaccountable boldness of the man who had ventured so far in a few boards slightly nailed together, which a small wave would have overset, when he could have no assurance of being received by those who so lately sentenced him to death! It was, however, put to the question, and though some were for having the sentence executed, yet pity and admiration prevailing, they determined to take him on board again. Being once more safe in the ship, he returned to Holland, where he afterwards resided at Hofn, on the Zyder Zee, and related unto many the deliverance which he had so miraculously experienced."

THE RISE OF THE REFORMATION

Is thus traced by a masterly hand; it is certainly the most interesting event in the later periods of ecclesiastical history.

"LEO the X. was not aware, that whilst he

was composing the troubles which the ambition of his neighbours or the misconduct of his predecessors had occasioned, he was exciting a still more formidable adversary, that was destined by a slow, but certain progress, to sap the foundation of the papal power, and to alienate that spiritual allegiance which the christian world had kept inviolate for so many centuries. Under the controul of Leo, the riches that flowed from every part of Europe to Rome, as to the heart of the ecclesiastical system, were again poured out through a thousand channels, till the sources become inadequate to the expenditure. To supply this deficiency, he availed himself of various expedients, which, whilst they effected for a time the intended purpose, roused the attention of the people to the enormities and abuses of the church, and, in some measure, drew aside that sacred veil, which, in shading her from the prying eyes of the vulgar, has always been her safest preservative. The open sale of dispensations and indulgencies for the most enormous and disgraceful crimes, was too flagrant not to attract general notice. Encouraged by the dissatisfaction which was thus excited, a daring reformer arose, and, equally regardless of the threats of secular power and the denunciations of the Roman See, ventured to oppose the opinion of an individual to the infallible determinations of the church. At this *critical* juncture Luther found that support which he might in vain have sought at any other period, and an inroad was made into the sanctuary, which has ever since been widening, and will probably continue to widen, till the mighty fabric, the work of so many ages, shall be laid in ruins. It is not, however, so much for the

tenets of their religious creed as for the principles upon which they founded their dissent, that the reformers are entitled to the thanks of posterity. The right of private judgment, which they claimed for themselves, they could not refuse to others; and, by a mode of reasoning, as simple as it was decisive, mankind arrived at the knowledge of one of those great truths which form the basis of human happiness. It appeared that the denunciations were as ineffectual to condemn as its absolution was to exculpate; and, instead of an intercourse between the man and his priest, an intercourse took place between his conscience and his God.

Roscoe.

THE SOUL

Is that intellectual spirit within us which proclaims at once the divinity of our origin, and the grandeur of our destiny; listen to the bard of Nature.

"We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy the hare-bell, the fox-glove, the wild brier, rose, the budding-birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixed cadence of a troop of grey-plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an ele-

vation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion, or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Eolian harp, passive takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave!"

Burns.

RELIGION

POSSESSES great beauty and simplicity; but it has been sadly abused and perverted to the base and crafty purposes of the present world; it is, however, worthy of all acceptation, and even those who have never professed it, acknowledge its excellence and glory.

"RELIGION, my honoured friend, is surely a simple business, as it equally concerns the ignorant and the learned, the poor and the rich. That there is an incomprehensible Great Being, to whom I owe my existence, and that he must be intimately acquainted with the operations and progress of the internal machinery, and consequent outward deportment of this creature which he has made, these are, I think, self evident propositions. That there is a real and eternal distinction between virtue and vice, and, consequently, that I am an accountable creature; that from the seeming nature of the human mind, as well as from the evident imperfection, nay, positive injustice in the administration of affairs, both in the na-

tural and moral worlds, there must be a retributive scene of existence beyond the grave, must, I think, be allowed by every one, who will give himself a moment's reflection. I will go farther and affirm, that from the sublimity, excellence, and purity of his doctrines and precepts, unparalleled by all the aggregated wisdom and learning of many preceding ages, though, *to appearance*, he himself was the obscurest and most illiterate of our species—therefore Jesus Christ was from God!

"Whatever mitigates the woes, or increases the happiness of others, this is my criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it—this is my measure of iniquity. What think you, madam, of my creed?"—*Burns.*

PETER THE WILD BOY

WAS a most remarkable creature, and afforded many speculations among the learned, when he was brought to England out of the woods of Germany.

"HE had all his senses in remarkable perfection. He lived at a farm-house, within half a mile of us in Hertfordshire, for some years, and we had frequent opportunities of trying experiments upon him. He could articulate imperfectly a few words, in particular 'King George,' which words he always accompanied with an imitation of the bells which rang at the coronation of George the Second; he could, in a rude manner, imitate two or three common tunes, but without words. Though his head, as Mr. Wedgwood, and many others had remarked, resembled that of Socrates, he was an

idiot; he had acquired a few automatic habits of rationality and industry; but he could never be made to work at any continued occupation; he would shut the door of the farmyard five hundred miles a day, but he would not reap or make hay. Drawing water from a neighbouring river was the only domestic business which he regularly pursued. In 1779 we visited him and tried the following experiment. He was attended to the river by a person who emptied his buckets repeatedly after Peter had repeatedly filled them. A shilling was put before his face into one of the buckets, when it was empty; he took no notice of it, but filled it with water, and carried it homeward; his bucket was taken from him before he reached the house, and emptied on the ground, the shilling, which had fallen out was again shewed to him, and put into the bucket. Peter returned to the river, again filled his bucket, and went home, and when the bucket was emptied by the maid at the house where he lived, he took the shilling and laid it in a place where he was accustomed to deposit the presents that were made to him by curious strangers, and whence the farmer's wife collected the price of his daily exhibition."

GENERAL WASHINGTON

WAS a most respectable character; he died in the 68th year of his age, December 14, 1799, regretted by the inhabitants of both the New and Old world; some particulars respecting the American hero will gratify the youthful reader.

"GENERAL Washington in his person was tall, upright, and well made; in his manners

easy and unaffected. His eyes were of a bluish cast, not prominent, indicative of deep thoughtfulness, and when in action, on great occasions, remarkably lively. His features strong, manly, and commanding; his temper reserved and serious; his countenance grave, composed, and sensible. There was in his whole appearance an unusual dignity and gracefulness, which at once secured for him profound respect, and cordial esteem. He seemed born to command his fellow men. In his official capacity he received applicants for favours, and answered their requests with so much ease, condescension, and kindness, as that each retired, believing himself a favourite of his chief. He had an excellent and well cultivated understanding; a correct, discerning, and comprehensive mind; a memory remarkably retentive; energetic passions under proper controul; a judgment sober, deliberate, and sound. He was a man of the strictest honour and honesty, fair and honourable in his dealings; and punctual to his engagements. His disposition was mild, kind, and generous. Candour, sincerity, moderation, and simplicity, were, in common, prominent features in his character; but when an occasion called, he was capable of displaying the most determined bravery, firmness, and independence. He was an affectionate husband, a faithful friend, a humane master, and a father to the poor. He lived in the unvarying habits of regularity, temperance, and industry."—*Dr. Morse.*

JOHN WILKES

WAS also the hero of liberty; but his pretensions to patriotism have been seriously ques-

tioned; nor will his character stand high with posterity, his person and manners were as singular as his history.

"IN his dress and figure Wilkes at his cottage, or in the streets of London, was precisely the same; the bag, the blue and gold, or the full suit of scarlet, composed his constant and unalterable drapery. These cut in the fashion of his youthful days, with the single, rural, and not well according addition of boots, made the exterior truly unique. At an early hour he was made up for the day, and ready to see company, which he willingly entertained with anecdotes and characters he had met with in his private and political walks through life. In these conversations he never failed to introduce some eulogy on the manners of the French, as they were at the time of his residence among them, and as seldom refrained from his usual sarcasms on North Britons. The habit of repeating the same set of stories was the only symptom of senility that Wilkes exhibited in his last stage of life; his spirits and vivacity experienced little, if any visible decay; the taste shewn by him in ornamenting his rooms and grounds, bore a great affinity to that displayed in his person. Every thing in that line was exactly of a piece with the old blue and gold, and the scarlet, with gold lace bands; all was overdone and gaudy, the very reverse of chaste simplicity.

"In his last visit to his cottage, Wilkes seemed to be aware that his vital thread was spun out to nearly its length, but this caused no abatement of his good humour and festive manners. His glass of Champagne lost neither its relish nor its effect, and the "life to the last enjoyed"

of his friend Churchill, was as applicable to him as to its author.

"The last time he crossed the water he had a very long and tedious passage, owing to a total failure of wind. So circumstanced, he jocosely remarked, that if this was the case, he should never again revisit the Isle of Wight, as in every period of his life nothing was so hostile to his existence as *a dead calm*. This prediction was verified; he returned no more to the island; but, as is well known, died at the house of his daughter, in Grosvenor-square, on the 26th of December following.

"This 'picture in little' of Wilkes at his cottage, there living to himself, and in his own confined way, will not perhaps be considered as the least interesting in the life of that extraordinary man. When the frail ornaments of Sandham shall have mouldered away, and its inscriptions shall have ceased to be legible, themselves requiring instead of giving explanation, the mind that knows how to respect wit and talents in themselves, however abused in their application, will muse over the spot, and still hail as at least minor classic ground, *the villakin of John Wilkes!*"

THE IMITATION OF THE SAVIOUR

IS, and ought to be, strongly held up to all his followers; the possession of his graces and virtues would dignify, adorn, and bless mankind.

"TO what meanness of condition ought not we, his disciples, chearfully to submit? *For our sakes he became poor*—and shall we be ashamed of honest poverty? Did he go by the name of *the Carpenter's Son*—and dare a Christian

ostentatiously to display the heraldry of his ancestors, or to blush at what the world calls low birth? *He hath not despised or abhorred the affliction of the afflicted, nor hid his face from him when he cried*—and can one called by his name turn a deaf ear to the cry of distress, or hide his face from a poor brother? We cannot, like him, say, "*Let there be light! Lazarus come forth!*" we cannot, like him, walk on water, or silence the wind; we cannot, like him, give eyes to the blind or speech to the dumb: but we may with him be *meek and lowly in heart*, merciful and compassionate, forbearing and forgiving; we can go about doing good, and ministering the necessitous. We cannot attain to the height of his divine excellence and perfection, but we may with him descend to the lowliest offices of beneficence and condescension, we may learn of him to *overcome evil with good*."

Dr. Henry Hunter.

LONDON

HAS had its former period of depression, and suffered many revolutions ere it arrived at its present extent, grandeur, and celebrity.

"In that melancholy period, when the Roman empire in the west became universally a prey to the hordes of ferocious barbarians, *England* fell to the lot of certain piratical tribes from the north of Germany, since known by the general denomination of Anglo Saxons.—These invaders were successful in exterminating from among us all vestiges of literature and Roman civilization. The Christian religion itself sunk under their hostility. The institutions of the ancient Germans and the mythology of

Woden became universal. At the time when the monk St. Augustine arrived in this country for the pious purpose of converting its usurpers A. D. 596, it has been supposed that there was not a book to be found through the whole extent of the island. From this time, however, there was a period of comparative illumination. The Saxons had poetry, and the missionaries from Rome brought with them such literature as Europe then had to boast. We had our Bede, our Alcuin, and our Alfred. This infancy of improvement was nearly crushed by the Danes, the inveterate foes of monasteries and learning, who were, in the tenth century, what the Saxons had already been in the sixth. England presents little to sooth the eye of the lover of civilization, from the retreat of the Romans to the epoch of the Norman conquest, when a race of warriors, educated in a happier scene, and a succession of kings, nearly all of distinguished ability, brought back to us the abode of the muses and the arts of cultivated life.

During this interval, London, the heart of of England, had experienced a common fate with the rest of its members. The walls, indeed, in considerable part remained, but the houses tumbled into ruin, and the tall grass waved in the streets: not that it was ever wholly unpeopled, but that it was an inconsiderable place, in comparison of the dimensions which the Romans had marked out for it. A short time, however, previously to the conquest, it had a bridge of wood erected over the Thames, a work which would not have been constructed in those rude times, if it had not even then been a flourishing city."—*Godwin*.

MYSTERY AND REVELATION

ARE not incompatible with each other; at the same time it is proper that each should be judiciously explained.

"ALL is mystery, and all is revelation and discovery, from the insect, too small for sight, swimming in a drop of water, up to yonder flaming orb, which revolves at an immeasurable distance over our heads. Is not man a great mystery to himself? But is he to renounce his being because he is unable to explain it?—is he to call the union of matter with mind an absurdity, because their mutual influence escapes his penetration? How many combinations actually exist of which we have no perception, and which we would pronounce to be impossible! In all the ways and works of the Most High there is a wonderful mixture of luminousness and obscurity, of minuteness and magnitude, of complexness and simplicity.."

Dr. Henry Hunter.

ADDRESS TO CHRISTIAN MOTHERS.

"What is the lot of a *female* without the consolations of Religion? And how is a young woman to learn religion, if not from her own mother? Let me remind you of what you once thought, felt, and resolved? You carried that child with uneasiness and anxiety in your womb—you formed a thousand fond wishes—you put up a thousand prayers—you came under a thousand engagements. You employed, not perhaps the very words of Hannah, but undoubtedly you entered entirely into her views.

and the fruit of the womb was to be *holiness to the Lord*. Well.—God has been gracious to thee and remembered thee. Thou hast survived the danger, and been delivered from the pangs of child-birth! You have enjoyed the satisfaction of training the beloved of your soul through the dangers, difficulties, and solicitudes of infancy and childhood. God has graciously done his part, and you have so far performed *yours*. But did your engagements cease when the infant was weaned? Did you rear that tender plant with so much anxiety, tenderness, and care, only to poison and corrupt it after it has begun to take root and bud? Know you not that the inconsiderations and folly of a *day* may destroy the pains and labour of many years, and the *eyes* of children are much quicker and more retentive than their *ears*?

Happy that daughter who is betimes formed to habits of discretion, of purity, of regularity, of piety, by the tender guardian and guide of her early days! Happy that mother whose attention is bent on infusing betimes in her *female* offspring at least, the principles of wisdom, virtue, and true godliness—who is honoured to exemplify what she teaches, and is blessed with a docile, affectionate and improving disciple!" —*Dr. Hunter.*

THE FOLLY OF ATHEISM.

"WHERESOEVER a deity has been once known; where his existence and his attributes have been explored by philosophical researches into causes and effects; where his will has been collected, however imperfectly, from the moral constitution of the world, or announced authoriratively by his *sacred word*; where the

worship of him has been recognised, by traditions, customs, and laws; where his name hath been pronounced with reverence; where his altars have been adorned with the free will offerings of a grateful and an humble spirit; where his temples have resounded with hymns of praise; where his wrath hath been deprecated, his favour implored, his agency *felt*, as it were, in prosperity or adversity; among *such* a people there never *has been* a complete universal instantaneous bound from *habitual* belief and habitual piety, into unbelief and impiety upon *principle*, nor among such a people, will there ever be an *unlimited* range of action, and a *continued* succession of triumphs, to the dark and chilling subtleties of *scepticism*, or to the wild and daring dogmas of *Atheism!* Why then should we be dismayed? *Mighty are the waves of the sea, and they rage horribly.* But in heaven above, and in the earth beneath, and in the water under the earth, a *voice* there is—*far mightier.*"—*Dr. Parr.*

UNREASONABLENESS OF INFIDELITY.

"TO reject the Gospel because bad men pervert it, and weak men deform it, and angry men quarrel about it, and bigotted men look sour on others, and curve them, because they do not agree in every tittle with themselves, displays the same folly as if a person should cut down a tree, bearing abundance of delicious fruit, and furnishing a refreshing shade, because caterpillars disfigured the leaves, and spiders made their webs among the branches!"—*Bogue.*

CHRISTIAN ZEAL.

"Is there such a thing as *Christian zeal?* And if there be, how shall we distinguish it, that we may not, like the true disciples, mistake our motive, and imagine ourselves *zealous* when we are only proud and vindictive? There is such a thing as *Christian zeal*, and it is easily distinguished. Being the offspring of *knowledge*, and nourished by *love*, its great object is inward purity. To distinctions merely exterior it pays little regard. There is in it an ardour for *truth*, not that men may be either allured or terrified into a verbal profession of what they do not in their hearts believe (the grossest insult that can be offered to *truth*) but that they may attain *a rational conviction*. The interests of truth itself it desires to promote for a still further end, that by means of it love may be kindled both to God and Man; that by means of it temperance and justice, and piety and peace, may flourish on the earth! A man thus minded will not sacrifice the end to the means, nor do a false, unjust, or cruel action, even for the sake of truth itself. The persecutor (supposing all worldly motives totally excluded) is at the best in the eye of *true zeal* one who for the sake *of the form of godliness* would extirpate its *power*, and trample upon all that is most sacred and valuable among men!"—*Dr. Campbell.*

RELIGIOUS REFORMATION.

"WHEN shall the happy time arrive, when all prejudice and bigotry shall die away; when party spirit, discord, and animosity, shall be heard of no more among christians; which

every mind shall be open to receive *the truth as it is in Jesus*, and every heart be filled with love to God and man? When shall primitive Christianity in all its original purity and native simplicity, become universal? When shall it be that all the professors of the gospel, shall convince unbelievers by their heavenly tempers and holy lives, that there is something truly divine in the religion they profess? God of infinite love and mercy! carry thy gracious designs into effect, fulfil thy precious promises: let the sure words of prophecy be accomplished, that all the earth may be filled with thy glory, the people become all righteous, and live together in peace. We are waiting for thy salvation, O Lord!"—*Wright.*

PIOUS YOUTH.

"THERE is not upon earth a more delightful, a more heart-reviving sight, than that of a number of young persons, spending the prime of their days in such a manner as to enable them to *remember God* with comfort. Go on ye delight of our eyes, and joy of our hearts! Strew with the fairest flowers the path of life. Perfume with the purest incense the altar of devotion. Prop with your kind assistance the steps of old age. Let filial affection pour oil into the lamp of parental comfort. Remember your creator, and depend upon it he will never forget you. Remember him to day and to morrow, a sweet sense of his love will cheer your spirits. Remember him in health and in sickness he will make your bed, he will place underneath you his everlasting arms, and even in death give you consolation. Remember him in youth, and in old age he will remember and

support you. Remember him in this world and in that which is to come, you shall find he has not forgotten you. In that world your true life will begin, immortal youth will bloom in your countenance, immortal hallelujahs rise from your tongues, and immortal joy and improvement dwell in your hearts."—*Butcher.*

AVARICE REBUKED.

"MANY talk of *Poverty*, but *Jesus* was poor. In ordinary cases he was sustained by alms, in extraordinary ones by miracles. When he came to die he had no personal property or landed estate to leave. All he had to bequeath was his wearing apparel, and even this never came to his mother, *they parted his raiment among them, and for his vesture did they cast lots.* What becomes then of riches? Are we such fools as to fall down and worship this idol of general adoration? Does money produce, does it imply worth? *Silver and gold I have none*, says Peter, so then a man may be an apostle and moneyless. *Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head*; why then a being may be *the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person*, and be destitute! But, alas! all this will not keep others from thinking money the summit of all excellency. O money! money can add charms to ugliness, money can transform wrinkles into youth, money can fill brainless heads with wisdom, and render nonsense oracular; money can turn meanness into virtue, and, falling like snow, can cover a dunghill, and give it the appearance of whiteness and innocency!"—*Jay.*

PICTURE OF MAN.

"AN infant is brought into the world in an helpless, irrational and almost vegetable state, he gradually improves, his reasoning powers expand as the body grows. His first step is to the vivacity of childhood, his second to the ardor of youth, his third to the wisdom of manhood. Here he remains stationary for a time in the full vigorous exercise of his rational powers. He then begins to feel himself infirm and inactive; disease and pain impair his frame, the eyes grow dim, the ears grow deaf, and the other senses become useless. He feels a growing distaste to the enjoyments of life; amusements, society and books lose their relish, he bends towards the ground, from whence he was taken, his feet no longer are able to sustain their tottering load, he sinks upon his couch, the blood ceases to circulate, the pulse ceases to beat, the eyes are closed, the whole body is cold and motionless, and the worn out machine refuses any longer to act. He is buried in the earth, and is gradually resolved into his constituent particles. And shall this body again live? Shall this dust be again animated with the breath of life? Nature in melancholy and despairing accents answers in the negative, but, thanks be to God, we hear in the *Gospel* a melodious and animating voice exclaiming, *I am the resurrection of the life, he that liveth and believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die!*"—*Jardine.*

ON THE DEATH OF RELATIVES AND FRIENDS.

"WHEN we visit the tomb of some justly beloved friend, let us behold it with a steady faith that one day it will be opened and set its prisoner free; and while we gaze upon his present dormitory, let our musing thoughts run in the following train:

"Not long since thou wast, what I am now, one of the actors in this passing scene. To all thy sighs I lent a pitying ear, and my heaving bosom beat responsive to thy sad complaints. With thine my tears were mingled in the hour of affliction; and, when joy brightened thy countenance, my heart felt a kindred pleasure. With thee I sat, or walked by the way, and held sweet converse. To thee my soul was knit by the ties of cordial amity and soft endearment. Now thou hast left me to mourn the loss of thee in pensive silence. On thy hallowed grave I drop the tender tear, and bid thy sacred ashes rest in peace. Ere long shall I join thee in thy dark abode, thy companion in the dust, till we be called forth in the end of the days. In life was I united to thee; in the same cold arms of death shall I soon lie; and, O, transporting thought! together shall we rise, no more to feel the agony of parting. All hail, that blessed morn which shall restore thee to my fond embrace! Methinks I see its sprightly beams gilding the horizon, and leading on the bright triumphant day! Yonder appears the Judge arrayed in majesty, and holy myriads form his glorious train! He bids the trumpet sound, I hear its awful voice, which penetrates through all the mansions of the dead.

Methinks I now behold thy tomb opening to make a passage for thee, I see thy mortal frame, which was sown in corruption, dishonour, and weakness, raised in incorruption, glory, and power. I run to meet thee on thy release from the delightful recollection of our former friendship. We mark with gratitude together the kind hand of heaven, which led us through the pilgimage of life, nor left us in the vale of death. Risen to pass an undeclining day, we renew the joys of social intercourse, undiminished by the fear of interruption. We trace, with admiring wonder and gratitude, evidences of divine wisdom and benignity in the appointment of events, the particular uses of which had before eluded our discovery. We survey together the beauties of renovated nature; and as we gaze, the pleasure of each is heightened by the participation of the other. We seek and find, among the countless multitude, the sight of whose happiness augments our own, the chosen few in whom our souls on earth delighted. With them we revive our former acquaintance. Engaged with them, and all around, in the most pure and sublime exercise of our noblest powers and affections, we share each other's and the general bliss. With the rapid improvement of our knowledge and goodness the increase of our felicity keeps an equal pace. Eternity, not to be shortened by the lapse of twice ten thousand ages, opens to our enraptured minds the prospect of rising higher in intellectual and moral excellence, and higher still beyond all imaginable limits. Struck with the refulgent splendours of celestial glory on every side, joined in the bands of an indissoluble union with the assembly of the just made perfect, feeling within the refined satis-

faction of conscious integrity, placed under the government and protection of Jesus, the friend of man, rejoicing in the love and approbation of our God and Father, and secure of enjoying for ever those sources of inexpressible delight, we find our happiness adequate each moment to our capacities, through growing for ever in proportion to their continual enlargement!"

Bretland.

THE REVOLUTION OF AN YEAR.

"THESE regular returning aspects of nature which divide *Man's* time into equal parts, and which he has only to number as they succeed each other, like the lettered stones erected on the sides of our roads, to inform the traveller what space of ground he has traversed, serve to give notice to the passengers through human life, how far he has proceeded in his path to the grave.

"The divine wisdom which has thus measured our time, more especially appears in that *annual* division of it, which periodically calls our attention to the lapse of those larger parts of the life of man, the susceptible departure of which excites, of necessity, a peculiarly alarming sense of diminution of our days. Nor is that wisdom less conspicuous in the *striking* nature of those signs in the system around us, which indicate the departure of the perpetually perishing parts of our time. Most pointed are the marks, most forcible are the mementos of their expiration. They irresistibly rouse our attention to the wings of time and force us to take notice of his flight. Nature signifies it to us by no faint intimations; she proclaims it with a loud voice—she paints it in strong co-

lours. The monitor must and will be heard. Vegetation starts from the ground—a green resurrection surprises the eye—the leaf fades and falls—the forest is stripped—the shower is frozen—and the waters are fettered to spur to his duties irresolute and procrastinating man! This repeated proclamation of nature to mankind, which revolving seasons successively utter, that their years are rolling swiftly, once in every year it is their custom to echo. Once in every year they tell one another what nature tells them more than once—that those longest periods of their time are passing rapidly from them! another of those years of which only a few make up the life of man, is become a part of the irrevocable past! A *year* is a season of magnitude in the little life of man. It is an ample stride to the tomb. A few more steps will bring us all thither!"—*Fawcett.*

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

"TWICE had the sun gone down on the earth, and all as yet was quiet at the sepulchre: death held his sceptre over the Son of God: still and silent the hours passed on: the guards stood by their post: the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets and on their spears: the enemies of Christ exulted in their success; the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and in sorrow; the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspence to behold the event, and wonder at the depth of the ways of God! At length the morning star arising in the east, announced the approach of light; the third day began to dawn upon the world, when on a sudden the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken, an angel of

God descended—the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the ground; *his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment was white as snow;* he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it. But who is this that cometh forth from the tomb—with dyed garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength. It is thy prince, O Zion! Christian, it is your Lord! he hath trodden the wine-press alone, he hath stained his raiment with blood; but now, as the first born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He arises a conqueror from the grave—he returns with blessings from the world of spirits; he brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious—it was the jubilee of the universe! The morning stars sung together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy! The father of mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens; with complacency he beheld his world restored; he saw his work that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice, the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of the eternal descended as the dew of heaven, for the refreshing of the nations!"

Dr. Handy.

THE CONSUMMATION OF ALL THINGS!

"NATIONS may undergo correction or suffer extinction, but the grand purposes of *infinite benevolence* are not for a moment impeded. In the midst of conflicts, tumults, and revolutions of empires, they move on with perpetually accelerated speed towards their completion. How

near they may be to this predestined point, the summit of perfection, it would be presumptuous to attempt to discover: that they are not far distant from it, the extraordinary *signs of the times* seem plainly to indicate. Whether near or distant, may we *all* be vigilant to observe, and zealous to welcome their *consummation*.

"Illustrious Era! *Thine* it is to close the long series of preparations that Providence has been carrying on from the first of time! *Thine* to fulfil the wishes of the worthy and devout of every age and clime! *Thine* it is to recover *Man* from degradation and dishonour—*thine* to consummate the mission, and to adorn with its brightest honors the crown of the *Saviour* of the World! *Thine* to vindicate the government, glorify the perfections, and illustrate the all beauteous character of the *God of Love!* *Thy* approach, glad period! will be hailed by myriads of intelligent beings, who animated by thee with a celestial glow of devotion, will give expression to their raptures in the long suspended song of angels—*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace—good-will towards men!*"—*Aspland.*

THE END.

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